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CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

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MISCELLANIES.

DEATH OF EDWARD IRVING.*

[1835.]

EDWARD IRVING's warfare has closed; if not in victory, yet in invincibility, and faithful endurance to the end. The Spirit of the Time, which could not enlist him as its soldier, must needs, in all ways, fight against him as its enemy: it has done its part, and he has done his. One of the noblest natures; a man of antique heroic nature, in questionable modern garniture, which he could not wear! Around him a distracted society, vacant, prurient; heat and darkness, and what these two may breed: mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect! These were the conflicting elements; this is the result they have made out among them. The voice of our 'son of thunder,'—with its deep tone of wisdom that belonged to all articulate-speaking ages, never inaudible amid wildest dissonances that belong to this inarticulate age, which slumbers and somnambulates, which cannot *speak*, but only screech and gibber,—has gone silent so soon. Closed are those lips. The large heart, with its large bounty, where wretchedness found solacement, and they

* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 61.

that were wandering in darkness the light as of a home, has paused. The strong man can no more: beaten on from without, undermined from within, he must sink overwearied, as at nightfall, when it was yet but the mid-season of day. Irving was forty-two years and some months old: Scotland sent him forth a Herculean man; our mad Babylon wore him and wasted him, with all her engines; and it took her twelve years. He sleeps with his fathers, in that loved birth-land: Babylon with its deafening inanity rages on; but to him henceforth innocuous, unheeded—forever.

Reader, thou hast seen and heard the man, as who has not,—with wise or unwise wonder; thou shalt not see or hear him again. The work, be what it might, is *done;* dark curtains sink over it, enclose it ever deeper into the unchangeable Past. Think, for perhaps thou art one of a thousand, and worthy so to think, That here once more was a genuine man sent into this our *un*genuine phantasmagory of a world, which would go to ruin without such; that here once more, under thy own eyes, in this last decade, was enacted the old Tragedy, and has had its fifth-act now, of *The Messenger of Truth in the Age of Shams,*—and what relation thou thyself mayest have to that. Whether any? Beyond question, thou thyself art *here;* either a dreamer or awake; and one day shalt cease to dream.

This man was appointed a Christian Priest; and strove with the whole force that was in him to *be* it. To be it: in a time of Tithe Controversy, Encyclopedism, Catholic Rent, Philanthropism, and the Revolution of Three Days! He might have been so many things;

not a speaker only, but a doer; the leader of hosts of men. For his head, when the Fog-Babylon had not yet obscured it, was of strong far-searching insight; his very enthusiasm was sanguine, not atrabiliar; he was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached him his. A giant force of activity was in the man; speculation was accident, not nature. Chivalry, adventurous field-life of the old Border, and a far nobler sort than that, ran in his blood. There was in him a courage, dauntless not pugnacious, hardly fierce, by no possibility ferocious; as of the generous war-horse, gentle in its strength, yet that laughs at the shaking of the spear.—But, above all, be what he might, to be a *reality* was indispensable for him. In his simple Scottish circle, the highest form of manhood attainable or known was that of Christian; the highest Christian was the Teacher of such. Irving's lot was cast. For the foray-spears were all rusted into earth there; Annan Castle had become a Townhall; and Prophetic Knox had sent tidings thither: Prophetic Knox; and, alas, also Sceptic Hume; and, as the natural consequence, Diplomatic Dundas! In such mixed incongruous element had the young soul to grow.

Grow nevertheless he did, with that strong vitality of his; grow and ripen. What the Scottish uncelebrated Irving was, they that have only seen the London celebrated and distorted one can never know. Bodily and spiritually, perhaps there was not, in that November, 1822, a man more full of genial energetic life in all these Islands.

By a fatal chance, Fashion cast her eye on him, as on some impersonation of Novel-Cameronianism, some

wild Product of Nature from the wild mountains; Fashion crowded round him, with her meteor lights and Bacchic dances; breathed her foul incense on him; intoxicating, poisoning. One may say, it was his own nobleness that forwarded such ruin: the excess of his sociability and sympathy, of his value for the suffrages and sympathies of men. Syren songs, as of a new Moral Reformation (sons of Mammon, and high sons of Belial and Beelzebub, to become sons of God, and the gumflowers of Almack's to be made living roses in a new Eden), sound in the inexperienced ear and heart. Most seductive, most delusive! Fashion went her idle way, to gaze on Egyptian Crocodiles, Iroquois Hunters, or what else there might be; forgot this man, —who unhappily could not in his turn forget. The intoxicating poison had been swallowed; no force of natural health could cast it out. Unconsciously, for most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected; to walk on the quiet paths, where alone it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed Singularity. O foulest Circean draught, thou poison of Popular Applause! madness is in thee, and death; thy end is Bedlam and the Grave. For the last seven years, Irving, forsaken by the world, strove either to recall it, or to forsake it; shut himself up in a lesser world of ideas and persons, and lived isolated there. Neither in this was there health: for this man such isolation was not fit, such ideas, such persons.

One light still shone on him; alas, through a medium more and more turbid: the light from Heaven. His Bible was there, wherein must lie healing for all sorrows. To the Bible he more and more exclusively

addressed himself. If it is the written Word of God, shall it not be the acted Word too? Is it mere sound, then; black printer's-ink on white rag-paper? A half-man could have passed on without answering; a whole man must answer. Hence Prophecies of Millenniums, Gifts of Tongues, — whereat Orthodoxy prims herself into decent wonder, and waves her, Avaunt! Irving clave to his Belief, as to his soul's soul; followed it whithersoever, through earth or air, it might lead him; toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it,—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided noble-minded had now nothing left to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave. His last words, they say, were: "In life and in death, I am the Lord's."— Amen! Amen!

One who knew him well, and may with good cause love him, has said: "But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find.

"The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago, in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with College prizes, high character and promise: he had come to see our Schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed Professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole Wonder-land of Knowledge: nothing but joy, health, hopeful-ness without end, looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago,

in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age: he was trembling over the brink of the grave.—Adieu, thou first Friend; adieu, while this confused Twilight of Existence lasts! Might we meet where Twilight has become Day!"

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.*

[1837.]

CHAPTER I.

Age of Romance.

THE age of Romance has not ceased; it never ceases; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline. "The passions are repressed by social forms; great passions no longer shew themselves?" Why, there are passions still great enough to replenish Bedlam, for it never wants tenants; to suspend men from bed-posts, from improved-drops at the west end of Newgate. A passion that explosively shivers asunder the Life it took rise in, ought to be regarded as considerable: more no passion, in the highest heyday of Romance, yet did. The passions, by grace of the Supernal and also of the Infernal Powers (for both have a hand in it), can never fail us.

And then, as to 'social forms,' be it granted that they are of the most buckram quality, and bind men up into the pitifullest straitlaced commonplace existence,—you ask, Where is the Romance? In the Scotch way one answers, Where is it not? That very spectacle of an Immortal Nature, with faculties and destiny extending through Eternity, hampered and bandaged up, by

* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, Nos. 85 and 86.

nurses, pedagogues, posturemasters, and the tongues of innumerable old women (named 'force of public opinion'); by prejudice, custom, want of knowledge, want of money, want of strength, into, say, the meagre Pattern-Figure that, in these days, meets you in all thoroughfares: a 'god-created Man,' all but abnegating the character of Man; forced to exist, automatised, mummy-wise (scarcely in rare moments audible or visible from amid his wrappages and cerements), as Gentleman or Gigman;* and so selling his birthright of Eternity for the three daily meals, poor at best, which Time yields: — is not this spectacle itself highly romantic, tragical, if we had eyes to look at it? The high-born (highest-born, for he came out of Heaven) lies drowning in the despicablest puddles; the priceless gift of Life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—*this* priceless gift we see strangled slowly out of him by innumerable packthreads; and there remains of the glorious Possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears. To the Thinker here lies Tragedy enough; the epitome and marrow of all Tragedy whatsoever.

But so few are Thinkers? Aye, Reader, so few think; there is the rub! Not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only for passive dream-

* 'I always considered him a respectable man.—What do you mean by respectable? He kept a Gig.'—*Thurtell's Trial.*

ing and hearsaying, and active babbling by rote. Of the eyes that men do glare withal so few can *see*. Thus is the world become such a fearful confused Treadmill; and each man's task has got entangled in his neighbour's, and pulls it awry; and the Spirit of Blindness, Falsehood, and Distraction, justly named the Devil, continually maintains himself among us; and even hopes (were it not for the Opposition, which by God's grace will also maintain itself) to become supreme. Thus, too, among other things, has the Romance of Life gone wholly out of sight: and all History, degenerating into empty invoice-lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry; or, still worse, into 'Constitutional History,' or 'Philosophy of History,' or 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' is become dead, as the Almanacs of other years,—to which species of composition, indeed, it bears, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity.

'Of all blinds that shut up men's vision,' says one, the worst is Self.' How true! How doubly true, if Self, assuming her cunningest, yet miserablest disguise, come on us, in never-ceasing, all-obscuring reflexes from the innumerable Selves of others; not as Pride, not even as real Hunger, but only as Vanity, and the shadow of an imaginary Hunger for Applause; under the name of what we call 'Respectability!' Alas now for our Historian: to his other spiritual deadness (which, however, so long as he physically breathes cannot be complete) this sad new magic influence is added! Henceforth his Histories must all be screwed up into the 'dignity of History.' Instead of looking fixedly at the *Thing*, and first of all, and beyond all, endeavouring to *see* it, and fashion a living Picture of it, not a wretched politico-

metaphysical Abstraction of it, he has now quite other matters to look to. The Thing lies shrouded, invisible, in thousandfold hallucinations, and foreign air-images: What did the Whigs say of it? What did the Tories? The Priests? The Freethinkers? Above all, What will my own listening circle say of *me* for what I say of it? And then his Respectability in general, as a literary gentleman; his not despicable talent for philosophy! Thus is our poor Historian's faculty directed mainly on two objects: the Writing and the Writer, both of which are quite extraneous; and the Thing written of fares as we see. Can it be wonderful that Histories, wherein open lying is not permitted, are unromantic? Nay, our very Biographies, how stiff-starched, foisonless, hollow! They stand there respectable; and—what more? Dumb idols; with a skin of delusively painted wax-work; inwardly empty, or full of rags and bran. In our England especially, which in these days is become the chosen land of Respectability, Life-writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition; it requires a man to be some disrespectable, ridiculous Boswell before he can write a tolerable Life. Thus too, strangely enough, the only Lives worth reading are those of Players, emptiest and poorest of the sons of Adam; who nevertheless were sons of his, and brothers of ours; and by the nature of the case, had already bidden Respectability good-day. Such bounties, in this as in infinitely deeper matters, does Respectability shower down on us. Sad are thy doings, O *Gig;* sadder than those of Juggernaut's Car: that, with huge wheel, suddenly crushes asunder the bodies of men; thou, in thy light-bobbing Long-Acre springs, gradually winnowest away their souls!

Depend upon it, for one thing, good Reader, no age ever seemed the Age of Romance to itself. Charlemagne, let the Poets talk as they will, had his own provocations in the world: what with selling of his poultry and pot-herbs, what with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow; and, for instance, that hanging of the Saxons over the Weser-bridge (four thousand of them, they say, at one bout), it seems to me that the Great Charles had his temper ruffled at times. Roland of Roncesvalles too, we see well in thinking of it, found rainy weather as well as sunny; knew what it was to have hose need darning; got tough beef to chew, or even went dinnerless; was saddle-sick, calumniated, constipated (as his madness too clearly indicates); and oftenest felt, I doubt not, that this was a very Devil's world, and he, Roland himself, one of the sorriest caitiffs there. Only in long subsequent days, when the tough beef, the constipation, and the calumny, had clean vanished, did it all begin to seem Romantic, and your Turpins and Ariostos found music in it. So, I say, is it *ever!* And the more, as your true hero, your true Roland, is ever *unconscious* that he is a hero: this is a condition of all greatness.

In our own poor Nineteenth Century, the writer of these lines has been fortunate enough to see not a few glimpses of Romance; he imagines this Nineteenth is hardly a whit less romantic than that Ninth, or any other, since centuries began. Apart from Napoleon, and the Dantons, and Mirabeaus, whose fire-words of public speaking, and fire-whirlwinds of cannon and musketry, which for a season darkened the air, are perhaps at bottom but superficial phenomena, he has

witnessed, in remotest places, much that could be called romantic, even miraculous. He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the Hand of God: around him and under his feet, the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs; and, unaccountablest of all, *himself* standing there. He stood in the lapse of Time; he saw Eternity behind him, and before him. The all-encircling mysterious tide of FORCE, thousandfold (for from force of Thought to force of Gravitation what an interval!) billowed shoreless on; bore him too along with it, — he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished, in perpetual change, the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory, which men name *Being;* and ever anew rose and vanished; and ever that lordliest many-coloured scene was full, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang: Men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light: in other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble; they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility; returned *back* to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the parting-spot; cannot hear *them;* they are far, how far! — It was a sight for angels, and archangels; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly. One many-glancing asbestos-thread in the Web of Universal-History, spirit-woven, it rustled there, as with the howl of mighty winds, through that 'wild-roaring Loom of Time.' Generation after generation, hundreds of them or thousands of them, from the unknown Beginning, so loud, so stormful busy, rushed torrent-wise,

thundering down, down; and fell all silent,—nothing but some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up; and Oblivion swallowed them *all*. Thousands more, to the unknown Ending, will follow: and *thou* here, of this present one, hangest as a drop, still sungilt, on the giddy edge; one moment, while the Darkness has not yet engulphed thee. O Brother! is *that* what thou callest prosaic; of small interest? Of small interest and for *thee?* Awake, poor troubled sleeper: shake off thy torpid nightmare-dream; look, see, behold it, the Flame-image; splendours high as Heaven, terrors deep as Hell: this is God's Creation; this is Man's Life!—Such things has the writer of these lines witnessed, in this poor Nineteenth Century of ours; and what are all such to the things he yet hopes to witness? Hopes, with truest assurance. 'I have 'painted so much,' said the good Jean Paul, in his old days, 'and I have never seen the Ocean; the Ocean of 'Eternity I shall not fail to see!'

Such being the intrinsic quality of this Time, and of all Time whatsoever, might not the Poet who chanced to walk through it find objects enough to paint? What object soever he fixed on, were it the meanest of the mean, let him but paint it in its actual truth, as it swims there, in such environment; world-old, yet new, and never ending; an indestructible portion of the miraculous All,—his picture of it were a Poem. How much more if the object fixed on were not mean, but one already wonderful; the mystic 'actual truth' of which, if it lay not on the surface, yet shone through the surface, and invited even Prosaists to search for it!

The present writer, who unhappily belongs to that

class, has nevertheless a firmer and firmer persuasion of two things: first, as was seen, that Romance exists; secondly, that now, and formerly, and evermore it exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that *is*, what can be *so* wonderful; what, especially to us that *are*, can have such significance? Study Reality, he is ever and anon saying to himself; search out deeper and deeper *its* quite endless mystery: see it, know it; then, whether thou wouldst learn from it, and again teach; or weep over it, or laugh over it, or love it, or despise it, or in any way relate thyself to it, thou hast the firmest enduring basis: *that* hieroglyphic page is one thou canst read on forever, find new meaning in forever.

Finally, and in a word, do not the critics teach us: 'In whatsoever thing thou hast thyself felt interest, in 'that or in nothing hope to inspire others with interest?' —In partial obedience to all which, and to many other principles, shall the following small Romance of the *Diamond Necklace* begin to come together. A small Romance, let the reader again and again assure himself, which is no brainweb of mine, or of any other foolish man's; but a fraction of that mystic 'spirit-woven web,' from the 'Loom of Time,' spoken of above. It is an actual Transaction that happened in this Earth of ours. Wherewith our whole business, as already urged, is to paint it truly.

For the rest, an earnest inspection, faithful endeavour has not been wanting, on our part; nor, singular as it may seem, the strictest regard to chronology, geography (or rather in this case, topography), documentary evidence, and what else true historical research would yield. Were there but on the reader's part a kindred openness,

a kindred spirit of endeavour! Beshone strongly, on both sides, by such united twofold Philosophy, this poor opaque Intrigue of the *Diamond Necklace* became quite translucent between us; transfigured, lifted up into the serene of Universal History; and might hang there like a smallest Diamond Constellation, visible without telescope,—so long as it could.

CHAPTER II.

The Necklace is made.

Herr, or as he is now called Monsieur, Boehmer, to all appearance wanted not that last infirmity of noble and ignoble minds—a love of fame; he was destined also to be famous more than enough. His outlooks into the world were rather of a smiling character: he has long since exchanged his guttural speech, as far as possible, for a nasal one; his rustic Saxon fatherland for a polished city of Paris, and thriven there. United in partnership with worthy Monsieur Bassange, a sound practical man, skilled in the valuation of all precious stones, in the management of workmen, in the judgment of their work, he already sees himself among the highest of his guild: nay, rather the very highest,—for he has secured, by purchase and hard money paid, the title of King's Jeweller; and can enter the Court itself, leaving all other Jewellers, and even innumerable Gentlemen, Gigmen, and small Nobility, to languish in the vestibule. With the costliest ornaments in his pocket, or borne after him by assiduous shopboys, the happy Boehmer sees high drawing-rooms and sacred *ruelles* fly open, as with talis-

manic *Sesame;* and the brightest eyes of the whole world grow brighter: to him alone of men the Unapproachable reveals herself in mysterious *Negligée;* taking and giving counsel. Do not, on all gala-days and gala-nights, his works praise him? On the gorgeous robes of State, on Court-dresses and Lords' stars, on the diadem of Royalty; better still, on the swan-neck of Beauty, and her queenly garniture from plume-bearing aigrette to shoebuckle on fairy-slipper,—that blinding play of colours is Boehmer's doing: he is *Jouaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine.*

Could the man but have been content with it! He could not: Icarus-like, he must mount too high; have his wax-wings melted, and descend prostrate,—amid a cloud of vain goose-quills. One day, a fatal day (of some year, probably, among the *Seventies* of last Century),* it struck Boehmer: Why should not I, who, as Most Christian King's Jeweller, am properly first Jeweller of the Universe,—make a Jewel which the Universe has not matched? Nothing can prevent thee, Boehmer, if thou have the skill to do it. Skill or no skill, answers he, I have the ambition: my Jewel, if not the beautifullest, shall be the dearest. Thus was the Diamond Necklace determined on.

Did worthy Bassange give a willing, or a reluctant consent? In any case he consents; and co-operates. Plans are sketched, consultations held, stucco models made; by money or credit the costliest diamonds come in; cunning craftsmen cut them, set them: proud Boeh-

* Except that Madame Campan (*Mémoires*, tome ii.) says the Necklace 'was intended for Du Barry,' one cannot discover, within many years, the date of its manufacture. Du Barry went 'into half-pay' on the 10th of May, 1774,—the day when her king died.

mer sees the work go prosperously on. Proud man! Behold him on a morning after breakfast: he has stepped down to the innermost workshop, before sallying out; stands there with his laced three-cornered hat, cane under arm; drawing on his gloves: with nod, with nasal-guttural word, he gives judicious confirmation, judicious abnegation, censure and approval. A still joy is dawning over that bland, blond face of his; he can think, while in many a sacred boudoir he visits the Unapproachable, that an *opus magnum*, of which the world wotteth not, is progressing. At length comes a morning when care has terminated, and joy can not only dawn but shine; the Necklace, that shall be famous and world-famous, is made.

Made we call it, in conformity with common speech: but properly it was not made; only, with more or less spirit of method, arranged and agglomerated. What spirit of method lay in it, might be made; nothing more. But to tell the various Histories of those various Diamonds, from the first making of them; or even, omitting all the rest, from the first digging of them in the far Indian mines! How they lay, for uncounted ages and æons (under the uproar and splashing of such Deucalion Deluges, and Hutton Explosions, with steam enough, and Werner Submersions), silently imbedded in the rock; did nevertheless, when their hour came, emerge from it, and first beheld the glorious Sun smile on them, and with their many-coloured glances smiled back on him. How they served next, let us say, as eyes of Heathen Idols, and received worship. How they had then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out; and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous

liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties; and again been lost, with the fingers too, and perhaps life (as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy), in old-forgotten glorious victories: and so, through innumerable varieties of fortune,—had come at last to the cutting-wheel of Boehmer; to be united, in strange fellowship, with comrades also blown together from all ends of the Earth, each with a History of its own! Could these aged stones, the youngest of them Six Thousand years of age and upwards, but have spoken,—*there* were an Experience for Philosophy to teach by! But now, as was said, by little caps of gold, and daintiest rings of the same, they are all, being, so to speak, enlisted under Boehmer's flag,—made to take rank and file, in new order, no Jewel asking his neighbour whence he came; and parade there for a season. For a season only; and then—to disperse, and enlist anew *ad infinitum*. In such inexplicable wise are Jewels, and Men also, and indeed all earthly things, jumbled together and asunder, and shovelled and wafted to and fro, in our inexplicable chaos of a World. This was what Boehmer called *making* his Necklace.

So, in fact, do other men speak, and with even less reason. How many men, for example, hast thou heard talk of making money; of making, say, a million and a half of money? Of which million and half, how much, if one were to look into it, had they *made?* The accurate value of their Industry; not a sixpence more. Their making, then, was but, like Boehmer's, a clutching and heaping together;—by-and-by to be followed also by a dispersion. Made? Thou too vain individual! were

these towered ashlar edifices; were these fair bounteous leas, with their bosky umbrages and yellow harvests; and the sunshine that lights them from above, and the granite rocks and fire-reservoirs that support them from below, made by *thee?* I think, by another. The very shilling that thou hast was dug, by man's force, in Carinthia and Paraguay; smelted sufficiently; and stamped, as would seem, not without the advice of our late Defender of the Faith, his Majesty George the Fourth. Thou hast it, and holdest it; but whether, or in what sense, thou hast *made* any farthing of it, thyself canst not say. If the courteous reader ask, What things, then, are made by man? I will answer him, Very few indeed. A Heroism, a Wisdom (a god-given Volition that has realized itself) is made now and then: for example, some five or six Books, since the Creation, have been made. Strange that there are not more; for surely every encouragement is held out. Could I, or thou, happy reader, but make one, the world would let us keep it unstolen for Fourteen whole years,—and take what we could get for it.

But, in a word, Monsieur Boehmer has made his Necklace, what he calls made it: happy man is he. From a Drawing, as large as reality, kindly furnished by 'Taunay, Printseller, of the Rue d'Enfer;'* and

* Frontispiece of the '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785;' wherefrom Georgel's Editor has copied it. This '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785,' is not properly a Book; but a bound Collection of such Law-Papers (*Mémoires pour* &c.) as were printed and emitted by the various parties in that famed 'Necklace Trial.' These Law-papers, bound into Two Volumes quarto; with Portraits, such as the Print-shops yielded them at the time; likewise

again, in late years, by the Abbé Georgel, in the Second Volume of his *Mémoires*, curious readers can still fancy to themselves what a princely Ornament it was. A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-

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with patches of *MS.*, containing Notes, Pasquinade-songs, and the like, of the most unspeakable character occasionally, — constitute this '*Affaire du Collier*;' which the Paris Dealers in Old Books can still procure there. It is one of the largest collections of Falsehoods that exists in print; and, unfortunately, still, after all the narrating and history there has been on the subject, forms our chief means of getting at the truth of that Transaction. The First Volume contains some Twenty-one *Mémoires pour:* not, of course, Historical statements of truth; but Culprits' and Lawyers' statements of what they wished to be believed; each party *lying* according to his ability to lie. To reach the truth, or even any honest guess at the truth, the immensities of rubbish must be sifted, contrasted, rejected: what grain of historical evidence may lie at the bottom is then attainable. Thus, as this Transaction of the Diamond Necklace has been called the 'Largest Lie of the Eighteenth Century,' so it comes to us borne, not unfitly, on a whole illimitable dim Chaos of Lies!

Nay, the Second Volume, entitled *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*, is still stranger. It relates to the Intrigue and Trial of one Bette d'Etienville, who represents himself as a poor lad that had been kidnapped, blindfolded, introduced to beautiful Ladies, and engaged to get husbands for them; as setting out on this task, and gradually getting quite bewitched and bewildered;—most indubitably, going on to bewitch and bewilder other people on all hands of him: the whole *in consequence* of this 'Necklace Trial,' and the noise it was making! Very curious. The Lawyers did verily busy themselves with this affair of Bette's; there are scarecrow Portraits given, that stood in the Printshops, and no man can

shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very Queen of Diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the Necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible *six*fold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind-neck,—we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire.

All these on a neck of snow slight-tinged with rose-bloom, and within it royal Life: amidst the blaze of lustres; in sylphish movements, espiegleries, coquetteries, and minuet-mazes; with every movement a flash of star-rainbow colours, bright almost as the movements of the fair young soul it emblems! A glorious ornament; fit only for the Sultana of the World. Indeed, only attainable by such; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say in round numbers, and sterling money, between eighty and ninety thousand pounds.

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know whether the Originals ever so much as existed. It is like the Dream *of* a Dream. The human mind stands stupent; ejaculates the wish that such Gulf of Falsehood would close itself,—before general Delirium supervene, and the Speech of Man become mere incredible, meaningless jargon, like that of choughs and daws. Even from Bette, however, by assiduous sifting, one gathers a particle of truth here and there.

CHAPTER III.

The Necklace cannot be sold.

Miscalculating Boehmer! The Sultana of the Earth shall never wear that Necklace of thine; no neck, either royal or vassal, shall ever be the lovelier for it. In the present distressed state of our finances, with the American War raging round us, where thinkest thou are eighty thousand pounds to be raised for such a thing? In this hungry world, thou fool, these five hundred and odd Diamonds, good only for looking at, are intrinsically worth less to us than a string of as many dry Irish potatoes, on which a famishing Sansculotte might fill his belly. Little knowest thou, laughing Jouaillier-Bijoutier, great in thy pride of place, in thy pride of *savoir-faire*, what the world has in store for thee. Thou laughest there; by-and-by thou wilt laugh on the wrong side of thy face mainly.

While the Necklace lay in stucco effigy, and the stones of it were still 'circulating in Commerce,' Du Barry's was the neck it was meant for. Unhappily, as all dogs, male and female, have but their day, her day is done; and now (so busy has Death been) she sits retired, on mere half-pay, without prospects, at Saint-Cyr. A generous France will buy no more neck-ornaments for *her*:—O Heaven! the Guillotine-axe is already forging (North, in Swedish Dalecarlia, by sledge-hammers and fire; South, too, by taxes and *tailles*) that will sheer her neck in twain!

But, indeed, what of Du Barry? A foul worm;

hatched by royal heat, on foul composts, into a flaunting butterfly; now dis-winged, and again a worm! Are there not King's Daughters and Kings' Consorts: is not Decoration the first wish of a female heart,—often also, if such heart is empty, the last? The Portuguese Ambassador is here, and his rigorous Pombal is no longer Minister: there is an Infanta in Portugal, purposing by Heaven's blessing to wed.—Singular! the Portuguese Ambassador, though without fear of Pombal, praises, but will not purchase.

Or why not our own loveliest Marie-Antoinette, once Dauphiness only; now every inch a Queen: what neck in the whole Earth would it beseem better? It is fit only for her.—Alas, Boehmer! King Louis has an eye for diamonds; but he too is without overplus of money: his high Queen herself answers queenlike, "We have more need of Seventy-fours than of Necklaces." *Laudatur et alget!*—Not without a qualmish feeling, we apply next to the Queen and King of the Two Sicilies.* In vain, O Boehmer! In crowned heads there is no hope for thee. Not a crowned head of them can spare the eighty thousand pounds. The age of Chivalry is gone, and that of Bankruptcy is come. A dull, deep, presaging movement rocks all thrones: Bankruptcy is beating down the gate, and no Chancellor can longer barricade her out. She will enter; and the shoreless fire-lava of DEMOCRACY is at her back! Well may Kings, a second time, 'sit still with awful eye,' and think of far other things than Necklaces.

Thus for poor Boehmer are the mournfullest days

* See *Mémoires de Campan*, ii. 1-26.

and nights appointed; and this high-promising year (1780, as we laboriously guess and gather) stands blacker than all others in his calendar. In vain shall he, on his sleepless pillow, more and more desperately revolve the problem; it is a problem of the insoluble sort, a true 'irreducible case of Cardan:' the Diamond Necklace will not sell.

CHAPTER IV.

Affinities: the Two Fixed-ideas.

Nevertheless, a man's little Work lies not isolated, stranded; a whole busy World, a whole native-element of mysterious never-resting Force, environs it; will catch it up; will carry it forward, or else backward: always, infallibly, either as living growth, or at worst as well-rotted manure, the Thing Done will come to use. Often, accordingly, for a man that had finished any little work, this were the most interesting question: In such a boundless whirl of a world, what hook will it be, and what hooks, that shall catch up this little work of mine; and whirl *it* also,—through such a dance? A question, we need not say, which, in the simplest of cases, would bring the whole Royal Society to a nonplus.—Good Corsican Letitia! while thou nursest thy little Napoleon, and he answers thy mother-smile with those deep eyes of his, a world-famous French Revolution, with Federations of the *Champ de Mars,* and September Massacres, and Bakers' Customers *en queue,* is getting ready: many a Danton and Desmoulins; prim-visaged, Tartuffe-looking Robespierre, as yet all schoolboys; and Marat weeping

bitter rheum, as he pounds horsedrugs,—are preparing the fittest arena for him!

Thus too, while poor Boehmer is busy with those Diamonds of his, picking them 'out of Commerce,' and his craftsmen are grinding and setting them; a certain ecclesiastical Coadjutor and Grand Almoner, and prospective Commendator and Cardinal, is in Austria, hunting and giving suppers; for whom mainly it is that Boehmer and his craftsmen so employ themselves. Strange enough, once more! The foolish Jeweller at Paris, making foolish trinkets; the foolish Ambassador at Vienna, making blunders and debaucheries: these Two, all uncommunicating, wide asunder as the Poles, are hourly forging for each other the wonderfullest hook-and-eye; that will hook them together, one day,—into artificial Siamese-Twins, for the astonishment of mankind.

Prince Louis de Rohan is one of those select mortals born to honours, as the sparks fly upwards; and, alas, also (as all men are) to troubles no less. Of his genesis and descent much might be said, by the curious in such matters; yet perhaps, if we weigh it well, intrinsically little. He can, by diligence and faith, be traced back some handbreadth or two, some century or two; but after that, merges in the mere 'blood-royal of Brittany;' long, long on this side of the Northern Immigrations, he is not so much as to be sought for;—and leaves the whole space onwards from that, into the bosom of Eternity, a blank, marked only by one point, the Fall of Man! However, and what alone concerns us, his kindred, in these quite recent times, have been much about the Most Christian Majesty; could there pick up what

was going. In particular, they have had a turn of some continuance for Cardinalship and Commendatorship. Safest trades these, of the calm, do-nothing sort: in the do-something line, in Generalship, or such like (witness poor Cousin Soubise, at Rosbach*), they might not fare so well. In any case, the actual Prince Louis, Coadjutor at Strasburg, while his uncle the Cardinal-Archbishop has not yet deceased, and left him his dignities, but only fallen sick, already takes his place on one grandest occasion: he, thrice-happy Coadjutor, receives the fair, young, trembling Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, on her first entrance into France; and can there, as Ceremonial Fugleman, with fit bearing and semblance (being a tall man, of six-and-thirty), do the needful. Of his other performances up to this date, a refined History had rather say nothing.

In fact, if the tolerating mind will meditate it with any sympathy, what could poor Rohan perform? Performing needs light, needs strength, and a firm clear footing; all of which had been denied him. Nourished, from birth, with the choicest physical spoon-meat, in-

* Here is the Epigram they made against him on occasion of Rosbach,—in that 'Despotism tempered by Epigrams,' which France was then said to be:

'Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main,
J'ai beau chercher, où diable est mon armée?
Elle était là pourtant hier matin:
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée?—
Que vois-je, ô ciel! que mon ame est ravie!
Prodige heureux! la voilà, la voilà!—
Ah, ventrebleu! qu'est-ce donc que cela?
Je me trompais, c'est l'armée ennemie?'

LACRETELLE, ii. 206.

deed; yet, also, with no better spiritual Doctrine and Evangel of Life than a French Court of Louis the Well-beloved could yield; gifted, moreover, and this too was but a new perplexity for him, with shrewdness enough to see through much, with vigour enough to despise much; unhappily, not with vigour enough to spurn it from him, and be forever enfranchised of it,—he awakes, at man's stature, with man's wild desires, in a World of the merest incoherent Lies and Delirium; himself a nameless Mass of delirious Incoherences,—covered over at most, and held-in a little, by conventional Politesse, and a Cloak of prospective Cardinal's Plush. Are not intrigues, might Rohan say, the industry of this our Universe; nay is not the Universe itself, at bottom, properly an intrigue? A Most Christian Majesty, in the *Parc-aux-cerfs;* he, thou seest, is the god of this lower world; in the fight of Life, our war-banner and celestial *En-touto-nika* is a Strumpet's Petticoat: these are thy gods, O France!—What, in such singular circumstances, could poor Rohan's creed and world-theory be, that he should 'perform' thereby? Atheism? Alas, no; not even Atheism: only Machiavelism; and the indestructible faith that 'ginger is hot in the mouth.' Get ever new and better *ginger*, therefore; chew it ever the more diligently: 'tis all thou hast to look to, and that only for a day.

Ginger enough, poor Louis de Rohan: too much of ginger! Whatsoever of it, for the five senses, money, or money's worth, or backstairs diplomacy, can buy; nay for the sixth sense too, the far spicier ginger, Antecedence of thy fellow-creatures,—merited, at least, by infinitely finer housing than theirs. Coadjutor of Stras-

burg, Archbishop of Strasburg, Grand Almoner of France, Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Cardinal, Commendator of St. Wast d'Arras (one of the fattest benefices here below): all these shall be housings for Monseigneur: to all these shall his Jesuit Nursing-mother, our vulpine Abbé Georgel, through fair court-weather and through foul, triumphantly bear him; and wrap him with them, fat, somnolent Nurseling as he is. —By the way, a most assiduous, ever-wakeful Abbé is this Georgel; and wholly Monseigneur's. He has scouts dim-flying, far out, in the great deep of the world's business; has spider-threads that overnet the whole world; himself sits in the centre, ready to run. In vain shall King and Queen combine against Monseigneur: "I was at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,"—persuasively wagging my sleek coif, and the sleek reynard-head under it; I managed it all for him. Here too, on occasion of Reynard Georgel, we could not but reflect what a singular species of creature your Jesuit must have been. Outwardly, you would say, a man; the smooth semblance of a man: inwardly, to the centre, filled with stone! Yet in all breathing things, even in stone Jesuits, are inscrutable sympathies: how else does a Reynard Abbé so loyally give himself, soul and body, to a somnolent Monseigneur;—how else does the poor Tit, to the neglect of its own eggs and interests, nurse up a huge lumbering Cuckoo; and think its pains all paid, if the soot-brown Stupidity will merely grow bigger and bigger!—Enough, by Jesuitic or other means, Prince Louis de Rohan shall be passively kneaded and baked into Commendator of St. Wast and much else; and truly *such* a Commendator as hardly, since King Thierri, first of

the *Fainéans* founded that Establishment, has played his part there.

Such, however, have Nature and Art combined together to make Prince Louis. A figure thrice-clothed with honours; with plush, and civic and ecclesiastic garniture of all kinds; but in itself little other than an amorphous congeries of contradictions, somnolence and violence, foul passions and foul habits. It is by his plush cloaks and wrappages mainly, as above hinted, that such a figure sticks together; what we call 'coheres,' in any measure; were it not for these, he would flow out boundlessly on all sides. Conceive him farther, with a kind of radical vigour and fire, for he can see clearly at times, and speak fiercely; yet left in this way to stagnate and ferment, and lie overlaid with such floods of fat material: have we not a true image of the shamefullest Mud-volcano, gurgling and sluttishly simmering, amid continual steamy indistinctness, — except, as was hinted, in wind-*gusts*; with occasional terrifico-absurd Mud-explosions!

This, garnish it and fringe it never so handsomely, is, alas, the intrinsic character of Prince Louis. A shameful spectacle: such, however, as the world has beheld many times; as it were to be wished, but is not yet to be hoped, the world might behold no more. Nay, are not all possible delirious incoherences, outward and inward, summed up, for poor Rohan, in this one incrediblest incoherence, that *he*, Prince Louis de Rohan, is named Priest, Cardinal of the Church? A debauched, merely libidinous mortal, lying there quite helpless, *dis*solute (as we well say); whom to see Church *Cardinal*, symbolical *Hinge* or main Corner of the Invisible Holy

in this World,' an Inhabitant of Saturn might split with laughing,—if he did not rather swoon with pity and horror!

Prince Louis, as ceremonial fugleman at Strasburg, might have hoped to make some way with the fair young Dauphiness; but seems not to have made any. Perhaps, in those great days, so trying for a fifteen-years Bride and Dauphiness, the fair Antoinette was too preoccupied: perhaps, in the very face and looks of Prospective-Cardinal Prince Louis, her fair young soul read, all unconsciously, an incoherent *Roué*-ism, bottomless Mud-volcano-ism; from which she by instinct rather recoiled.

However, as above hinted, he is now gone, in these years, on Embassy to Vienna: with 'four-and-twenty 'pages' (if our remembrance of Abbé Georgel serve) 'of 'noble birth,' all in scarlet breeches; and such a retinue and parade as drowns even his fat revenue in perennial debt. Above all things, his Jesuit Familiar is with him. For so everywhere they must manage: Eminence Rohan is the cloak, Jesuit Georgel the man or automaton within it. Rohan, indeed, sees Poland a-partitioning; or rather Georgel, with his 'masked Austrian' traitor 'on the ramparts,' sees it for him: but what can he do? He exhibits his four-and-twenty scarlet pages,—who, we find, 'smuggle' to quite unconscionable lengths; rides through a Catholic procession, Prospective-Cardinal though he be, because it is too long, and keeps him from an appointment; hunts, gallants; gives suppers, Sardanapalus-wise, the finest ever seen in Vienna. Abbé Georgel, as we fancy it was, writes a Despatch in his

name 'every fortnight;'—mentions in one of these, that 'Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the handkerchief in 'one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland; but with 'the sword in the other hand, ready to cut Poland in 'sections, and take her share.'* Untimely joke; which proved to Prince Louis the root of unspeakable chagrins! For Minister D'Aiguillon (much against his duty) communicates the Letter to King Louis; Louis to Du Barry, to season her *souper*, and laughs over it: the thing becomes a court-joke; the filially-pious Dauphiness hears it, and remembers it. Accounts go, moreover, that Rohan spake censuringly of the Dauphiness to her Mother: this probably is but hearsay and false; the devout Maria Theresa disliked him, and even despised him, and vigorously laboured for his recall.

Thus, in rosy sleep and somnambulism, or awake only to quaff the full wine-cup of the Scarlet Woman his Mother, and again sleep and somnambulate, does the Prospective-Cardinal and Commendator pass his days. Unhappy man! This is not a world which was made in sleep; which it is safe to sleep and somnambulate in. In that 'loud-roaring Loom of Time' (where above nine

* *Mémoires de l'Abbé Georgel*, ii. 1-220. Abbé Georgel, who has given, in the place referred to, a long solemn Narrative of the Necklace Business, passes for the grand authority on it: but neither will he, strictly taken up, abide scrutiny. He is vague as may be; writing in what is called the 'soaped-pig' fashion: yet sometimes you *do* catch him, and hold him. There are hardly above three dates in his whole Narrative. He mistakes several times; perhaps, once or twice, wilfully misrepresents, a little. The main incident of the business is misdated by him, almost a twelvemonth. It is to be remembered that the poor Abbé wrote in exile; and with cause enough for prepossessions and hostilities.

hundred millions of hungry Men, for one item, restlessly weave and work), so many threads fly humming from their 'eternal spindles;' and swift invisible shuttles, far darting, to the Ends of the World, — complex enough! At this hour, a miserable Boehmer in Paris, whom thou wottest not of, is spinning, of diamonds and gold, a paltry thrum that will go nigh to strangle the life out of thee.

Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left, forever, his *Parc-aux-cerfs*; and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off), he, as the Abbé Georgel records, 'made the *amende honorable* to God' (these are his Reverence's own words); had a true repentance of three days' standing; and so, continues the Abbé, 'fell asleep in the Lord.' Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbé! If such a mass of Laziness and Lust fell asleep in the Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can, for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more; — and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.

Louis XVI. therefore reigns (and, under the Sieur Gamain, makes locks); his fair Dauphiness has become a Queen. Eminence Rohan is home from Vienna; to condole and congratulate. He bears a letter from Maria Theresa; hopes the Queen will not forget old

Ceremonial Fuglemen, and friends of the Dauphiness. Heaven and Earth! The Dauphiness Queen will not see him; orders the Letter to be *sent* her. The King himself signifies briefly that he 'will be asked for when wanted!'

Alas! at Court, our motion is the delicatest, unsurest. We go spinning, as it were, on teetotums, by the edge of bottomless deeps. Rest is fall; so is one false whirl. A moment ago, Eminence Rohan seemed waltzing with the best: but, behold, his teetotum has *carried him over;* there is an inversion of the centre of gravity; and so now, heels uppermost, velocity increasing as the time, space as the square of the time, — he rushes.

On a man of poor Rohan's somnolence and violence, the sympathizing mind can estimate what the effect was. Consternation, stupefaction, the total jumble of blood, brains, and nervous spirits; in ear and heart, only universal hubbub, and louder and louder singing of the agitated air. A fall comparable to that of Satan! Men have, indeed, been driven from Court; and borne it, according to ability. A Choiseul, in these very years, retired Parthianlike, with a smile or scowl; and drew half the Court-host along with him. Our Wolsey, though once an *Ego et Rex meus,* could journey, it is said, without strait-waistcoat, to his monastery; and there telling beads, look forward to a still longer journey. The melodious, too soft-strung Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively — died. But the case of Coadjutor de Rohan differed from all these. No loyalty was in him, that he should die; no self-help, that he should live;

no faith, that he should tell beads. His is a mud-volcanic character; incoherent, mad, from the very foundation of it. Think, too, that his Courtiership (for how could any nobleness enter there?) was properly a gambling speculation: the loss of his trump Queen of Hearts can bring nothing but flat unredeemed despair. No other game has he, in this world, — or in the next. And then the exasperating *Why?* the *How came it?* For that Rohanic, or Georgelic, sprightliness of the 'handkerchief in one hand, and sword in the other,' if indeed that could have caused it all, has quite escaped him. In the name of Friar Bacon's Head, *what* was it? Imagination, with Desperation to drive her, may fly to all points of Space;—and returns with wearied wings, and no tidings. Behold *me here:* this, which is the first grand certainty for man in general, is the first and last and only one for poor Rohan. And then his *Here!* Alas, looking upwards, he can eye, from his burning marle, the azure realms, once his; and Cousin Countess de Marsan, and so many Richelieus, Polignacs, and other happy angels, male and female, all blissfully gyrating there; while he —!

Nevertheless hope, in the human breast, though not in the diabolic, springs eternal. The outcast Rohan bends all his thoughts, faculties, prayers, purposes, to one object; one object he will attain, or go to Bedlam. How many ways he tries; what days and nights of conjecture, consultation; what written unpublished reams of correspondence, protestation, backstairs diplomacy of every rubric! How many suppers has he eaten; how many given,—in vain! It is his morning song, and his evening prayer. From innumerable falls he rises; only

to fall again. Behold him even, with his red stockings, at dusk, in the Garden of Trianon: he has bribed the Concierge; will see her Majesty in spite of Etiquette and Fate; peradventure, pitying his long sad King's-evil, she will touch him, and heal him. In vain,—says the Female Historian, Campan.* The Chariot of Majesty shoots rapidly by, with high-plumed heads in it; Eminence is known by his red stockings, but not looked at, only laughed at, and left standing like a Pillar of Salt.

Thus through ten long years, of new resolve and new despondency, of flying from Saverne to Paris, and from Paris to Saverne, has it lasted; hope deferred making the heart sick. Reynard Georgel and Cousin de Marsan, by eloquence, by influence, and being 'at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,' have secured the Archbishopric, the Grand-Almonership; the Cardinalship (by the medium of Poland); and, lastly, to tinker many rents, and appease the Jews, that fattest Commendatorship, founded by King Thierri the Do-nothing —perhaps with a view to such cases. All good! languidly croaks Rohan; yet all not the one thing needful; alas, the Queen's eyes do not yet shine on me.

* Madame Campan, in her Narrative, and, indeed, in her *Memoirs* generally, does not seem to *intend* falsehood: this, in the Business of the Necklace, is saying a great deal. She rather, perhaps, intends the producing of an impression; which may have appeared to herself to be the right one. But, at all events, she has, here or elsewhere, no notion of historical rigour; she gives hardly any date, or the like; will tell the same thing, in different places, different ways, &c. There is a tradition that Louis XVIII. revised her *Mémoires* before publication. She requires to be read with scepticism everywhere; but yields something in that way.

Abbé Georgel admits, in his own polite diplomatic way, that the mud-volcano was much agitated by these trials; and in time quite changed. Monseigneur deviated into cabalistic courses, after elixirs, philtres, and the philosopher's stone; that is, the volcanic steam grew thicker and heavier: at last by Cagliostro's magic (for Cagliostro and the Cardinal by elective affinity must meet), it sank into the opacity of perfect London fog! So too, if Monseigneur grew choleric; wrapped himself up in reserve, spoke roughly to his domestics and dependents,—were not the terrifico-absurd mud-explosions becoming more frequent? Alas, what wonder? Some nine-and-forty winters have now fled over his Eminence (for it is 1783), and his beard falls white to the shaver; but age for him brings no 'benefit of experience.' He is possessed by a fixed-idea!

Foolish Eminence! is the Earth grown all barren and of a snuff colour, because one pair of eyes in it look on thee askance? Surely thou hast thy Body there yet; and what of soul might from the first reside in it. Nay, a warm, snug Body, with not only five senses (sound still, in spite of much tear and wear), but most eminent clothing besides;—clothed with authority over much, with red Cardinal's cloak, red Cardinal's hat; with Commendatorship, Grand-Almonership, so kind have thy Fripiers been; with dignities and dominions too tedious to name. The stars rise nightly, with tidings (for thee too, if thou wilt listen) from the infinite Blue; Sun and Moon bring vicissitudes of season; dressing green, with flower-borderings, and cloth of gold, this ancient ever-young Earth of ours, and filling her breasts with all-nourishing mother's milk. Wilt thou work?

The whole Encyclopedia (not Diderot's only, but the Almighty's) is there for thee to spread thy broad faculty upon. Or, if thou have no faculty, no Sense, hast thou not, as already suggested, Senses, to the number of five? What victuals thou wishest, command; with what wine savoreth thee, be filled. Already thou art a false lascivious Priest; with revenues of, say, a quarter of a million sterling; and no mind to mend. Eat, foolish Eminence; eat with voracity,—leaving the shot till *afterwards!* In all this the eyes of Marie Antoinette can neither help thee nor hinder.

And yet what is the Cardinal, dissolute mud-volcano though he be, more foolish herein, than all Sons of Adam? Give the wisest of us once a 'fixed-idea,'—which, though a temporary madness, who has not had? —and see where his wisdom is! The Chamois-hunter serves his doomed seven years in the Quicksilver Mines; returns salivated to the marrow of the backbone; and next morning,—goes forth to hunt again. Behold Cardalion King of Urinals; with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow! He blows out, Werter-wise, his foolish existence, because *she* will not have it to keep; —heeds not that there are some five hundred millions of other mistresses in this noble Planet; most likely much such as she. O foolish men! They sell their Inheritance (as their Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet: will they not, in every age, dare not only grape-shot and gallows-ropes, but Hell-fire itself, for better sauce to their victuals? My friends, beware of fixed-ideas.

Here, accordingly, is poor Boehmer with one in his

head too! He has been hawking his 'irreducible case of Cardan,' that Necklace of his, these three long years, through all Palaces and Ambassadors' Hotels, over the old 'nine Kingdoms,' or more of them that there now are: searching, sifting Earth, Sea and Air, for a customer. To take his Necklace in pieces; and so, losing only his manual labour and expected glory, dissolve his fixed-idea, and fixed diamonds, into current ones: this were simply casting out the Devil—from himself; a miracle, and perhaps more! For he too has a Devil, or Devils: one mad object that he strives at; that he too will attain, or go to Bedlam. Creditors, snarling, hound him on from without; mocked Hopes, lost Labours, bear-bait him from within: to these torments his fixed-idea keeps him chained. In six-and-thirty weary revolutions of the Moon, was it wonderful the man's brain had got dried a little?

Behold, one day, being Court-Jeweller, he too bursts, almost as Rohan had done, into the Queen's retirement, or apartment; flings himself (as Campan again has recorded) at her Majesty's feet; and there, with clasped uplifted hands, in passionate nasal-gutturals, with streaming tears and loud sobs, entreats her to do one of two things: Either to buy his Necklace; or else graciously to vouchsafe him her royal permission to drown himself in the River Seine. Her Majesty, pitying the distracted bewildered state of the man, calmly points out the plain third course: *Dépécez votre Collier*, Take your Necklace in pieces;—adding, withal, in a tone of queenly rebuke, that if he would drown himself, he at all times could, without her furtherance.

Ah, *had* he drowned himself, with the Necklace in

his pocket; and Cardinal Commendator at his skirts! Kings, above all, beautiful Queens, as far-radiant Symbols on the pinnacles of the world, are so exposed to madmen. Should these two fixed-ideas that beset this beautifullest Queen, and almost burst through her Palace-walls, one day *unite*, and this *not* to jump into the River Seine:—what maddest result may be looked for!

CHAPTER V.

The Artist.

If the reader has hitherto, in our too figurative language, seen only the figurative hook and the figurative eye, which Boehmer and Rohan, far apart, were respectively fashioning for each other, he shall now see the cunning Milliner (an actual, unmetaphorical *Milliner*) by whom these two individuals, with their two implements, are brought in contact, and hooked together into stupendous artificial Siamese-Twins;—after which the whole nodus and solution will naturally combine and unfold itself.

Jeanne de Saint-Remi, by courtesy or otherwise, Countess, styled also *of Valois*, and even *of France*, has now, in this year of Grace 1783, known the world for some seven-and-twenty summers; and had crooks in her lot. She boasts herself descended, by what is called *natural* generation, from the Blood-Royal of France: Henri Second, before that fatal tourney-lance entered his right eye, and ended him, appears to have had, successively or simultaneously, four—unmentionable women: and so, in *vice* of the third of these, came

a certain Henri de Saint-Remi into this world; and, as High and Puissant Lord, ate his victuals and spent his days, on an allotted domain of Fontette, near Bar-sur-Aube, in Champagne. Of High and Puissant Lords, at this Fontette, six other generations followed; and thus ultimately, in a space of some two centuries,—succeeded in realising this brisk little Jeanne de Saint-Remi, here in question. But, ah, what a falling off! The Royal Family of France has wellnigh forgotten its left-hand collaterals: the last High and Puissant Lord (much clipt by his predecessors), falling into drink, and left by a scandalous world to drink his pitcher *dry*, had to alienate by degrees his whole worldly Possessions, down almost to the indispensable, or inexpressibles; and die at last in the Paris Hôtel-Dieu; glad that it was not on the street. So that he has, indeed, given a sort of bastard royal life to little Jeanne, and her little brother; but not the smallest earthly provender to keep it in. The mother, in her extremity, forms the wonderfullest connexions; and little Jeanne, and her little brother, go out into the highways to beg.*

A charitable Countess Boulainvilliers, struck with the little bright-eyed tatterdemalion from the carriage-window, picks her up; has her scoured, clothed; and rears her, in her fluctuating miscellaneous way, to be, about the age of twenty, a nondescript of Mantuamaker, Soubrette, Court-beggar, Fine-lady, Abigail, and Scion-of-Royalty. Sad combination of trades! The Court, after infinite soliciting, puts one off with a hungry dole of little more than thirty pounds a-year. Nay, the au-

* *Vie de Jeanne Comtesse de Lamotte* (by Herself). Vol. i.

dacious Count Boulainvilliers dares, with what purposes he knows best, to offer some suspicious presents!* Whereupon his good Countess, especially as Mantua-making languishes, thinks it could not but be fit to go down to Bar-sur-Aube; and there see whether no fractions of that alienated Fontette Property, held perhaps on insecure tenure, may, by terror or cunning, be recoverable. Burning her paper patterns, pocketing her pension till more come, Mademoiselle Jeanne sallies out thither, in her twenty-third year.

Nourished in this singular way, alternating between saloon and kitchen-table, with the loftiest of pretensions, meanest of possessions, our poor High and Puissant Mantuamaker has realised for herself a 'face not beautiful, yet with a certain piquancy;' dark hair, blue eyes; and a character, which the present writer, a determined student of human nature, declares to be undecipherable. Let the Psychologists try it! Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Valois de France actually lived, and worked, and was: she has even published, at various times, three considerable Volumes of Autobiography, with loose Leaves (in Courts of Justice) of unknown number;† wherein he

* He was of Hebrew descent: grandson of the renowned Jew Bernard, whom Louis XV., and even Louis XIV., used to 'walk with in the Royal Garden,' when they wanted him to lend them money.—See *Souvenirs du Duc de Levis; Mémoires de Duclos*, &c.

† Four *Mémoires Pour* by her, in this *Affaire du Collier*; like 'Lawyers' tongues turned inside out!' Afterwards One Volume, *Mémoires Justificatifs de la Comtesse de*, &c. (London, 1788); with Appendix of 'Documents,' so-called. This has also been translated into a kind of Engli[illegible] Then Two Volumes, as quoted above: *Vie de Jeanne de*, &c.; printed in London,—by way of

that runs may read, — but not understand. Strange Volumes! more like the screeching of distracted night-birds (suddenly disturbed by the torch of Police-Fowlers), than the articulate utterance of a rational unfeathered biped. Cheerfully admitting these statements to be all lies; we ask, How any mortal could, or should, *so* lie?

The Psychologists, however, commit one sore mistake: that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the heart of Life, they judge that with all the world it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour, without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of Life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: Digestion. While Digestion lasts, Life cannot, in philosophical language, be said to be extinct: and Digestion will give rise to Volitions enough; at any rate, to Desires and attempts, which may pass for such. He who looks neither before nor after, any farther than the Larder and Stateroom, which latter is properly the finest compartment of the Larder, will need no World-theory, Creed as it is called,

extorting money *from Paris*. This latter Lying Autobiography of Lamotte was bought up by French persons in authority. It was the burning of this *Editio Princeps* in the Sèvres Potteries, on the 30th of May, 1792, which raised such a smoke, that the Legislative Assembly took alarm; and had an investigation about it, and considerable examining of Potters, &c., till the truth came out. Copies of the Book were speedily reprinted after the Tenth of August. It is in English too; and, except in the Necklace part, is not so entirely distracted as the former.

or Scheme of Duties: lightly leaving the world to wag as it likes with any theory or none, his grand object is a theory and practice of ways and means. Not goodness or badness is the type of him; only shiftiness or shiftlessness.

And now, disburdened of this obstruction, let the Psychologists consider it under a bolder view. Consider the brisk Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Saint-Shifty as a Spark of vehement Life, not developed into Will of any kind, yet fully into Desires of all kinds, and cast into such a Life-element as we have seen. Vanity and Hunger; a Princess of the Blood, yet whose father had sold his inexpressibles; uncertain whether fosterdaughter of a fond Countess, with hopes sky-high, or supernumerary Soubrette; with not enough of mantuamaking: in a word, *Gigmanity disgigged;* one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man! She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex: *varium semper et mutabile.* And then her Fine-Ladyism, though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of reason. Consider, too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery; wheedling, eaves-dropping, nambypambying: how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades. Thought can hardly be said to exist in her: only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing; every individual thing (for she has

never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing. Thus sits, or rather vehemently bobs and hovers her vehement mind, in the middle of a boundless many-dancing whirlpool of gilt-shreds, paper-clippings, and windfalls,—to which the revolving chaos of my Uncle Toby's Smoke-jack was solidity and regularity. Reader! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature: they hum and buzz there, on graceful film-wings;—searching, nevertheless, with the wonderfullest skill, for honey; '*un*tamable as flies!'

Wonderfullest skill for honey, we say; and, pray, mark that, as regards this Countess de Saint-Shifty. Her instinct-of-genius is prodigious; her appetite fierce. In any foraging speculation of the private kind, she, unthinking as you call her, will be worth a hundred thinkers. And so of such untamable flies the untamablest, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is now buzzing down, in the Bar-sur-Aube Diligence; to inspect the honey-jars of Fontette; and see and smell whether there be any flaws in them.

Alas, at Fontette, we can, with sensibility, behold straw-roofs we were nursed under; farmers courteously offer cooked milk, and other country messes: but no soul will part with his Landed Property, for which, though cheap, he declares hard money was paid. The honey-jars are all close, then?—However, a certain Monsieur de Lamotte, a tall Gendarme, home on fur-

lough from Lunéville, is now at Bar; pays us attentions; becomes quite particular in his attentions,—for we have a face 'with a certain piquancy,' the liveliest glib-snappish tongue, the liveliest kittenish manner (not yet hardened into *cat*-hood), with thirty pounds a-year, and prospects. M. de Lamotte, indeed, is as yet only a private sentinel; but then a private sentinel in the *Gendarmes:* and did not his father die fighting 'at the head of his company,' at Minden? Why not in virtue of our own Countesship dub him too Count; by left-hand collateralism, get him advanced?—Finished before the furlough is done! The untamablest of flies has again buzzed off; in wedlock with M. de Lamotte; if not to get honey, yet to escape spiders; and so lies in garrison at Lunéville, amid coquetries and hysterics, in Gigmanity disgigged,—disconsolate enough.

At the end of four long years (too long), M. de Lamotte, or call him now *Count* de Lamotte, sees good to lay down his fighting-gear (unhappily still only the musket), and become what is by certain moderns called 'a Civilian:' not a Civil-Law Doctor; merely a Citizen, one who does not live by being killed. Alas! cold eclipse has all along hung over the Lamotte household. Countess Boulainvilliers, it is true, writes in the most feeling manner; but then the Royal Finances are so deranged! Without personal pressing solicitation, on the spot, no Court-solicitor, were his Pension the meagrest, can hope to better it. At Lunéville the sun, indeed, shines; and there is a kind of Life; but only an Un-Parisian, half or quarter Life: the very tradesmen grow clamorous, and no cunningly devised fable, ready money alone will appease them. Commandant Marquis

d'Autichamp * agrees with Madame Boulainvilliers that a journey to Paris were the project; whither, also, he himself is just going. Perfidious Commandant Marquis! His plan is seen through: he dares to presume to make love to a Scion-of-Royalty; or to hint that he could dare to presume to do it! Whereupon, indignant Count de Lamotte, as we said, throws up his commission, and down his fire-arms, without further delay. The King loses a tall private sentinel; the World has a new blackleg: and Monsieur and Madame de Lamotte take places in the Diligence for Strasburg.

Good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, however, is no longer at Strasburg; she is forward at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Saverne; on a visit there, to his Eminence Cardinal Commendator Grand-Almoner Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan! Thus, then, has Destiny at last brought it about. Thus, after long wanderings, on paths so far separate, has the time come, in this late year 1783, when, of all the nine hundred millions of the Earth's denizens, these pre-appointed Two behold each other!

The foolish Cardinal, since no sublunary means, not even bribing of the Trianon Concierge, will serve, has taken to the superlunary: he is here, with his fixed-idea and volcanic vaporosity darkening, under Cagliostro's management, into thicker and thicker opaque,—of the Black-Art itself. To the glance of hungry genius, Cardinal and Cagliostro could not but have meaning. A

* He is the same Marquis d'Autichamp, who was to 'relieve Lyons,' and raise the Siege of Lyons, in Autumn, 1793, but could not do it.

flush of astonishment, a sigh over boundless wealth (for the mountains of debt lie invisible) in the hands of boundless Stupidity; some vague looming of indefinite hope: all this one can well fancy. But, alas, what, to a high plush Cardinal, is a now insolvent Scion-of-Royalty,—though with a face of some piquancy? The good Fostermother's visit, in any case, can last but three days; then, amid old nambypambyings, with effusions of the nobler sensibilities, and tears of pity at least for oneself, Countess de Lamotte, and husband, must off with her to Paris, and new possibilities at Court. Only when the sky again darkens, can this vague looming from Saverne look out, by fits, as a cheering weather-sign.

CHAPTER VI.

Will the Two Fixed-ideas unite?

However, the sky, according to custom, is not long in darkening again. The King's finances, we repeat, are in so distracted a state! No D'Ormesson, no Joly de Fleury, wearied with milking the already dry, will increase that scandalous Thirty Pounds of a Scion-of-Royalty by a single doit. Calonne himself, who has a willing ear and encouraging word for all mortals whatsoever, only with difficulty, and by aid of Madame of France,* raises it to some still miserable Sixty-five. Worst of all, the good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, in few months, suddenly dies: the wretched widower, sitting there, with his white handkerchief, to receive

* See *Campan.*

condolences, with closed shutters, mortuary tapestries, and sepulchral cressets burning (which, however, the instant the condolences are gone, he blows out, to save oil), has the audacity again, amid crocodile tears, to—drop hints!* Nay more, he, wretched man in all senses, abridges the Lamotte table; will besiege virtue both in the positive and negative way. The Lamottes, wintry as the world looks, cannot be gone too soon.

As to Lamotte the husband, he, for shelter against much, decisively dives down to the 'subterranean shades of Rascaldom;' gambles, swindles; can hope to live, miscellaneously, if not by the Grace of God, yet by the Oversight of the Devil,—for a time. Lamotte the wife also makes her packages: and waving the unseductive Count Boulainvilliers Save-all a disdainful farewell, removes to the *Belle Image* in Versailles; there within wind of Court, in attic apartments, on poor water-gruel board, resolves to await what can betide. So much, in few months of this fateful year 1783, has come and gone.

Poor Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Lamotte Valois, Ex-Mantuamaker, Scion-of-Royalty! What eye, looking into those bare attic apartments, and water-gruel platters of the *Belle Image*, but must, in spite of itself, grow dim with almost a kind of tear for thee! There thou art, with thy quick lively glances, face of a certain piquancy, thy gossamer untamable character, snappish sallies, glib all-managing tongue; thy whole incarnated, garmented, and so sharply appetent 'spark of Life;' cast down alive into this World, without vote of thine

* *Vie de Jeanne de Lamotte*, &c., *écrite par elle-même*, i.

(for the Elective Franchises have not yet got that length); and wouldst so fain live there. Paying scot-and-lot; providing, or fresh-scouring, silk court-dresses; 'always keeping a gig!' Thou must hawk and shark to and fro, from anteroom to anteroom; become a kind of terror to all men in place, and women that influence such; dance not light Ionic measures, but attendance merely; have weepings, thanksgiving effusions, aulic, almost forensic, eloquence: perhaps eke out thy thin livelihood by some coquetries, in the small way;—and so, most poverty-stricken, cold-blighted, yet with young keen blood struggling against it, spin forward thy unequal feeble thread, which the Atropos-scissors will soon clip!

Surely, now, if ever, were that vague looming from Saverne welcome, as a weather-sign. How doubly welcome is his plush Eminence's personal arrival;—for with the earliest spring he has come in person, as he periodically does; vapourific, driven by his fixed-idea.

Genius, of the mechanical practical kind, what is it but a bringing together of two Forces that fit each other, that will give birth to a third? Ever, from Tubalcain's time, Iron lay ready hammered; Water, also, was boiling and bursting: nevertheless, for want of a genius, there was as yet no Steam-engine. In his Eminence Prince Louis, in that huge, restless, incoherent Being of his, depend on it, brave Countess, there are Forces deep, manifold; nay, a fixed-idea concentrates the whole huge Incoherence as it were into one Force: cannot the eye of genius discover its *fellow?*

Communing much with the Court *valetaille*, our

brave Countess has more than once heard talk of Boehmer, of his Necklace, and threatened death by water; in the course of gossiping and tattling, this topic from time to time emerges; is commented upon with empty laughter,—as if there lay no farther meaning in it. To the common eye there is indeed none: but to the eye of genius? In some moment of inspiration, the question rises on our brave Lamotte: Were not *this*, of all extant Forces, the cognate one that would unite with Eminence Rohan's? Great moment, light-beaming, fire-flashing; like birth of Minerva; like all moments of Creation! Fancy how pulse and breath flutter, almost stop, in the greatness: the great not Divine Idea, the great Diabolic Idea, is too big for her. —Thought (how often must we repeat it?) rules the world. Fire and, in a less degree, Frost; Earth and Sea (for what is your swiftest ship, or steamship but a *Thought*—embodied in wood?); Reformed Parliaments, rise and ruin of Nations,—sale of Diamonds: all things obey Thought. Countess de Saint-Remi de Lamotte, by power of Thought, is now a made woman. With force of genius she represses, crushes deep down, her Undivine Idea; bends all her faculty to realise it. Prepare thyself, Reader, for a series of the most surprising Dramatic Representations ever exhibited on any stage.

We hear tell of Dramatists, and scenic illusion how 'natural,' how illusive it was: if the spectator, for some half-moment, can half-deceive himself into the belief that it was real, he departs doubly content. With all which, and much more of the like, I have no quarrel. But what

must be thought of the Female Dramatist who, for eighteen long months, can exhibit the beautifullest Fata-morgana to a plush Cardinal, wide awake, with fifty years on his head; and so lap him in her scenic illusion that he never doubts but it is all firm earth, and the pasteboard Coulisse-trees are producing Hesperides apples? Could Madame de Lamotte, then, have written a *Hamlet?* I conjecture, not. More goes to the writing of a *Hamlet* than completest 'imitation' of all characters and things in this Earth; there goes, before and beyond all, the rarest *understanding* of these, insight into their hidden essences and harmonies. Erasmus's Ape, as is known in Literary History, sat by while its Master was shaving, and 'imitated' every point of the process; but its own foolish beard grew never the smoother.

As in looking at a finished Drama, it were nowise meet that the spectator first of all got behind the scenes, and saw the burnt-corks, brayed-resin, thunder-barrels, and withered hunger-bitten men and women, of which such heroic work was made: so here with the reader. A peep into the side-scenes shall be granted him, from time to time. But, on the whole, repress, O reader, that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine; let thy *æsthetic* feeling first have play; and witness what a Prospero's-grotto poor Eminence Rohan is led into, to be pleased he knows not why.

Survey first what we might call the stage-lights, orchestra, general structure of the theatre, mood and condition of the audience. The theatre is the World, with its restless business and madness; near at hand rise the royal Domes of Versailles, mystery around them, and as background the memory of a thousand years. By the

side of the River Seine walks, haggard, wasted, a Jouaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine, with Necklace in his pocket. The audience is a drunk Christopher Sly in the fittest humour. A fixed-idea, driving him headlong over steep places, like that of the Gadarenes' Swine, has produced a deceptibility, as of desperation, that will clutch at straws. Understand one other word: Cagliostro is prophesying to him! The Quack of Quacks has now for years had him in leading. Transmitting 'predictions in cipher;' questioning, before Hieroglyphic Screens, Columbs in a state of Innocence, for elixirs of life, and philosopher's stone; unveiling, in fuliginous clear-obscure, an imaginary majesty of Nature; he isolates him more and more from all unpossessed men. Was it not enough that poor Rohan had become a dissolute, somnolent-violent, ever-vapoury Mud-volcano; but black Egyptian magic must be laid on him!

If, perhaps, too, our Countess de Lamotte, with her blandishments—? For though not beautiful, she 'has a certain piquancy' *et cetera!*—Enough, his poor Eminence sits in the fittest place, in the fittest mood: a newly-awakened Christopher Sly; and with his 'small ale,' too, beside him. Touch, only, the lights with fire-tipt rod; and let the orchestra, soft-warbling, strike up their fara-lara fiddle-diddle-dee!

CHAPTER VII.

Marie-Antoinette.

Such a soft-warbling fara-lara was it to his Eminence, when, in early January of the year 1784, our

Countess first, mysteriously, and under seal of sworn secrecy, hinted to him that, with her winning tongue and great talent as Anecdotic Historian, she had worked a passage to the ear of Queen's Majesty itself.* Gods! dost *thou* bring with thee airs from Heaven? Is thy face yet radiant with some reflex of that Brightness beyond bright?—Men with fixed-idea are not as other men. To listen to a plain varnished tale, such as your Dramatist can fashion; to ponder the words; to snuff them up, as Ephraim did the east-wind, and grow flatulent and drunk with them: what else could poor Eminence do? His poor somnolent, so swift-rocked soul feels a new element infused into it; turbid resinous light, wide-coruscating, glares over the waste of his imagination. Is he interested in the mysterious tidings? Hope has seized them; there is in the world nothing else that interests him.

The secret friendship of Queens is not a thing to be let sleep: ever new Palace Interviews occur;—yet in deepest privacy; for how should her Majesty awaken so many tongues of Principalities and Nobilities, male and female, that spitefully watch her? Above all, however, 'on the 2d of February,' that day of 'the Procession of blue Ribands,'† much was spoken of: somewhat, too, of Monseigneur de Rohan!—Poor Monseigneur, hadst thou *three* long ears, thou'dst hear her.

But will she not, perhaps, in some future priceless

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* Compare Rohan's *Mémoires Pour* (there are four of them), in the *Affaire du Collier*, with Lamotte's four. They go on in the way of controversy, of argument and response.

† Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs* (London, 1788).

Interview, speak a good word for thee? Thyself shalt speak it, happy Eminence; at least, write it: our tutelary Countess will be the bearer!—On the 21st of March goes off that long exculpatory imploratory Letter: it is the first Letter that went off from Cardinal to Queen; to be followed, in time, by 'above two hundred others;' which are graciously answered by verbal Messages, nay, at length by Royal Autographs on gilt paper, —the whole delivered by our tutelary Countess,* The tutelary Countess comes and goes, fetching and carrying; with the gravity of a Roman Augur, inspects those extraordinary chicken-bowels, and draws prognostics from them. Things are in fair train: the Dauphiness took some offence at Monseigneur, but the Queen has nigh forgotten it. No inexorable Queen; ah no! So good, so free, light-hearted; only sore beset with malicious Polignacs and others;—at times, also, short of money.

Marie Antoinette, as the reader well knows, has been much blamed for want of Etiquette. Even now, when the other accusations against her have sunk down to oblivion and the Father of Lies, this of wanting Etiquette survives her;—in the Castle of Ham, at this hour,† M. de Polignac and Company may be wringing their hands, not without an oblique glance at *her* for bringing them thither. She indeed discarded Etiquette; once, when her carriage broke down, she even entered

* See *Georgel:* see Lamotte's *Mémoires;* in her Appendix of 'Documents' to that volume, certain of these Letters are given.

† A.D. 1831.

a hackney-coach. She would walk, too, at Trianon, in mere straw-hat, and perhaps muslin gown! Hence, the Knot of Etiquette being loosed, the Frame of Society broke up; and those astonishing 'Horrors of the French Revolution' supervened. On what Damocles' hairs must the judgment-sword hang over this distracted Earth! Thus, however, it was that Tenterden Steeple brought an influx of the Atlantic on us, and so Godwin Sands. Thus, too, might it be that because Father Noah took the liberty of, say, rinsing out his wine-vat, his Ark was floated off, and a world drowned.—Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low! For, if thy Being came to thee out of old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy;—of thy Birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy Death, or hundred Deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended,* attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale motionless, which

* Weber: *Mémoires concernant Marie-Antoinette* (London, 1809), tome iii., notes, 106.

only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is then *no* heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified,—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it, and made it Holy; and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes — Dumb lies the World; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low! Rest yet in thy innocent gracefully heedless seclusion, unintruded on by *me*, while rude hands have not yet desecrated it. Be the curtains, that shroud in (if for the last time on this Earth) a Royal Life, still sacred to me. *Thy* fault, in the French Revolution, was that thou wert the Symbol of the Sin and Misery of a thousand years; that with Saint-Bartholomews, and Jacqueries, with Gabelles, and Dragonades, and Parcs-aux-cerfs, the heart of mankind was filled full,—and foamed over, into all-involving madness. To no Napoleon, to no Cromwell wert thou wedded: such sit not in the highest rank, of themselves; are raised on high by the shaking and confounding of all the ranks. As poor peasants, how

happy, worthy had ye two been! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen of; and so both once more—are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Two Fixed-ideas will unite.

"Countess de Lamotte, then, had penetrated into the confidence of the Queen? Those gilt-paper Autographs were actually written by the Queen?" Reader, forget not to repress that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine! What I know is that a certain Villette-de-Rétaux, with military whiskers, denizen of Rascaldom, comrade there of Monsieur le Comte, is skilful in imitating hands. Certain it is also, that Madame la Comtesse has penetrated to the Trianon—Doorkeeper's. Nay, as Campan herself must admit, she has met, 'at a Man-midwife's in Versailles,' with worthy Queen's-valet Lesclaux,—or Desclos, for there is no uniformity in it. With these, or the like of these, she in the back-parlour of the Palace itself (if late enough), may pick a merry-thought, sip the foam from a glass of Champagne. No farther seek her honours to disclose, for the present; or anatomically dissect, as we said, those extraordinary chicken-bowels, from which *she*, and she alone, can read Decrees of Fate, and also realise them.

Sceptic, seest thou his Eminence waiting there, in the moonlight; hovering to and fro on the back terrace, till she come out—from the ineffable Interview?* He

* See *Georgel.*

is close muffled; walks restlessly observant; shy also, and courting the shade. She comes: up closer with thy capote, O Eminence, down with thy broadbrim; for she has an escort! 'Tis but the good Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux: and now he is sent back again, as no longer needful. Mark him, Monseigneur, nevertheless; thou wilt see him yet another time. Monseigneur marks little: his heart is in the Ineffable Interview, in the gilt-paper Autograph alone.—Queen's-valet Lesclaux? Methinks, he has much the stature of Villette, denizen of Rascaldom! Impossible!

How our Countess managed with Cagliostro? Cagliostro, gone from Strasburg, is as yet far distant, winging his way through dim Space; will not be here for months: only his 'predictions in cipher' are here. Here or there, however, Cagliostro, to our Countess, can be useful. At a glance, the eye of genius has descried him to be a bottomless slough of falsity, vanity, gulosity, and thick-eyed stupidity: of foulest material, but of fattest;—fit compost for the Plant she is rearing. Him who has deceived all Europe she can undertake to deceive. His Columbs, demonic Masonries, Egyptian Elixirs, what is all this to the light-giggling exclusively practical Lamotte? It runs off from her, as all speculation, good, bad, and indifferent, has always done, 'like water from one in wax-cloth dress.' With the lips meanwhile she can honour it; Oil of Flattery, the best patent antifriction known, subdues all irregularities whatsoever.

On Cagliostro, again, on his side, a certain uneasy feeling might, for moments, intrude itself; the raven

loves not ravens. But what can he do? Nay, she is partly playing *his* game: can he not spill her full cup yet, at the right season, and pack her out of doors? Oftenest, in their joyous orgies, this light fascinating Countess, — who perhaps has a design on *his* heart, seems to him but one other of those light *Papiliones*, who have fluttered round him in all climates; whom with grim muzzle he has snapt by the thousand.

Thus, what with light fascinating Countess, what with Quack of Quacks, poor Eminence de Rohan lies safe; his mud-volcano placidly simmering in thick Egyptian haze: withdrawn from all the world. Moving figures, as of men, he sees; takes not the trouble to look at. Court-cousins rally him; are answered in silence; or, if it go too far, in mud-explosions terrifico-absurd. Court-cousins and all mankind are unreal shadows merely; Queen's favour the only substance.

Nevertheless, the World, on its side too, has an existence; lies not idle in these days. It has got its Versailles Treaty signed, long months ago; and the plenipotentiaries all home again, for votes of thanks. Paris, London, and other great Cities and small, are working, intriguing; dying, being born. There, in the Rue Taranne, for instance, the once noisy Denis Diderot has fallen silent enough. Here also, in Bolt Court, old Samuel Johnson, like an over-wearied Giant, must lie down, and slumber without dream; — the rattling of carriages and wains, and all the world's din and business rolling by, as ever, from of old. — Sieur Boehmer, however, has not yet drowned himself in the Seine; only walks haggard, wasted, purposing to do it.

News (by the merest accident in the world) reach Sieur Boehmer, of Madame's new favour with her Majesty! Men will do much before they drown. Sieur Boehmer's Necklace is on Madame's table, his guttural nasal rhetoric in her ear: he will abate many a pound and penny of the first just price; he will give cheerfully a Thousand Louis-d'or, as *cadeau*, to the generous Scion-of-Royalty that shall persuade her Majesty. The man's importunities grow quite annoying to our Countess; who, in her glib way, satirically prattles how she has been bored,—to Monsiegneur, among others.

Dozing on down cushions, far inwards, with soft ministering Hebes, and luxurious appliances; with ranked Heyducs, and a *Valetaille* innumerable, that shut out the prose-world and its discord: thus lies Monseigneur, in enchanted dream. Can he, even in sleep, forget his tutelary Countess, and her service? By the delicatest presents he alleviates her distresses, most undeserved. Nay, once or twice, gilt Autographs, from a Queen,—with whom he is evidently rising to unknown heights in favour,—have done Monseigneur the honour to make him *her* Majesty's Grand Almoner, when the case was pressing. Monseigneur, we say, has had the honour to disburse charitable cash, on her Majesty's behalf, to this or the other distressed deserving object: say only to the length of a few thousand pounds, advanced from his own funds;—her Majesty being at the moment so poor, and charity a thing that will not wait. Always Madame, good, foolish, gadding creature, takes charge of delivering the money.—Madame can descend from her attics, in the *Belle Image*; and feel the smiles

of Nature and Fortune, a little; so bounteous has the Queen's Majesty been.*

To Monseigneur the power of money over highest female hearts had never been incredible. Presents have, many times, worked wonders. But then, O Heavens, *what* present? Scarcely were the Cloud-Compeller himself, all coined into new Louis-d'or, worthy to alight in such a lap. Loans, charitable disbursements, however, as we see, are permissible; these, by defect of payment, may become presents. In the vortex of his Eminence's day-dreams, lumbering multiform slowly round, this of importunate Boehmer and his Necklace, from time to time, turns up. Is the Queen's Majesty at heart desirous of it; but again, at the moment, too poor? Our tutelary Countess answers vaguely, mysteriously; — confesses, at last, under oath of secrecy, her own private suspicion that the Queen wants this same Necklace, of all things; but dare not, for a stingy husband, buy it. She, the Countess de Lamotte, will look farther into the matter; and, if aught serviceable to his Eminence can be suggested, in a good way suggest it, in the proper quarter.

Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte; for now, with thickening breath, thou approachest the moment of moments! Principalities and Powers, *Parlement, Grand Chambre,* and *Tournelle,* with all their whips and gibbet-wheels; the very Crack of Doom hangs over thee, if thou trip. Forward, with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt; *like* a Treasure-digger, in silence, looking neither to the right nor left, — where yawn abysses deep as the

* *Georgel.* Rohan's four *Mémoires Pour;* Lamotte's four.

Pool, and all Pandemonium hovers, eager to rend thee into rags!

CHAPTER IX.

Park of Versailles.

Or will the reader incline rather, taking the other and sunny side of the matter, to enter that Lamottic-Circean theatrical establishment of Monseigneur de Rohan; and see there how, under the best of Dramaturgists, Melodrama with sweeping pall flits past him; while the enchanted Diamond fruit is gradually ripening, to fall by a shake?

The 28th of July, of this same momentous 1784, has come; and with it the most rapturous tumult into the heart of Monseigneur. Ineffable expectancy stirs up his whole soul, with the much that lies therein, from its lowest foundations: borne on wild seas to Armida Islands, yet as is fit, through Horror dim-hovering round, he tumultuously rocks. To the Château, to the Park! This night the Queen will meet thee, the Queen herself: so far has our tutelary Countess brought it. What can ministerial impediments, Polignac intrigues, avail against the favour, nay—Heaven and Earth!—perhaps the tenderness of a Queen? She vanishes from amid their meshwork of Etiquette and Cabal; descends from her celestial Zodiac, to thee a shepherd of Latmos. Alas, a white-bearded, pursy shepherd, fat and scant of breath! Who can account for the taste of females? But thou, burnish up thy whole faculties of gallantry, thy fifty years experience of the sex; this night, or never!—In such unutterable meditations, does Monseigneur

restlessly spend the day; and long for darkness, yet dread it.

Darkness has at length come. The perpendicular rows of Heyducs, in that Palais or Hôtel de Strasbourg, are all cast prostrate in sleep; the very Concierge resupine, with open mouth, audibly drinks-in nepenthe; when Monseigneur, 'in blue greatcoat, with slouched hat,' issues softly, with his henchman Planta of the Grisons, to the Park of Versailles. Planta must loiter invisible in the distance; Slouched-hat will wait here, among the leafy thickets; till our tutelary Countess, 'in black domino,' announce the moment, which surely must be near.

The night is of the darkest for the season; no Moon; warm, slumbering July, in motionless clouds, drops fatness over the Earth. The very stars from the Zenith see not Monseigneur; see only his and the world's cloud-covering, fringed with twilight in the far North. Midnight, telling itself forth from these shadowy Palace Domes? All the steeples of Versailles, the villages around, with metal tongue, and huge Paris itself dull-droning, answer drowsily, Yes! Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World. From Arctic to Antarctic, the Life of our Earth lies all, in long swaths, or rows, (like those rows of Heyducs and snoring Concierge), successively mown down, from vertical to horizontal, by Sleep! Rather curious to consider.

The flowers are all asleep in Little Trianon, the roses folded in for the night; but the Rose of Roses still wakes. O wondrous Earth! O doubly wondrous Park of Versailles, with Little and Great Trianon,—and a scarce-breathing Monseigneur! Ye Hydraulics of Le-

nôtre, that also slumber, with stop-cocks, in your deep leaden chambers, babble not of *him*, when ye arise. Ye odorous balm-shrubs, huge spectral Cedars, thou sacred Boscage of Hornbeam, ye dim Pavilions of the Peerless, whisper not! Moon, lie silent, hidden in thy vacant cave; no star look down: let neither Heaven nor Hell peep through the blanket of the Night, to cry, Hold, Hold!—The Black Domino? Ha! Yes!—With stouter step than might have been expected, Monseigneur is under way; the Black Domino had only to whisper, low and eager: "In the Hornbeam Arbour!" And now, Cardinal, O now!—Yes, there hovers the white Celestial; 'in white robe of *linon moucheté*,' finer than moonshine; a Juno by her bearing: there, in that bosket! Monseigneur, down on thy knees; never can red breeches be better wasted. Oh, he would kiss the royal shoe-tie, or its shadow if there were one: not words; only broken gaspings, murmuring prostrations, eloquently speak his meaning. But, ah, behold! Our tutelary Black Domino, in haste, with vehement whisper: "*On vient*," The white Juno drops a fairest Rose, with these ever-memorable words, "*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire*, You know what that means;" vanishes in the thickets, the Black Domino hurrying her with eager whisper of "*Vite, vite*, Away, away!" for the sound of footsteps (doubtless from Madame, and Madame d'Artois, unwelcome sisters that they are!) is approaching fast. Monseigneur picks up his Rose; runs as for the King's plate, almost overturns poor Planta, whose laugh assures him that all is safe.*

* Compare *Georgel*, Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs*, and the *Mémoires Pour* of the various parties, especially Gay d'Oliva's.

O Ixion de Rohan, happiest mortal of this world, since the first Ixion, of deathless memory,—who nevertheless, in that cloud-embrace, begat strange Centaurs! Thou art Prime Minister of France without peradventure: is not this the Rose of Royalty, worthy to become ottar of roses, and yield perfume forever? How *thou*, of all people, wilt contrive to govern France, in these very peculiar times—But that is little to the matter. There, doubtless, is thy Rose (which, methinks, it were well to have a Box or Casket made for): nay, was there not in the dulcet of thy Juno's "*Vous savez*" a kind of trepidation, a quaver,—as of still deeper meanings!

Reader, there is hitherto no item of this miracle that is not historically proved and *true*.—In distracted black-magical phantasmagory, adumbrations of yet higher and highest Dalliances* hover stupendous in the back-ground: whereof your Georgels, and Campans, and other official characters, *can* take no notice! There, in distracted black-magical phantasmagory, let these hover. The truth of them for us is that they do so hover. The truth of them in itself is known only to three persons: Dame self-styled Countess de Lamotte; the Devil; and

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Georgel places the scene in the year 1785; quite wrong. Lamotte's 'royal Autographs' (as given in the Appendix to *Mémoires Justificatifs*) seem to be misdated as to the day of the month. There is endless confusion of dates.

* Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs;* MS. Songs in the *Affaire du Collier*, &c. &c. Nothing can exceed the brutality of these things (unfit for Print or Pen); which, nevertheless, found believers; increase of believers, in the public exasperation; and did the Queen, say all her historians, incalculable damage.

Philippe Egalité,—who furnished money and facts for the Lamotte *Memoirs*, and, before guillotinement, begat the present King of the French.

Enough, that Ixion de Rohan, lapsed almost into deliquium, by such sober certainty of waking bliss, is the happiest of all men; and his tutelary Countess the dearest of all women, save one only. On the 25th of August (so strong still are those villanous Drawing-room cabals) he goes, weeping, but submissive, by order of a gilt Autograph, home to Saverne; till farther dignities can be matured for him. He carries his Rose, now considerably faded, in a Casket of fit price; may, if he so please, perpetuate it as *pot-pourri*. He names a favourite walk in his Archiepiscopal pleasure-grounds, *Promenade de la Rose;* there let him court digestion, and loyally somnambulate till called for.

I notice it as a coincidence in chronology, that, few days after this date, the Demoiselle (or even, for the last month, Baroness) Gay d'Oliva began to find Countess de Lamotte 'not at home,' in her fine Paris hotel, in her fine Charonne country-house; and went no more, with Villette, and such pleasant dinner-guests, and her, to see Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* * running its hundred nights.

CHAPTER X.

Behind the Scenes.

"The Queen?" Good reader, *thou* surely art not a Partridge the Schoolmaster, or a Monseigneur de Rohan, to mistake the stage for a reality!—"But who this

* Gay d'Oliva's First *Mémoire Pour*, p. 37.

Demoiselle d'Oliva was?" Reader, let us remark rather how the labours of our Dramaturgic Countess are increasing.

New actors I see on the scene; not one of whom shall guess what the other is doing; or, indeed, know rightly what himself is doing. For example, cannot Messieurs de Lamotte and Villette, of Rascaldom, like Nisus and Euryalus, take a midnight walk of contemplation, with 'footsteps of Madame and Madame d'Artois' (since all footsteps are much the same), without offence to any one? A Queen's Similitude can believe that a Queen's Self, for frolic's sake, is looking at her through the thickets; * a terrestrial Cardinal can kiss with devotion a celestial Queen's slipper, or Queen's Similitude's slipper,—and no one but a Black Domino the wiser. All these shall follow each his precalculated course; for their inward mechanism is known, and fit wires hook themselves on this. To Two only is a clear belief vouchsafed: to Monseigneur, a clear belief founded on stupidity; to the great creative Dramaturgist, sitting at the heart of the whole mystery, a clear belief founded on completest insight. Great creative Dramaturgist! How, like Schiller, 'by union of the Possible with the Necessarily-existing, she brings out the'—Eighty thousand Pounds! Don Aranda, with his triple-sealed missives and hoodwinked secretaries, bragged justly that he cut down the Jesuits in one day: but here, without ministerial salary, or King's favour, or any help beyond her own black domino, labours a greater than he. How she advances, stealthily, steadfastly, with Argus eye and

* See *Lamotte*; see *Gay d'Oliva*.

ever-ready brain; with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt! O worthy to have intrigued for Jesuitdom, for Pope's Tiara;—to have been Pope Joan thyself, in those old days; and as Arachne of Arachnes, sat in the centre of that stupendous spider-web, which, reaching from Goa to Acapulco, and from Heaven to Hell, overnetted the thoughts and souls of men!—Of which spider-web stray tatters, in favourable dewy mornings, even yet become visible.

The Demoiselle d'Oliva? She is a Parisian Demoiselle of three-and-twenty, tall, blond, and beautiful;* from unjust guardians, and an evil world, she has had somewhat to suffer.

'In this month of June, 1784,' says the Demoiselle herself, in her (judicial) Autobiography, 'I occupied a 'small apartment in the Rue du Jour, Quartier St. 'Eustache. I was not far from the Garden of the 'Palais-Royal; I had made it my usual promenade.' For, indeed, the real God's-truth is, I was a Parisian unfortunate-female, with moderate custom; and one must go where his market lies. 'I frequently passed

* I was then presented 'to two Ladies, one of whom was re-'markable for the richness of her shape. She had blûe eyes and 'chestnut hair' (Bette d'Etienville's Second *Mémoire Pour*; in the *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*). This is she whom Bette, and Bette's Advocate, intended the world to take for Gay d'Oliva. 'The other is of middle size: dark eyes, chestnut hair, white com-'plexion: the sound of her voice is agreeable; she speaks perfectly 'well, and with no less faculty than vivacity:' this one is meant for Lamotte. Oliva's real name was Essigny; the *Oliva* (OLISVA, anagram of VALOIS) was given her by Lamotte along with the title of *Baroness* (MS. Note, *Affaire du Collier*).

'three or four hours of the afternoon there, with some 'women of my acquaintance, and a little child of four 'years old, whom I was fond of, whom his parents wil- 'lingly trusted with me. I even went thither alone, 'except for him, when other company failed.

'One afternoon, in the month of July following, I 'was at the Palais-Royal: my whole company, at the 'moment, was the child I speak of. A tall young man, 'walking alone, passes several times before me. He 'was a man I had never seen. He looks at me; he 'looks fixedly at me. I observe even that always, as 'he comes near, he slackens his pace, as if to survey me 'more at leisure. A chair stood vacant; two or three 'feet from mine. He seats himself there.

'Till this instant, the sight of the young man, his 'walks, his approaches, his repeated gazings, had made 'no impression on me. But now when he was sitting 'so close by, I could not avoid noticing him. His eyes 'ceased not to wander over all my person. His air 'becomes earnest, grave. An unquiet curiosity appears 'to agitate him. He seems to measure my figure, to 'seize by turns all parts of my physiognomy.'—He finds me (but whispers not a syllable of it) tolerably like, both in person and profile; for even the Abbé Georgel says, I was a *belle courtisane*.

'It is time to name this young man: he was the 'Sieur de Lamotte, styling himself Comte de Lamotte,' Who doubts it? He praises 'my feeble charms;' expresses a wish to 'pay his addresses to me.' I, being a lone spinster, know not what to say; think it best in the meanwhile to retire. Vain precaution! 'I see him all on a sudden appear in my apartment!'

On his 'ninth visit' (for he was always civility itself), he talks of introducing a great Court-lady, by whose means I may even do her Majesty some little secret-service,—the reward of which will be unspeakable. In the dusk of the evening, silks mysteriously rustle: enter the creative Dramaturgist, Dame styled Countess de Lamotte; and so—the too intrusive scientific reader has now, for his punishment, *got* on the wrong-side of that loveliest Transparency; finds nothing but grease-pots, and vapour of expiring wicks!

The Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva may once more sit, or stand, in the Palais-Royal, with such custom as will come. In due time, she shall again, but with breath of Terror, be blown upon; and blown out of France to Brussels.

CHAPTER XI.

The Necklace is sold.

Autumn, with its gray moaning winds, and coating of red strewn leaves, invites Courtiers to enjoy the charms of Nature; and all business of moment stands still. Countess de Lamotte, while everything is so stagnant, and even Boehmer has locked up his Necklace and his hopes for the season, can drive, with her Count and Euryalus Villette, down to native Bar-sur-Aube; and there (in virtue of a Queen's bounty) shew the envious a Scion-of-royalty *re*-grafted; and make them yellower looking on it. A well-varnished chariot, with the Arms of Valois duly painted in bend-sinister; a house gallantly furnished, bodies gallantly attired,—secure them

the favourablest reception from all manner of men. The very Duc de Penthièvre (Egalité's father-in-law) welcomes our Lamotte, with that urbanity characteristic of his high station and the old school. Worth, indeed, makes the man, or woman; but 'leather' of gig-straps, and 'prunella' of gig-lining, first makes it *go*.

The great creative Dramaturgist has thus let down her drop-scene; and only, with a Letter or two to Saverne, or even a visit thither (for it is but a day's drive from Bar), keeps up a due modicum of intermediate instrumental music. She needs some pause, in good sooth, to collect herself a little; for the last act and grand Catastrophe is at hand. Two fixed-ideas, Cardinal's and Jeweller's, a negative and a positive, have felt each other; stimulated now by new hope, are rapidly revolving round each other, and approximating; like two flames, are stretching out long fire-tongues to join and be one.

Boehmer, on his side, is ready with the readiest; as, indeed, he has been these four long years. The Countess, it is true, will have neither part nor lot in that foolish *Cadeau* of his, or in the whole foolish Necklace business: this she has, in plain words, and even not without asperity, due to a bore of such magnitude, given him to know. From her, nevertheless, by cunning inference, and the merest accident in the world, the sly Jouaillier-Bijoutier has gleaned thus much, that Monseigneur de Rohan is the man.—Enough! Enough! Madame shall be no more troubled. Rest there, in hope, thou Necklace of the Devil; but, O Monseigneur, be thy return speedy!

Alas, the man lives not that would be speedier than Monseigneur, if he durst. But as yet no gilt Autograph invites him, permits him; the few gilt Autographs are all negatory, procrastinating. Cabals of Court; forever cabals! Nay if it be not for some Necklace, or other such crotchet or necessity, who knows but he may *never* be recalled (so fickle is womankind); but forgotten, and left to rot here, like his Rose, into *pot-pourri?* Our tutelary Countess, too, is shyer in this matter than we ever saw her. Nevertheless, by intense skilful cross-questioning, he has extorted somewhat; sees partly how it stands. The Queen's Majesty will have her Necklace; for when, in such case, had not woman her way? The Queen's Majesty can even pay for it—by instalments; but then the stingy husband! Once for all, she will not be seen in the business. Now, therefore, Were it, or were it not, permissible to mortal to transact it secretly in her stead? That is the question. If to mortal, then to Monseigneur. Our Countess has even ventured to hint afar off at Monseigneur (kind Countess!) in the proper quarter; but his discretion in regard to money matters is doubted. Discretion? And I on the *Promenade de la Rose?*—Explode not, O Eminence! Trust will spring of trial; thy hour is coming.

The Lamottes, meanwhile, have left their farewell card with all the respectable classes of Bar-sur-Aube; our Dramaturgist stands again behind the scenes at Paris. How is it, O Monseigneur, that she is still so shy with thee, in this matter of the Necklace; that she leaves the love-lorn Latmian shepherd to droop, here in lone Saverne, like weeping-ash, in naked winter, on his

Promenade of the Rose, with vague commonplace responses that his hour is coming?—By Heaven and Earth! at last, in late January, it is *come*. Behold it, this new gilt Autograph: 'To Paris, on a small business of delicacy, which our Countess will explain,'—which I already know! To Paris! Horses; postilions; beef-eaters!—And so his resuscitated Eminence, all wrapt in furs, in the pleasantest frost (Abbé Georgel says, *un beau froid de Janvier*), over clear-jingling highways, rolls rapidly,—borne on the bosom of Dreams.

O Dame de Lamotte, has the enchanted Diamond fruit ripened, then? Hast thou *given* it the little shake, big with unutterable fate?—I? can the Dame justly retort: Who saw me in it?——The reader, therefore, has still Three scenic Exhibitions to look at, by our great Dramaturgist; then the Fourth and last,—by another Author.

To us, reflecting how oftenest the true moving force in human things works hidden under ground, it seems small marvel that this month of January, 1785, wherein our Countess so little courts the eye of the vulgar historian, should, nevertheless, have been the busiest of all for her; especially the latter half thereof.

Wisely eschewing matters of Business (which she could never in her life understand), our Countess will personally take no charge of that bargain-making; leaves it all to her Majesty and the gilt Autographs. Assiduous Boehmer, nevertheless, is in frequent close conference with Monseigneur: the Paris Palais-de-Strasbourg, shut to the rest of men, sees the Jouaillier-Bijoutier, with eager official aspect, come and go. The

grand difficulty is—must we say it?—her Majesty's wilful whimsicality, unacquaintance with Business. She positively will not write a gilt Autograph, *authorising* his Eminence to make the bargain; but writes rather, in a petting manner, that the thing is of no consequence, and can be given up! Thus must the poor Countess dash to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, between Paris and Versailles; wear her horses and nerves to pieces; nay, sometimes in the hottest haste, wait many hours within call of the Palace, considering what *can* be done (with none but Villette to bear her company),—till the Queen's whim pass.

At length, after furious-driving and conferences enough, on the 29th of January, a middle course is hit on. Cautious Boehmer shall write out, on finest paper, his terms; which are really rather fair: Sixteen hundred thousand livres; to be paid in five equal instalments; the first this day six months; the other four from three months to three months; this is what Court-Jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, on the one part, and Prince Cardinal Commendator Louis de Rohan, on the other part, will stand to; witness their hands. Which written sheet of finest paper our poor Countess must again take charge of, again dash off with to Versailles; and therefrom, after trouble unspeakable (shared in only by the faithful Villette, of Rascaldom), return with it, bearing this most precious marginal note, '*Bon—Marie-Antoinette de France,*' in the Autograph-hand! Happy Cardinal! this *thou* shalt keep in the innermost of all thy repositories. Boehmer, meanwhile, secret as Death, shall tell no man that he has sold his Necklace; or if much pressed for an actual sight of the same, confess

that it is sold to the Favourite Sultana of the Grand Turk for the time being.*

Thus, then, do the smoking Lamotte horses at length get rubbed down, and feel the taste of oats, after midnight; the Lamotte Countess can also gradually sink into needful slumber, perhaps not unbroken by dreams. On the morrow the bargain shall be concluded; next day the Necklace be delivered, on Monseigneur's receipt.

Will the reader, therefore, be pleased to glance at the following two Life-Pictures, Real-Phantasmagories, or whatever we may call them: they are the two first of those Three scenic real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist: short Exhibitions, but essential ones.

CHAPTER XII.

The Necklace vanishes.

It is the first day of February; that grand day of Delivery. The Sieur Boehmer is in the Court of the Palais de Strasbourg; his look mysterious-official, and though much emaciated, radiant with enthusiasm. The Seine has missed him; though lean, he will fatten again, and live through new enterprises.

Singular, were we not used to it: the name "Boehmer," as it passes upwards and inwards, lowers all halberts of Heyducs in perpendicular rows: the historical eye beholds him, bowing low, with plenteous

* *Campan.*

smiles, in the plush Saloon of Audience. Will it please Monseigneur, then, to do the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces the honour of looking at it? A piece of Art, which the Universe cannot parallel, shall be parted with (Necessity compels Court-Jewellers) at that ruinously low sum. They, the Court-Jewellers, shall have much ado to weather it; but their work, at least, will find a fit Wearer, and go down to juster posterity. Monseigneur will merely have the condescension to sign this Receipt of Delivery: all the rest, her Highness the Sultana of the Sublime Porte has settled it.—Here the Court-Jeweller, with his joyous though now much emaciated face, ventures on a faint knowing smile; to which, in the lofty dissolute-serene of Monseigneur's, some twinkle of permission could not but respond.—This is the First of those Three real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist,—with perfect success.

It was said, long afterwards, that Monseigneur should have known, and even that Boehmer should have known, her Highness the Sultana's marginal-note, her '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France,*' to be a forgery and mockery: the '*of France*' was fatal to it. Easy talking, easy criticising! But how are two enchanted men to know; two men with a fixed-idea each, a negative and a positive, rushing together to neutralise each other in rapture?—Enough, Monseigneur has the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces, conquered by man's valour and woman's wit; and rolls off with it, in mysterious speed, to Versailles,—triumphant as a Jason with his Golden Fleece.

The Second grand scenic Exhibition by our Dramaturgic Countess occurs in her own apartment at Versailles, so early as the following night. It is a commodious apartment, with alcove; and the alcove has a glass door.* Monseigneur enters,—with a follower bearing a mysterious Casket, who carefully deposits it, and then respectfully withdraws. It is the Necklace itself in all its glory! Our tutelary Countess, and Monseigneur, and we, can at leisure admire the queenly Talisman; congratulate ourselves that the painful conquest of it is achieved.

But, hist! A knock, mild, but decisive, as from one knocking with authority! Monseigneur and we retire to our alcove; there, from behind our glass screen, observe what passes. Who comes? The door flung open: *de par la Reine!* Behold him, Monseigneur: he enters with grave, respectful, yet official air; worthy Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux, the same who escorted our tutelary Countess, that moonlight night, from the back apartments of Versailles. Said we not, thou wouldst see *him* once more?—Methinks, again, spite of his Queen's-uniform, he has much the features of Villette of Rascaldom!—Rascaldom or Valetdom (for to the blind all colours are the same), he has, with his grave, respectful, yet official air, received the Casket, and its priceless contents; with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires bowing low.

Thus, softly, silently, like a very Dream, flits away our solid Necklace—through the Horn Gate of Dreams!

Georgel, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Scene Third: by Dame de Lamotte.

Now, too, in these same days (as he can afterwards prove by affidavit of Landlords) arrives Count Cagliostro himself, from Lyons! No longer by predictions in cipher; but by his living voice, often in rapt communion with the unseen world, 'with Caraffe and four candles;' by his greasy prophetic bulldog face, said to be the 'most perfect quack-face of the eighteenth century,' can we assure ourselves that all is well; that all will turn 'to the glory of Monseigneur, to the good of France, and of mankind,'* and of Egyptian masonry. 'Tokay flows like water;' our charming Countess, with her piquancy of face, is sprightlier than ever; enlivens with the brightest sallies, with the adroitest flatteries to all, those suppers of the gods. O Nights, O Suppers —too good to last! Nay, now also occurs another and Third scenic Exhibition, fitted by its radiance to dispel from Monseigneur's soul the last trace of care.

Why the Queen does not, even yet, openly receive me at Court? Patience, Monseigneur! Thou little knowest those too intricate cabals; and how she still but works at them silently, with royal suppressed fury, like a royal lioness only *delivering* herself from the hunter's toils. Meanwhile, is not thy work done? The Necklace, she rejoices over it; beholds, many times in secret, her Juno-neck mirrored back the lovelier for it,—as our tutelar Countess can testify. Come to-

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* *Georgel*, &c.

morrow to the *Œil-de-Bœuf;* there see with eyes, in high noon, as already in deep midnight thou hast seen, whether in *her* royal heart there were delay.

Let us stand, then, with Monseigneur, in that *Œil-de-Bœuf,* in the Versailles Palace Gallery; for all well-dressed persons are admitted: there the Loveliest, in pomp of royalty, will walk to mass. The world is all in pelisses and winter furs; cheerful, clear,—with noses tending to blue. A lively many-voiced hum plays fitful, hither and thither: of sledge parties and Court parties; frosty state of the weather; stability of M. de Calonne; Majesty's looks yesterday;—such hum as always, in these sacred Court-spaces, since Louis le Grand made and consecrated them, has, with more or less impetuosity, agitated our common Atmosphere.

Ah, through that long high Gallery what Figures have passed—and vanished! Louvois,—with the Great King, flashing fire-glances on the fugitive; in his red right hand a pair of tongs, which pious Maintenon hardly holds back: Louvois, where art thou? Ye *Maréchaux de France?* Ye unmentionable-women of past generations? Here also was it that rolled and rushed the 'sound, absolutely like thunder,'* of Courtier hosts; in that dark hour when the signal light in Louis the Fifteenth's chamber-window was blown out; and his ghastly infectious Corpse lay lone, forsaken on its tumbled death-lair, 'in the hands of some poor women;' and the Courtier-hosts rushed from the Deep-fallen to hail the New-risen! These too rushed, and passed;

* *Campan.*

and their 'sound, absolutely like thunder,' became silence. Figures? Men? They are fast-fleeting Shadows; fast chasing each other: it is not a Palace, but a Caravansera. — Monseigneur (with thy too much Tokay overnight)! cease puzzling: here *thou* art, this blessed February day:—the Peerless, will she turn lightly that high head of hers, and glance aside into the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, in passing? Please Heaven, she will. To our tutelary Countess, at least, she promised it;* though, alas, so fickle is womankind!—

Hark! Clang of opening doors! She issues, like the Moon in silver brightness, down the Eastern steeps. *La Reine vient!* What a figure! I (with the aid of glasses) discern *her*. O Fairest, Peerless! Let the hum of minor discoursing hush itself wholly; and only one successive rolling peal of *Vive la Reine*, like the movable radiance of a train of fire-works, irradiate her path.—Ye Immortals! She does, she beckons, turns her head this way! — "Does she not?" says Countess de Lamotte.—Versailles, the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and all men and things, are drowned in a Sea of Light; Monseigneur and that high beckoning Head are alone, with each other in the Universe.

O Eminence, what a beatific vision! Enjoy it, blest as the gods; ruminate and re-enjoy it, with full soul: it is the last provided for thee. Too soon, in the course of these six months, shall thy beatific vision, like Mirza's vision, gradually melt away; and only oxen and sheep be grazing in its place;—and thou, as a doomed Nebuchadnezzar, be grazing with them.

* See *Georgel.*

"Does she not?" said the Countess de Lamotte. That it is a habit of hers; that hardly a day passes *without* her doing it: this the Countess de Lamotte did not say.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Necklace cannot be paid.

Here, then, the specially Dramaturgic labours of Countess de Lamotte may be said to terminate. The rest of her life is Histrionic merely, or Histrionic and Critical; as, indeed, what had all the former part of it been but a *Hypocrisia*, a more or less correct Playing of Parts? O 'Mrs. Facing-both-ways' (as old Bunyan said), what a talent hadst thou! No Proteus ever took so many shapes, no Chameleon so often changed colour. One thing thou wert to Monseigneur; another thing to Cagliostro, and Villette of Rascaldom; a third thing to the World, in printed *Mémoires;* a fourth thing to Philippe Egalité: all things to all men!

Let her, however, we say, but manage now to *act* her own parts, with proper Histrionic illusion; and, by Critical glosses, give her past Dramaturgy the fit aspect, to Monseigneur and others: this henceforth, and not new Dramaturgy, includes her whole task. Dramatic Scenes, in plenty, will follow of themselves; especially that Fourth and final Scene, spoken of above as by another Author,—by Destiny itself.

For in the Lamotte Theatre, so different from our common Pasteboard one, the Play goes on, even when the Machinist has left it. Strange enough: those Air-

images, which from her Magic-lantern she hung out on the empty bosom of Night, have clutched hold of this solid-seeming World (which some call the Material World, as if that made it more a Real one), and will tumble hither and thither the solidest masses there. Yes, reader, so goes it here below. What thou callest a Brain-web, or mere illusive Nothing, *is* it not a web of the Brain; of the Spirit which inhabits the Brain; and which, in this World (rather, as I think, to be named the Spiritual one), very naturally moves and tumbles hither and thither all things it meets with, in Heaven or in Earth? — So too, the Necklace, though we saw it vanish through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and in my opinion man shall never more behold it,—yet its activity ceases not, nor will. For no Act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when *it* disappears: through considerable times it still visibly works, though done and vanished; I have known a done thing work visibly Three Thousand Years and more: invisibly, unrecognised, all done things work through endless times and years. Such a Hyper-magical is this our poor old Real world; which some take upon them to pronounce effete, prosaic! Friend, it is thyself that art all withered up into effete Prose, dead as ashes: know this (I advise thee); and seek passionately, with a passion little short of desperation, to have it remedied.

Meanwhile, what will the feeling heart think to learn that Monseigneur de Rohan, as we prophesied, again experiences the fickleness of a Court; that, notwithstanding beatific visions, at noon and midnight, the Queen's Majesty, with the light ingratitude of her sex,

flies off at a tangent; and, far from ousting his detested and detesting rival, Minister Breteuil, and openly delighting to honour Monseigneur, will hardly vouchsafe him a few gilt Autographs, and those few of the most capricious, suspicious, soul-confusing tenour? What terrifico-absurd explosions, which scarcely Cagliostro, with Caraffe and four Candles, can still; how many deep-weighed Humble Petitions, Explanations, Expostulations, penned with fervidest eloquence, with craftiest diplomacy,—all delivered by our tutelar Countess: in vain!—O Cardinal, with what a huge iron mace, like Guy of Warwick's, thou smitest Phantasms in two, which close again, take shape again; and only thrashest the air!

One comfort, however, is that the Queen's Majesty has committed herself. The Rose of Trianon, and what may pertain thereto, lies it not here? That '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France,*' too; and the 30th of July, first-instalment-day, coming? She shall be *brought* to terms, good Eminence! Order horses and beef-eaters for Saverne; there, ceasing all written or oral communication, starve her into capitulating.* It is the bright May month: his Eminence again somnambulates the *Promenade de la Rose;* but now with grim dry eyes; and, from time to time, terrifically stamping.

But who is this that I see mounted on costliest horse and horse-gear; betting at Newmarket Races; though he can speak no English word, and only some Chevalier O'Niel, some Capuchin Macdermot, from Bar-sur-Aube,

* See *Lamotte.*

interprets his French into the dialect of the Sister Island? Few days ago I observed him walking in Fleet-street, thoughtfully through Temple-Bar;—in deep treaty with Jeweller Jeffreys, with Jeweller Grey,* for the sale of Diamonds: such a lot as one may boast of. A tall handsome man; with ex-military whiskers; with a look of troubled gaiety, and rascalism: you think it is the Sieur self-styled Count de Lamotte; nay, the man himself confesses it! The Diamonds were a present to his Countess,—from the still bountiful Queen.

Villette too, has he completed his sales at Amsterdam? Him I shall by and by behold; not betting at Newmarket, but drinking wine and ardent spirits in the Taverns of Geneva. Ill-gotten wealth endures not; Rascaldom has no strongbox. Countess de Lamotte, for what a set of cormorant scoundrels hast thou laboured, art thou still labouring!

Still labouring, we may say: for as the fatal 30th of July approaches, what is to be looked for but universal Earthquake; Mud-explosion that will blot out the face of Nature? Methinks, stood I in thy pattens, Dame de Lamotte, I would cut and run.—"Run!" exclaims she, with a toss of indignant astonishment: "Calumniated Innocence run?" For it is singular how in some minds, which are mere bottomless 'chaotic whirlpools of gilt shreds,' there is no deliberate Lying whatever; and nothing is either believed or disbelieved, but only (with

* Grey lived in No. 13 New Bond Street; Jeffreys in Piccadilly (Rohan's *Mémoire Pour*: see also *Count* de Lamotte's Narrative, in the *Mémoires Justificatifs*). Rohan says, 'Jeffreys bought more than 10,000*l.* worth.'

some transient suitable Histrionic emotion) spoken and heard.

Had Dame de Lamotte a certain greatness of character, then; at least, a strength of transcendent audacity, amounting to the bastard-heroic? Great, indubitably great, is her Dramaturgic and Histrionic talent: but as for the rest, one must answer, with reluctance, No. Mrs. Facing-both-ways is a 'Spark of vehement Life,' but the farthest in the world from a brave woman: she did not, in any case, shew the bravery of a woman; did, in many cases, shew the mere screaming trepidation of one. Her grand quality is rather to be reckoned negative: the 'untamableness' as of a fly; the 'wax-cloth dress' from which so much ran down like water. Small sparrows, as I learn, have been trained to fire cannon; but would make poor Artillery Officers in a Waterloo. Thou dost not call that Cork a strong swimmer? Which, nevertheless, shoots, without hurt, the Falls of Niagara; defies the thunderbolt itself to sink it, for more than a moment. Without intellect, imagination, power of attention, or any spiritual faculty, how brave were one,—with fit motive for it, such as hunger! How much might one dare, by the simplest of methods, by not thinking of it, not knowing it!—Besides, is not Cagliostro, foolish blustering Quack, still here? No scapegoat had ever broader back. The Cardinal too, has he not money? Queen's Majesty, even in effigy, shall not be insulted; the Soubises, De Marsans, and high and puissant Cousins, must huddle the matter up: Calumniated Innocence, in the most universal of Earthquakes, will find *some* crevice to whisk through, as she has so often done.

But all this while how fares it with his Eminence, left somnambulating the *Promenade de la Rose;* and at times truculently stamping? Alas, ill, and ever worse. The starving method, singular as it may seem, brings no capitulation; brings only, after a month's waiting, our tutelary Countess, with a gilt Autograph, indeed, and 'all wrapt in silk threads, sealed where they cross,' —but which we read with curses.*

We must back again to Paris; there pen new Expostulations; which our unwearied Countess will take charge of, but, alas, can get no answer to. However, is not the 30th of July coming?—Behold, on the 19th of that month, the shortest, most careless of Autographs: with some fifteen hundred pounds of real money in it, to pay the—*interest* of the first instalment; the principal, of some thirty thousand, not being at the moment perfectly convenient! Hungry Boehmer makes large eyes at this proposal; will accept the money, but only as part of payment; the man is positive: a Court of Justice, if no other means, shall get him the remainder. What now is to be done?

Farmer-general Monsieur Saint-James, Cagliostro's disciple, and wet with Tokay, will cheerfully advance the sum needed—for her Majesty's sake; thinks, however (with all his Tokay), it were good to *speak* with her Majesty first.—I observe, meanwhile, the distracted hungry Boehmer driven hither and thither, not by his fixed-idea; alas, no, but by the far more frightful *ghost* thereof,—since no payment is forthcoming. He stands, one day, speaking with a Queen's waiting-woman

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* See *Lamotte.*

(Madam Campan herself), in 'a thunder-shower, which neither of them notice,'—so thunderstruck are they.* What weather-symptoms for his Eminence!

The 30th of July has come, but no money; the 30th is gone, but no money. O Eminence, what a grim farewell of July is this of 1785! The last July went out with airs from Heaven, and Trianon Roses. *These* August days, are they not worse than dog's days; worthy to be blotted out from all Almanacs? Boehmer and Bassange thou canst still see; but only 'return from them swearing.'† Nay, what new misery is this? Our tutelary Histrionic Countess enters, distraction in her eyes:‡ she has just been at Versailles; the Queen's Majesty, with a levity of caprice which we dare not trust ourselves to characterise, declares plainly that she will deny ever having got the Necklace; ever having had, with his Eminence, any transaction whatsoever!—Mud-explosion without parallel in volcanic annals.—The Palais de Strasbourg appears to be beset with spies; the Lamottes, for the Count too is here, are packing up for Bar-sur-Aube. The Sieur Boehmer, has he fallen insane? Or into communication with Minister Breteuil?—

And so, distractedly and distractively, to the sound of all Discords in Nature, opens that Fourth, final Scenic Exhibition, composed by Destiny.

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* *Campan.* † *Lamotte.* ‡ *Georgel.*

CHAPTER XV.

Scene Fourth: by Destiny.

It is Assumption-day, the 15th of August. Don thy pontificalia, Grand-Almoner; crush down these hideous temporalities out of sight. In any case, smooth thy countenance into some sort of lofty-dissolute serene: thou hast a thing they call worshipping God to enact, thyself the first actor.

The Grand-Almoner has done it. He is in Versailles *Œil-de-Bœuf* Gallery; where male and female Peerage, and all Noble France in gala, various and glorious as the rainbow, waits only the signal to begin worshipping: on the serene of his lofty-dissolute countenance, there can nothing be read.* By Heaven! he is sent for to the Royal Apartment!

He returns with the old lofty-dissolute look, inscrutably serene: has his turn for favour actually come, then? Those fifteen long years of soul's travail are to be rewarded by a birth?—Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil issues; great in his pride of place, in this the crowning moment of his life. With one radiant glance, Breteuil summons the Officer on Guard; with another, fixes Monseigneur: "*De par le Roi, Monseigneur:* you are arrested! At *your* risk, Officer!"—Curtains as of pitch-black whirlwind envelope Monseigneur; whirl off

* This is Bette d'Etienville's description of him: 'A handsome man, of fifty; with high complexion; hair white-grey, and the front of the head bald: of high stature; carriage noble and easy, though burdened with a certain degree of corpulency; who, I never doubted, was Monsieur de Rohan.' (First *Mémoire Pour.*)

with him, — to outer darkness. Versailles Gallery explodes aghast; as if Guy Fawkes's Plot had *burst* under it. "The Queen's Majesty was weeping," whisper some. There will be no Assumption-service; or such a one as was never celebrated since Assumption came in fashion.

Europe, then, shall ring with it from side to side!— But why rides that Heyduc as if all the Devils drove him? It is Monseigneur's Heyduc: Monseigneur spoke three words in German to him, at the door of his Versailles Hotel; even handed him a slip of writing, which, with borrowed Pencil, 'in his red square cap,' he had managed to prepare on the way thither.* To Paris! To the Palais-Cardinal! The horse dies on reaching the stable; the Heyduc swoons on reaching the cabinet: but his slip of writing fell from his hand; and I (says the Abbé Georgel) was there. The red Portfolio, containing all the gilt Autographs, is burnt utterly, with much else, before Breteuil can arrive for apposition of the seals!—Whereby Europe, in ringing from side to side, must worry itself with guessing: and at this hour, on this paper, sees the matter in such an interesting clear-obscure.

Soon Count Cagliostro and his Seraphic Countess go to join Monseigneur, in State Prison. In few days, follows Dame de Lamotte, from Bar-sur-Aube; Demoiselle d'Oliva by and by, from Brussels; Villette-de-Rétaux, from his Swiss retirement, in the taverns of Geneva. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to them all.

* *Georgel.*

CHAPTER LAST.

Missa est.

Thus, then, the Diamond Necklace having, on the one hand, vanished through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and so, under the pincers of Nisus Lamotte and Euryalus Villette, lost its sublunary individuality and being; and, on the other hand, all that trafficked in it, sitting now safe under lock and key, that justice may take cognizance of them,—our engagement in regard to the matter is on the point of terminating. That extraordinary '*Procès du Collier*, Necklace Trial,' spinning itself through Nine other ever-memorable Months, to the astonishment of the hundred and eighty-seven assembled *Parlementiers*, and of all Quidnuncs, Journalists, Anecdotists, Satirists, in both Hemispheres, is, in every sense, a 'Celebrated Trial,' and belongs to Publishers of such. How, by innumerable confrontations and expiscatory questions, through entanglements, doublings, and windings that fatigue eye and soul, this most involute of Lies is finally winded off to the scandalous-ridiculous cinder-heart of it, let others relate.

Meanwhile, during these Nine ever-memorable Months, till they terminate late at night precisely with the May of 1786,* how many fugitive leaves, quizzical, imaginative, or at least mendacious, were flying about in Newspapers; or stitched together as Pamphlets; and what heaps of others were left creeping in Manuscript, we shall not say;

* On the 31st of May, 1786, sentence was pronounced: about ten at night, the Cardinal got out of the Bastille; large mobs hurrahing round him,—out of spleen to the Court. (See *Georgel.*)

—having, indeed, no complete Collection of them, and what is more to the purpose, little to do with such Collection. Nevertheless, searching for some fit Capital of the composite order, to adorn adequately the now finished singular Pillar of our Narrative, what can suit us better than the following, so far as we know, yet unedited,

Occasional Discourse, by Count Alessandro Cagliostro, Thaumaturgist, Prophet, and Arch-Quack; delivered in the Bastille: Year of Lucifer, 5789; *of the Mahometan Hegira from Mecca,* 1201; *of the Cagliostric Hegira from Palermo,* 24; *of the Vulgar Era,* 1785.

'Fellow Scoundrels,—An unspeakable Intrigue, spun 'from the soul of that Circe-Megæra, by our voluntary 'or involuntary help, has assembled us all, if not under 'one roof-tree, yet within one grim iron-bound ring-'wall. For an appointed number of months, in the ever-'rolling flow of Time, we, being gathered from the four 'winds, did by Destiny work together in body corporate; 'and, joint labourers in a Transaction already famed 'over the Globe, obtain unity of Name, like the Argo-'nauts of old, as *Conquerors of the Diamond Necklace.* 'Erelong it is done (for ring-walls hold not captive the 'free Scoundrel for ever); and we disperse again, over 'wide terrestrial Space; some of us, it may be, over the 'very marches of Space. Our Act hangs indissoluble 'together; floats wondrous in the older and older memory 'of men: while *we* the little band of Scoundrels, who saw 'each other, now hover so far asunder, to see each other 'no more, if not once more only on the universal Dooms-'day, the Last of the Days!

'In such interesting moments, while we stand within

'the verge of parting, and have not yet parted, methinks 'it were well here, in these sequestered Spaces, to insti- 'tute a few general reflections. Me, as a public speaker, 'the Spirit of Masonry, of Philosophy, and Philanthropy, 'and even of Prophecy, blowing mysterious from the 'Land of Dreams, impels to do it. Give ear, O Fellow 'Scoundrels; to what the Spirit utters; treasure it in 'your hearts, practise it in your lives.

'Sitting here, penned up in this which, with a slight 'metaphor, I call the Central Cloaca of Nature, where a 'tyrannical De Launay can forbid the bodily eye free 'vision, you with the mental eye see but the better. 'This Central Cloaca, is it not rather a Heart, into 'which, from all regions, mysterious conduits introduce 'and forcibly inject whatsoever is choicest in the Scoun- 'drelism of the Earth; there to be absorbed, or again (by 'the other auricle) ejected into new circulation? Let 'the eye of the mind run along this immeasurable venous- 'arterial system; and astound itself with the magnificent 'extent of Scoundreldom; the deep, I may say, unfathom- 'able, significance of Scoundrelism.

'Yes, brethren, wide as the Sun's range is our Em- 'pire; wider than old Rome's in its palmiest era. I 'have in my time been far; in frozen Muscovy, in hot 'Calabria, east, west, wheresoever the sky overarches 'civilized man: and never hitherto saw I myself an alien; 'out of Scoundreldom I never was. Is it not even said, 'from of old, by the opposite party: "*All* men are liars?" 'Do they not (and this nowise "in haste") whimperingly 'talk of "one just person" (as they call him), and of 'the remaining thousand save one that take part with us? 'So decided is our majority.'—(Applause.)

'Of the Scarlet Woman,—yes, Monseigneur, with-
'out offence,—of the Scarlet Woman that sits on Seven
'Hills, and her Black Jesuit Militia, out foraging from
'Pole to Pole, I speak not; for the story is too trite:
'nay, the Militia itself, as I see, begins to be disbanded,
'and invalided, for a second treachery; treachery to
'herself! Nor yet of Governments; for a like reason.
'Ambassadors, said an English punster, *lie* abroad for
'their masters. Their masters, we answer, lie, at home,
'for themselves. Not of all this, nor of Courtship with
'its Lovers'-vows, nor Courtiership, nor Attorneyism,
'nor Public Oratory, and Selling by Auction, do I speak:
'I simply ask the gainsayer, Which is the particular
'trade, profession, mystery, calling, or pursuit of the
'Sons of Adam that they successfully manage in the
'other way? He cannot answer!—No: Philosophy it-
'self, both practical and even speculative, has, at length,
'after shamefullest groping, stumbled on the plain con-
'clusion that Sham is indispensable to Reality, as Lying
'to Living; that without Lying the whole business of
'the world, from swaying of senates to selling of tapes,
'must explode into anarchic discords, and so a speedy
'conclusion ensue.

'But the grand problem, Fellow Scoundrels, as you
'well know, is the *marrying* of Truth and Sham; so that
'they become one flesh, man and wife, and generate
'these three: Profit, Pudding, and Respectability that
'always keeps her Gig. Wondrously, indeed, do Truth
'and Delusion play into one another; Reality rests on
'Dream. Truth is but the *skin* of the bottomless Un-
'true: and ever, from time to time, the Untrue *sheds* it;
'is clear again; and the superannuated True itself be-

'comes a Fable. Thus do all hostile things crumble back 'into our Empire; and of its increase there is no end.

'O brothers, to think of the Speech without meaning (which is mostly ours), and of the Speech with 'contrary meaning (which is wholly ours), manufactured 'by the organs of Mankind in one solar day! Or call it 'a day of Jubilee, when public Dinners are given, and 'Dinner-orations are delivered: or say, a Neighbouring 'Island in time of General Election! O ye immortal 'gods! The mind is lost; can only admire great 'Nature's plenteousness with a kind of sacred wonder;

'For tell me, What is the chief end of man? "To 'glorify God," said the old Christian Sect, now happily 'extinct. "To eat and find eatables by the readiest 'method," answers sound Philosophy, discarding whims. 'If the method *readier* than this of persuasive attraction 'is yet discovered,—point it out!—Brethren, I said the 'old Christian Sect was happily extinct: as, indeed, in 'Rome itself, there goes the wonderfullest traditionary 'Prophecy,* of that Nazareth Christ coming back, and 'being crucified a second time *there;* which truly I see 'not in the least how he could fail to be. Nevertheless, 'that old Christian whim, of an actual living and ruling 'God, and some sacred covenant binding all men in 'Him, with much other mystic stuff, does, under new 'or old shape, linger with a few. From these few, keep 'yourselves forever far! They must even be left to their 'whim, which is not like to prove infectious.

'But neither are we, my Fellow Scoundrels, without 'our Religion, our Worship; which, like the oldest, and

* Goethe mentions it (*Italiänische Reise*).

'all true Worships, is one of Fear. The Christians have 'their Cross, the Moslem their Crescent: but have not 'we, too, our—Gallows? Yes, *infinitely* terrible is the 'Gallows; it bestrides with its patibulary fork the Pit 'of bottomless Terror! No Manicheans are we; our 'God is One. Great, exceeding great, I say, is the 'Gallows; of old, even from the beginning, in this world; 'knowing neither variableness nor decadence; forever, 'forever, over the wreck of ages, and all civic and eccle-'siastic convulsions, meal-mobs, revolutions, the Gal-'lows with front serenely terrible towers aloft. Fellow 'Scoundrels, fear the Gallows, and have no other fear! '*This* is the Law and the Prophets. Fear every emana-'tion of the Gallows. And what is every buffet, with 'the fist, or even with the tongue, of one having autho-'rity, but some such emanation? And what is Force of 'Public Opinion but the infinitude of such emanations, '—rushing combined on you, like a mighty storm-wind? 'Fear the Gallows, I say! O when, with its long black 'arm, *it* has clutched a man, what avail him all terrestrial 'things? These pass away, with horrid nameless dinning 'in his ears; and the ill-starred Scoundrel pendulates 'between Heaven and Earth, a thing rejected of *both*.'— '(Profound sensation.)

'Such, so wide in compass, high, gallows-high in 'dignity, is the Scoundrel Empire; and for depth, it is 'deeper than the Foundations of the World. For what 'was Creation itself wholly, according to the best Philo-'sophers, but a Divulsion by the TIME-SPIRIT (or Devil 'so-called); a forceful Interruption, or breaking asunder, 'of the old Quiescence of Eternity? It was Lucifer 'that fell, and made this lordly World arise. Deep?

'It is bottomless-deep; the very Thought, diving, bob 'up from it baffled. Is not this that they call Vice of 'Lying the *Adam-Kadmon*, or primeval Rude-Element, 'old as Chaos mother's-womb of Death and Hell; 'whereon their thin film of Virtue, Truth, and the like, 'poorly wavers—for a day? All Virtue, what is it, 'even by their own shewing, but Vice transformed,— 'that is, manufactured, rendered artificial? "Man's 'Vices are the roots from which his Virtues grow out 'and see the light," says one: "Yes," add I, "and 'thanklessly steal their nourishment!" Were it not 'for the nine hundred ninety and nine unacknowledged, 'perhaps martyred and calumniated Scoundrels, how 'were their single Just Person (with a murrain on 'him!) so much as possible?—Oh, it is high, high: 'these things are too great for me; Intellect, Imagi-'nation, flags her tired wings; the soul lost, baffled'—

—Here Dame de Lamotte tittered audibly, and muttered, *Coq-d'-Inde*, which, being interpreted into the Scottish tongue, signifies *Bubbly-Jock!* The Arch-Quack, whose eyes were turned inwards as in rapt contemplation, started at the titter and mutter: his eyes flashed outwards with dilated pupil; his nostrils opened wide; his very hair seemed to stir in its long twisted pigtails (his fashion of curl); and as Indignation is said to make Poetry, it here made Prophecy, or what sounded as such. With terrible, working features, and gesticulation not recommended in any Book of Gesture, the Arch-Quack, in voice supernally discordant, like Lions worrying Bulls of Bashan, began:

'Sniff not, Dame de Lamotte; tremble, thou foul 'Circe-Megæra; thy day of desolation is at hand!

'Behold ye the Sanhedrim of Judges, with their fan-
'ners of written Parchment, loud-rustling, as they
'winnow all her chaff, and down-plumage, and she
'stands there naked and mean?—Villette, Oliva, do *ye*
'blab secrets? Ye have no pity of her extreme need;
'she none of yours. Is thy light-giggling, untamable
'heart at last heavy? Hark ye! Shrieks of one cast
'out; whom they brand on both shoulders with iron
'stamp; the red hot "V," thou *Voleuse*, hath it en-
'tered thy soul? Weep, Circe de Lamotte; wail there
'in truckle-bed, and hysterically gnash thy teeth: nay
'do, smother thyself in thy door-mat coverlid; thou
'hast found thy mates; thou art in the Salpêtrière!—
'Weep, daughter of the high and puissant Sans-inex-
'pressibles! Buzz of Parisian Gossipry is about thee;
'but not to help thee: no, to eat before thy time.
'What shall a King's Court do with thee, thou un-
'clean thing, while thou yet livest? Escape! Flee to
'utmost countries; hide there, if thou canst, thy mark
'of Cain!—In the Babylon of Fogland! Ha! is that
'my London? See I Judas Iscariot Egalité? Print,
'yea print abundantly the abominations of your two
'hearts: breath of rattlesnakes can bedim the steel
'mirror, but only for a time.—And there! Aye, there
'at last! Tumblest thou from the lofty leads, poverty-
'stricken, O thriftless daughter of the high and puis-
'sant, escaping bailiffs? Descendest thou precipitate,
'in dead night, from window in the third story; hurled
'forth by Bacchanals, to whom thy shrill tongue had
'grown unbearable?* Yea, through the smoke of that

* The English Translator of Lamotte's *Life* says, she fell from

'new Babylon thou fallest headlong; one long scream 'of screams makes night hideous: thou liest there, 'shattered like addle egg, "nigh to the Temple of 'Flora!" O Lamotte, has thy *Hypocrisie* ended, then? 'Thy many characters were all acted. Here at last 'thou actest not, but art what thou seemest: a mangled 'squelch of gore, confusion, and abomination; which 'men huddle underground, with no burial-stone. Thou 'gallows-carrion!'—

—Here the prophet turned up his nose (the broadest of the eighteenth century), and opened wide his nostrils with such a greatness of disgust, that all the audience, even Lamotte herself, sympathetically imitated him.—'O Dame de Lamotte! Dame de Lamotte! Now, 'when the circle of thy existence lies complete: and 'my eye glances over these two score and three years 'that were lent thee, to do evil as thou couldst; and I 'behold thee a bright-eyed little Tatterdemalion, beg-'ging and gathering sticks in the Bois de Boulogne; 'and also at length a squelched Putrefaction, here on 'London pavements; with the headdressings and hun-'gerings, the gaddings and hysterical gigglings that 'came between,—*what* shall I say was the meaning 'of thee at all?—

'Villette-de-Rétaux! Have the catchpoles trepanned 'thee, by sham of battle, in thy Tavern, from the sacred

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the leads of her house, nigh the Temple of Flora, endeavouring to escape seizure for debt; and was taken up so much hurt that she died in consequence. Another report runs that she was flung out of window, as in the Cagliostric text. One way or other she did die, on the 23d of August, 1791 (*Biographie Universelle*, xxx. 287). Where the 'Temple of Flora' was, or is, one knows not.

'Republican soil?* It is thou that wert the hired Forger 'of Hand-writings? Thou wilt confess it? Depart, un- 'whipt yet accursed.—Ha! The dread Symbol of our 'Faith? Swings aloft, on the Castle of St. Angelo, a 'Pendulous Mass, which I think I discern to be the 'body of Villette! There let him end; the sweet 'morsel of our Juggernaut.

'Nay, weep not thou, disconsolate Oliva; blear not 'thy bright blue eyes, daughter of the shady Garden! 'Thee shall the Sanhedrim not harm: this Cloaca of 'Nature emits thee; as notablest of unfortunate-females, 'thou shalt have choice of husbands not without capital; 'and accept one.† Know this; for the vision of it is 'true.

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* See *Georgel*, and Villette's *Mémoire*.

† In the *Affaire du Collier* is this MS. Note: 'Gay d'Oliva, 'a common-girl of the Palais-Royal, who was chosen to play a part 'in this Business, got married, some years afterwards, to one Beau- 'sire, an Ex-Noble, formerly attached to the d'Artois Household. 'In 1790, he was Captain of the National Guard Company of the 'Temple. He then retired to Choisy, and managed to be named 'Procureur of that Commune: he finally employed himself in draw- 'ing up Lists of Proscription in the Luxembourg Prison, when he 'played the part of informer (*mouton*). See *Tableau des Prisons 'de Paris sous Robespierre*.' These details are correct. In the *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (new Title of the Book just referred to), ii. 171, we find this: 'The second Denouncer was Beausire, an 'Ex-Noble, known under the old government for his intrigues. 'To give an idea of him, it is enough to say that he married the 'd'Oliva,' &c., as in the MS. Note already given. Finally is added: 'He was the main spy of Boyenval; who, however, said 'that he made use of him; but that Fouquier-Tinville did not like 'him, and would have him guillotined in good time.'

'But the Anointed Majesty whom ye profaned? 'Blow, spirit of Egyptian Masonry, blow aside the 'thick curtains of Space! Lo you, her eyes are red 'with their first tears of pure bitterness; not with their 'last. Tirewoman Campan is choosing, from the Print-'shops of the Quais, the reputed-best among the hun-'dred likenesses of Circe de Lamotte:* a Queen shall 'consider if the basest of women ever, by any accident, 'darkened daylight or candle-light for the highest. 'The Portrait answers: Never!'—(Sensation in the audience.)

'—Ha! What is *this?* Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, 'and ye other five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power 'that destroyedst Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou 'Outer Limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE 'OF IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen, 'updarting, Light-rays from out *its* dark foundations; as 'it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in death-'throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute 'the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness 'becomes as red Hellfire! IMPOSTURE is burnt up: 'one Red-sea of Fire, wild-billowing enwraps the World; 'with its fire-tongue licks at the Stars. Thrones are 'hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls 'that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* 'of Creation: all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pha-'raoh's Chariots, in the Red-sea of water, was there 'wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the sea of Fire. 'Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the 'wind.

* See *Campan.*

'Higher, higher, yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling 'with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and 'prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble 'Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains 'sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her col-'lected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves 'the Earth: not to return save under new Avatar. Im-'posture, how it burns, through generations: how it is 'burnt up — for a time. The World is black ashes; 'which, ah, when will they grow green? The Images 'all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all Dwellings 'of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and 'riven, the valleys black and dead: it is an empty 'World! Wo to them that shall be born then! — 'A King, a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle 'once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-scroll. Oliva's 'Husband was hurled in; Iscariot Egalité; thou grim 'De Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds 'and peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. 'For it is the End of the Dominion of IMPOSTURE (which 'is Darkness and opaque Firedamp); and the burning 'up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in 'the Earth!'—Here the Prophet paused, fetching a deep sigh; and the Cardinal uttered a kind of faint, tremulous Hem!

'Mourn not, O Monseigneur, spite of thy nephritic 'cholic, and many infirmities. For thee mercifully it 'was not unto death.* O Monseigneur (for thou hadst

* Rohan was elected of the Constituent Assembly; and even got a compliment or two in it, as Court-victim, from here and there a man of weak judgment. He was one of the first who, recalcitrating against 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy,' &c., took himself across the Rhine.

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'a touch of goodness), who would not weep over thee, 'if he also laughed? Behold! The not too judicious 'Historian, that long years hence, amid remotest wilder- 'nesses, writes thy Life, and names thee *Mud-volcano*; 'even he shall reflect that it *was* thy Life this same; 'thy *only* chance through whole Eternity; which thou '(poor gambler) hast expended *so*: and, even over his 'hard heart, a breath of dewy pity for thee shall blow. '— O Monseigneur, thou wert not all ignoble: thy 'Mud-volcano was but strength dislocated, fire misap- 'plied. Thou wentest ravening through the world; no 'Life-elixir or Stone of the Wise could *we* two (for 'want of funds) discover: a foulest Circe undertook to 'fatten thee; and thou hadst to fill thy belly with the 'east wind. And burst? By the Masonry of Enoch, 'No! Behold, has not thy Jesuit Familiar his Scouts 'dim-flying over the deep of human things? Cleared 'art thou of crime, save that of fixed-idea; weepest, 'a repentant exile, in the Mountains of Auvergne. 'Neither shall the Red Fire-sea itself consume thee; 'only consume thy Gig, and, instead of Gig (O rich 'exchange!), restore thy Self. Safe beyond the Rhine- 'stream, thou livest peaceful days; savest many from 'the fire, and anointest their smarting burns. Sleep 'finally, in thy mother's bosom, in a good old age!'— The Cardinal gave a sort of guttural murmur, or gurgle, which ended in a long sigh.

'O Horrors, as ye shall be called,' again burst forth the Quack, 'why have ye missed the Sieur de Lamotte; 'why not of him, too, made gallows-carrion? Will 'spear, or sword-stick, thrust at him (or supposed to be 'thrust), through window of hackney-coach, in Picca- 'dilly of the Babylon of Fog, where he jolts disconsolate,

'not let out the imprisoned animal existence? Is he 'poisoned, too?* Poison will not kill the Sieur La-'motte; nor steel, nor massacres.† Let him drag his 'utterly superfluous life to a second and a third genera-'tion; and even admit the not too judicious Historian 'to see his face before he die.

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* See Lamotte's Narrative (*Mémoires Justificatifs*).

† Lamotte, after his wife's death, had returned to Paris; and been arrested, — *not* for building churches. The Sentence of the old Parlement against him, in regard to the Necklace Business, he gets annulled by the new Courts; but is, nevertheless, 'retained in confinement' (*Moniteur* Newspaper, 7th August, 1792). He was still in Prison at the time the September Massacre broke out. From Maton de la Varenne we cite the following grim passage: Maton is in La Force Prison.

'At one in the morning' (of Monday, September 3), writes Maton, 'the grate that led to our quarter was again opened. Four 'men in uniform, holding each a naked sabre and blazing torch, 'mounted to our corridor; a turnkey shewing the way; and 'entered a room close on ours, to investigate a box, which they 'broke open. This done, they halted in the gallery; and began 'interrogating one Cuissa, to know where Lamotte was; who, 'they said, under pretext of finding a treasure, which they should 'share in, had swindled one of them out of 300 livres, having 'asked him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched Cuissa, 'whom they had in their power, and who lost his life that night, 'answered, all trembling, that he remembered the fact well, but 'could not say what had become of the prisoner. Resolute to 'find this Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they ascended 'into other rooms, and made farther rummaging there; but ap-'parently without effect, for I heard them say to one another: '"Come, search among the corpses, then; for, *Nom de Dieu!* 'we must know what is become of him."' (*Ma Résurrection, par Maton de la Varenne;* reprinted in the *Histoire Parlementaire*, xviii. 142.)—Lamotte lay in the Bicêtre Prison; but had got out, precisely in the nick of time,—and dived beyond soundings.

'But, ha!' cried he, and stood wide-staring, horror-struck, as if some Cribb's fist had knocked the wind out of him: 'O horror of horrors! Is it not Myself I see? 'Roman Inquisition! Long months of cruel baiting! '*Life of Giuseppe Balsamo!* Cagliostro's Body still 'lying in St. Leo Castle, his *Self* fled — *whither?* By-'standers wag their heads, and say: "The Brow of 'Brass, behold how it has got all unlackered; these 'Pinchbeck lips can lie no more!" Eheu! Ohoo!'— And he burst into unstanchable blubbering of tears; and sobbing out the moanfullest broken howl, sank down in swoon; to be put to bed by De Launay and others.

Thus spoke (or thus might have spoken), and prophesied, the Arch-Quack Cagliostro; and truly much better than he ever else did: for not a jot or tittle of it (save only that of our promised Interview with Nestor de Lamotte, which looks unlikelier than ever, for we have not heard of him, dead or living, since 1826)— but has turned out to be literally *true*. As indeed, in all this History, one jot or tittle of untruth, that we could render true, is perhaps not discoverable; much as the distrustful reader may have disbelieved.

Here, then, our little labour ends. The Necklace was, and is no more: the stones of it again 'circulate in Commerce,' some of them perhaps in Rundle's at this hour; and may give rise to what other Histories we know not. The Conquerors of it, every one that trafficked in it, have they not all had their due, which was Death?

This little Business, like a little cloud, bodied itself

forth in skies clear to the unobservant: but with such hues of deep-tinted villany, dissoluteness, and general delirium as, to the observant, betokened it electric; and wise men, a Goethe for example, boded Earthquakes. Has not the Earthquake come?

MIRABEAU.*

[1837.]

A PROVERB says, 'The house that is a-building looks not as the house that is built.' Environed with rubbish and mortar-heaps, with scaffold-poles, hodmen, dust-clouds, some rudiments only of the thing that is to be, can, to the most observant, disclose themselves through the mean tumult of the thing that hitherto is. How true is this same with regard to all works and facts whatsoever in our world; emphatically true in regard to the highest fact and work which our world witnesses,—the Life of what we call an Original Man. Such a man is one not made altogether by the common pattern; one whose phases and goings forth cannot be prophesied of, even approximately; though, indeed, by their very newness and strangeness they most of all provoke prophecy. A man of this kind, while he lives on earth, is 'unfolding himself out of nothing into something,' surely under very complex conditions: he is drawing continually towards him, in continual succession and variation, the materials of his structure, nay his very plan of it, from

* LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 8.—*Mémoires biographiques, littéraires, et politiques, de Mirabeau; écrits par lui-même, par son Père, son Oncle, et son Fils Adoptif* (Memoirs, biographical, literary, and political, of Mirabeau: written by himself, by his Father, his Uncle, and his Adopted Son). 8 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1834-36.

the whole realm of Accident, you may say, and from the whole realm of Freewill: he is *building* his life together in this manner; a guess and a problem as yet, not to others only but to himself. Hence such criticism by the bystanders; loud no-knowledge, loud misknowledge! It is like the opening of the Fisherman's Casket in the Arabian Tale, this beginning and growing-up of a life: vague smoke wavering hither and thither; some features of a Genie looming through; of the ultimate shape of which no fisherman or man can judge. And yet, as we say, men do judge, and pass provisional sentence, being forced to it; you can predict with what accuracy! 'Look at the audience in a theatre,' says one: 'the life 'of a man is there compressed within five hours' dura-'tion; is transacted on an open stage, with lighted 'lamps, and what the fittest words and art of genius 'can do to make the spirit of it clear; yet listen, when 'the curtain falls, what a discerning public will say of 'that!' And now, if the drama extended over three-score and ten years; and were enacted, not with a view to clearness, but rather indeed with a view to concealment, often in the deepest attainable involution of obscurity; and your discerning public, occupied otherwise, cast its eye on the business now here for a moment, and then there for a moment? Wo to him, answer we, who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment! He is a doomed man: doomed by conviction to hard penalties; nay purchasing acquittal (too probably) by a still harder penalty, that of being a triviality, superficiality, self-advertiser, and partial or total quack, which is the hardest penalty of all.

But suppose farther, that the man, as we said, was

an original man; that his life-drama would not and could not be measured by the three unities alone, but partly by a rule of its own too: still farther, that the transactions he had mingled in were great and world-dividing; that of all his judges there were not one who had not something to love him for unduly, to hate him for unduly! Alas! is it not precisely in this case, where the whole world is promptest to judge, that the whole world is likeliest to be wrong; natural opacity being so doubly and trebly darkened by accidental difficulty and perversion? The crabbed moralist had some shew of reason who said: To judge of an original contemporary man, you must, in general, reverse the world's judgment about him; the world is not only wrong on that matter, but cannot on any such matter be right.

One comfort is that the world is ever working itself righter and righter on such matters; that a continual revisal and rectification of the world's first judgment on them is inevitably going on. For, after all, the world loves its original men, and can in no wise forget them; not till after a long while; sometimes not till after thousands of years. Forgetting *them*, what, indeed, should it remember? The world's wealth is its original men; by these and their works it is a world and not a waste: the memory and record of what MEN it bore — this is the sum of its strength, its sacred 'property forever,' whereby it upholds itself, and steers forward, better or worse, through the yet undiscovered deep of Time. All knowledge, all art, all beautiful or precious possession of existence, is, in the long-run, this, or connected with this. Science itself, is it not, under one of its most interesting aspects, Biography; is it not the Record of

the *Work* which an original man, still named by us, or not now named, was blessed by the heavens to do? That Sphere-and-cylinder is the monument and abbreviated history of the man Archimedes; not to be forgotten, probably, till the world itself vanish. Of Poets, and what they have done, and how the world loves them, let us, in these days, very singular in respect of that Art, say nothing, or next to nothing. The greatest modern of the poetic guild has already said: 'Nay, if thou wilt 'have it, who but the poet first formed gods for us, 'brought them down to us, raised us up to them?'

Another remark, on a lower scale, not unworthy of notice, is by Jean Paul: that, 'as in art, so in conduct, 'or what we call morals, before there can be an Aris-'totle with his critical canons, there must be a Homer, 'many Homers with their heroic performances.' In plainer words, the original man is the true creator (or call him revealer) of Morals too: it is from his example that precepts enough are derived, and written down in books and systems: he properly is the *thing;* all that follows after is but talk about the thing, better or worse interpretation of it, more or less wearisome and ineffectual discourse of logic on it. A remark this of Jean Paul's which, well meditated, may seem one of the most pregnant lately written on these matters. If any man had the ambition of building a new system of morals (not a promising enterprise, at this time of day), there is no remark known to us which might better serve him as a chief corner-stone, whereon to found, and to build, high enough, nothing doubting; — high, for instance, as the Christian Gospel itself. And to whatever other heights man's destiny may yet carry him! Consider whether it was not, from the first, by example, or say

rather by human exemplars, and such reverent imitation or abhorrent aversion and avoidance as these gave rise to, that man's duties were made indubitable to him? Also, if it is not yet, in these last days, by very much the same means (example, precept, prohibition, 'force of public opinion,' and other forcings and inducings), that the like result is brought about; and, from the Woolsack down to the Treadmill, from Almack's to Chalk Farm and the west-end of Newgate, the incongruous whirlpool of life is forced and induced to whirl with some attempt at regularity? The two Mosaic Tables were of simple limited stone; no logic appended to them: we, in our days, are privileged with Logic, — Systems of Morals, Professors of Moral Philosophy, Theories of Moral Sentiment, Utilities, Sympathies, Moral Senses, not a few; useful for those that feel comfort in them. But to the observant eye, is it not still plain that the rule of man's life rests not very steadily on logic (rather carries logic unsteadily resting on *it*, as an excuse, an exposition, or ornamental solacement to oneself and others); that ever, as of old, the thing a man will do is the thing he feels commanded to do: of which command, again, the origin and reasonableness remains often as good as *in*demonstrable by logic; and, indeed, lies mainly in this, That it has been demonstrated otherwise and better; by experiment, namely; that an experimental (what we name original) man has already done it, and we have *seen* it to be good and reasonable, and now know it to be so once and for evermore? — Enough of this.

He were a sanguine individual surely that should turn to the French Revolution for new rules of conduct,

and creators or exemplars of morality,—except, indeed, exemplars of the gibbetted *in-terrorem* sort. A greater work, it is often said, was never done in the world's history by men so small. Twenty-five millions (say these severe critics) are hurled forth out of all their old habitudes, arrangements, harnessings, and garnitures, into the new, quite void arena and career of *Sansculottism*; there to shew what originality is in them. Fanfaronading and gesticulation, vehemence, effervescence, heroic desperation, they do shew in abundance; but of what one can call originality, invention, natural stuff or character, amazingly little. Their heroic desperation, such as it was, we will honour and even venerate, as a new document (call it rather a renewal of that primeval ineffaceable document and charter) of the manhood of man. But, for the rest, there were Federations; there were Festivals of Fraternity, 'the Statue of Nature pouring water from her two *mammelles*,' and the august Deputies all drinking of it from the same iron saucer: Weights and Measures were attempted to be changed; the Months of the Year became Pluviose, Thermidor, Messidor (till Napoleon said, *Il faudra se débarrasser de ce Messidor*, One must get this Messidor sent about its business): also Mrs. Momoro and others rode prosperous, as Goddesses of Reason; and then, these being mostly guillotined, Mahomet Robespierre did, with bouquet in hand, and in new black breeches, in front of the Tuileries, pronounce the scraggiest of prophetic discourses on the *Etre Suprême*, and set fire to much emblematic pasteboard:—all this, and an immensity of such, the Twenty-five millions did devise and accomplish; but (apart from their heroic desperation, which was no

miracle either, beside that of the old Dutch, for instance) this, and the like of this, was almost all. Their arena of *Sansculottism* was the most original arena opened to man for above a thousand years; and they, at bottom, were unexpectedly commonplace in it. Exaggerated commonplace, triviality run distracted, and a kind of universal 'Frenzy of John Dennis,' is the figure they exhibit. The brave Forster,—sinking slowly of broken heart, in the midst of that volcanic chaos of the Reign of Terror, and clinging still to the cause, which, though now bloody and terrible, he believed to be the highest, and for which he had sacrificed all, country, kindred, fortune, friends, and life,—compares the Revolution, indeed, to 'an explosion and new creation of the world;' but the actors in it, who went buzzing about him, to a '*handvoll mücken*, handful of flies.'* And yet, one may add, this same explosion of a world was their work; the work of these—flies? The truth is, neither Forster nor any man can see a French Revolution; it is like seeing the ocean: poor Charles Lamb complained that he could not see the multitudinous ocean at all, but only some insignificant fraction of it from the deck of the Margate hoy. It must be owned, however (urge these severe critics), that examples of rabid triviality abound in the French Revolution, to a lamentable extent. Consider Maximilien Robespierre; for the greater part of two years, what one may call Autocrat of France. A poor sea-green (*verdâtre*), atrabiliar Formula of a man; without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased

* Forster's *Briefe und Nachlass.*

rigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp: really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles; meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend, and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) Nothing:—this was he who, the sport of wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to command *la première nation de l'univers*, and all men shouting long life to him; one of the most lamentable, tragic, sea-green objects, ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction, and the world's long wonder!

So argue these severe critics of the French Revolution: with whom we argue not here; but remark rather, what is more to the purpose, that the French Revolution did disclose original men: among the twenty-five millions, at least one or two units. Some reckon, in the present stage of the business, as many as three: Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Whether more will come to light, or of what sort, when the computation is quite liquidated, one cannot say: meanwhile let the world be thankful for these three;—as, indeed, the world is; loving original men, without limit, were they never so questionable, well knowing how rare they are! To us, accordingly, it is rather interesting to observe how on these three also, questionable as they surely are, the old process is repeating itself; how these also are getting known in their true likeness. A second generation, relieved in some measure from the spectral hallucinations, hysterical ophthalmia, and natural panic-delirium of the first contemporary one, is gradually coming to

discern and measure what its predecessor could only execrate and shriek over: for, as our Proverb said, the dust is sinking, the rubbish-heaps disappear; the built house, such as it is, and was appointed to be, stands visible, better or worse.

Of Napoleon Buonaparte, what with so many bulletins, and such self-proclamation from artillery and battle-thunder, loud enough to ring through the deafest brain, in the remotest nook of this earth, and now, in consequence, with so many biographies, histories, and historical arguments for and against, it may be said that *he* can now shift for himself; that his true figure is in a fair way of being ascertained. Doubtless it will be found one day what significance was in him; how (we quote from a New England Book) 'the man was a 'divine missionary, though unconscious of it; and 'preached, through the cannon's throat, that great doc-'trine, "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to 'him that can handle them," which is our ultimate Poli-'tical Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. Madly 'enough he preached, it is true, as enthusiasts and first 'missionaries are wont; with imperfect utterance, amid 'much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the 'case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American 'backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, 'and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not en-'tirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; 'whom, nevertheless, the peaceful sower will follow, 'and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'—From 'the incarnate Moloch,' which the word once was, onwards to this quiet version, there is a considerable progress.

Still more interesting is it, not without a touch almost of pathos, to see how the rugged *Terræ Filius* Danton begins likewise to emerge, from amid the blood-tinted obscurations and shadows of horrid cruelty, into calm light; and seems now not an Anthropophagus, but partly a man. On the whole, the Earth feels it to be something to have a 'Son of Earth;' *any* reality, rather than a hypocrisy and formula! With a man that went honestly to work with himself, and said and acted, in any sense, with the whole mind of him, there is always something to be done. Satan himself, according to Dante, was a praiseworthy object, compared with those *juste-milieu* angels (so over-numerous in times like ours) who 'were *neither* faithful nor rebellious,' but were for their little selves only: trimmers, moderates, plausible persons, who, in the Dantean Hell, are found doomed to this frightful penalty, that 'they have not the hope to die (*non han speranza di morte*);' but sunk in torpid death-life, in mud and the plague of flies, they are to doze and dree forever,—'hateful to God and to the Enemies of God:'

'Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!'

If Bonaparte were the 'armed Soldier of Democracy,' invincible while he continued true to that, then let us call this Danton the *Enfant Perdu*, and *une* listed Revolter and Titan of Democracy, which could not yet have soldiers or discipline, but was by the nature of it lawless. An Earthborn, we say, yet honestly born of Earth! In the *Memoirs of Garat*, and elsewhere, one sees these fire-eyes beam with earnest insight, fill with the water of tears; the broad rude features speak withal

of wild human sympathies; that Antæus' bosom also held a heart. "It is not the alarm-cannon that you hear," cries he to the terror-struck, when the Prussians were already at Verdun; "it is the *pas de charge* against our enemies." "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,* To dare, and again to dare, and without limit to dare!"—there is nothing left but that. Poor 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes,' what a mission! And it could not be but done,—and it was done! But, indeed, may there not be, if well considered, more virtue in this feeling itself, once bursting earnest from the wild heart, than in whole lives of immaculate Pharisees and Respectabilities, with their eye ever set on 'character,' and the letter of the law: "*Que mon nom soit flétri,* Let my name be blighted, then; let the Cause be glorious, and have victory!" By and by, as we predict, the Friend of Humanity, since so many Knife-grinders have no story to tell him, will find some sort of story in this Danton. A rough-hewn giant of a man, not anthropophagous entirely; whose 'figures of speech,' and also of action, 'are all gigantic;' whose 'voice reverberates from the domes,' and dashes Brunswick across the marches in a very wrecked condition. Always his total freedom from cant is one thing; even in his briberies, and sins as to money, there is a frankness, a kind of broad greatness. Sincerity, a great rude sincerity of insight and of purpose, dwelt in the man, which quality is the root of all: a man who could see through many things, and would stop at very few things; who marched and fought impetuously forward, in the questionablest element; and now bears the penalty, in a name 'blighted,' yet, as we say, visibly clearing itself. Once cleared,

why should not this name too have significance for men? The wild history is a tragedy, as all human histories are. Brawny Dantons, still to the present hour, rend the glebe, as simple brawny Farmers, and reap peaceable harvests, at Arcis-sur-Aube; and *this* Danton—! It is an *un*rhymed tragedy; very bloody, fuliginous (after the manner of the *elder* dramatists); yet full of tragic elements; not undeserving natural pity and fear. In quiet times, perhaps still at a great distance, the happier onlooker may stretch out the hand, across dim centuries, to him, and say: "Ill-starred brother, how thou foughtest with wild lion-strength, and yet not with strength *enough*, and flamedst aloft, and wert trodden down of sin and misery;—behold, thou also wert a man!" It is said there lies a Biography of Danton written, in Paris, at this moment: but the editor waits till the 'force of public opinion' ebb a little. Let him publish, with utmost convenient despatch, and say what he knows, if he do know it: the lives of remarkable men are always worth understanding instead of misunderstanding; and public opinion must positively adjust itself the best way it can.

But without doubt the far most interesting, best-gifted of this questionable trio is not the Mirabeau of the Sansculottes, but the Mirabeau himself: a man of much finer nature than either of the others; of a genius equal in strength, we will say, to Napoleon's; but a much humaner genius, almost a poetic one. With wider sympathies of his own, he appeals far more persuasively to the sympathies of men.

Of him too it is interesting to notice the progressive

dawning, out of calumny, misrepresentation, and confused darkness, into visibility and light; and how the world manifests its continued curiosity about him; and as book after book comes forth with new evidence, the matter is again taken up, the old judgment on it revised and anew revised;—whereby, in fine, we can hope the right, or approximately right, sentence will be found; and so the question be left settled. It would seem this Mirabeau also is one whose memory the world will not, for a long while, let die. Very different from many a high memory, dead and deep-buried long since then! In his lifetime, even in the final effulgent part of it, this Mirabeau took upon him to write, with a sort of awe-struck feeling, to our Mr. Wilberforce; and did not, that we can find, get the benefit of any answer. Pitt was prime minister, and then Fox, then again Pitt, and again Fox, in sweet vicissitude; and the noise of them, reverberating through Brookes's and the club-rooms, through tavern-dinners, electioneering hustings, leading articles, filled all the earth; and it seemed as if those two (though which might be *which*, you could not say) were the Ormuzd and Ahriman of political Nature;—and now! Such difference is there, once more, between an original man, of never such questionable sort, and the most dexterous, cunningly-devised parliamentary mill. The difference is great; and one of those on which the future time makes largest contrast with the present. Nothing can be more important than the mill while it continues and grinds; important, above all, to those who have sacks about the hopper. But the grinding once done, how can the memory of it endure? It is important now to no individual, not even to the individual with a sack. So

that, this tumult well over, the memory of the original man, and of what small revelation he, as Son of Nature and brother-man, could make, does naturally rise on us: his memorable sayings, actings, and sufferings, the very vices and crimes he fell into, are a kind of pabulum which all mortals claim their right to.

Concerning *Peuchet*, *Chaussard*, *Gassicourt*, and, indeed, all the former Biographers of Mirabeau, there can little be said here, except that they abound with errors: the present ultimate *Fils Adoptif* has never done picking faults with them. Not as memorials of Mirabeau, but as memorials of the world's relation to him, of the world's treatment of him, they may, a little longer, have some perceptible significance. From poor Peuchet (he was known in the *Moniteur* once), and other the like labourers in the vineyard, you can justly demand thus much; and not justly much more.

Etienne Dumont's *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau* might not, at first sight, seem an advance towards true knowledge, but a movement the other way, and yet it was really an advance. The book, for one thing, was hailed by a universal choral blast from all manner of reviews and periodical literatures that Europe, in all its spellable dialects, had: whereby, at least, the minds of men were again drawn to the subject; and so, amid whatever hallucination, ancient or new-devised, some increase of insight was unavoidable. Besides, the book itself did somewhat. Numerous specialties about the great Frenchman, as read by the eyes of the little Genevese, were conveyed there; and could be deciphered, making allowances. Dumont is faithful, veridical; within his own limits he has even a certain freedom, a picturesque-

ness and light clearness. It is true, the whim he had of looking at the great Mirabeau as a thing set in motion mainly by him (M. Dumont) and such as he, was one of the most wonderful to be met with in psychology. Nay, more wonderful still, how the reviewers, pretty generally, some from whom better was expected, took up the same with aggravations; and it seemed settled on all sides, that here again a pretender had been stripped, and the great made as little as the rest of us (much to our comfort); that, in fact, figuratively speaking, this enormous Mirabeau, the sound of whom went forth to all lands, was no other than an enormous trumpet, or coach-horn, of japanned tin, through which a dexterous little M. Dumont was blowing all the while, and making the noise! Some men and reviewers have strange theories of man. Let any son of Adam, the shallowest now living, try honestly to scheme out, within his head, an existence of this kind; and say how verisimilar it looks! A life and business actually conducted on such coach-horn principle,—we say not the life and business of a statesman and world-leader, but say of the poorest laceman and tape-seller,—were one of the chief miracles hitherto on record. O M. Dumont! But thus, too, when old Sir Christopher struck down the last stone in the Dome of St. Paul's, was it he that carried up the stone? No; it was a certain strong-backed man, never mentioned (covered with envious or unenvious oblivion),—probably of the Sister Island.

Let us add, however, more plainly, that M. Dumont was less to blame here than his reviewers were. The good Dumont accurately records what ingenious journey-work and fetching and carrying he did for his Mirabeau;

interspersing many an anecdote, which the world is very glad of; extenuating nothing, we do hope, nor exaggerating anything: this is what he did, and had a clear right and call to do. And what if it failed, not altogether, yet in some measure if it did fail, to strike him, that he still properly was but a Dumont? Nay, that the gift this Mirabeau had of enlisting such respectable Dumonts to do hodwork and even skilful handiwork for him; and of ruling them and bidding them by the look of his eye; and of making them cheerfully fetch and carry for him, and serve him as loyal subjects, with a kind of chivalry and willingness,—that this gift was precisely the kinghood of the man, and did itself stamp him as a leader among men! Let no man blame M. Dumont (as some have too harshly done); his error is of oversight, and venial; his worth to us is indisputable. On the other hand, let all men blame such public instructors and periodical individuals as drew that inference and life-theory for him, and brayed it forth in that loud manner; or rather, on the whole, do not blame, but pardon, and pass by on the other side. Such things are an ordained trial of public patience, which perhaps is the better for discipline; and seldom, or rather never, do any lasting injury.

Close following on Dumont's *Reminiscences* came this Biography by M. Lucas Montigny, 'Adopted Son;' the first volume in 1834, the rest at short intervals; and lies complete now in Eight considerable Volumes octavo: concerning which we are now to speak,—unhappily, in the disparaging sense. In fact it is impossible for any man to say unmixed good of M. Lucas's work. That he, as Adopted Son, has lent himself so resolutely to the washing of his hero white, and even to the white-washing of

him where the natural colour was black, be this no blame to him; or even, if you will, be it praise. If a man's Adopted Son may not write the best book he can for him, then who may? But the fatal circumstance is, that M. Lucas Montigny has not written a book at all; but has merely clipped and cut out, and cast together the materials for a book, which other men are still wanted to write. On the whole M. Montigny rather surprises one. For the reader probably knows, what all the world whispers to itself, that when 'Mirabeau, in 1783, adopted this infant born the year before,' he had the best of all conceivable obligations to adopt him; having, by his own act (*non*-notarial), summoned him to appear in this World. And now consider both what Shakspeare's Edmund, what Poet Savage, and such like, have bragged; and also that the Mirabeaus, from time immemorial, had (like a certain British kindred known to us) 'produced many a blackguard, but not one blockhead!' We almost discredit that statement, which all the world whispers to itself; or, if crediting it, pause over the ruins of families. The Haarlem canal is not flatter than M. Montigny's genius. He wants the talent which seems born with all Frenchmen, that of presenting what knowledge he has in the most knowable form. One of the solidest men, too: doubtless a valuable man; whom it were so pleasant for us to praise, if we could. May he be happy in a private station, and never write more;—except for the Bureaux de Préfecture, with tolerably handsome official appointments, which is far better!

His biographical work is a monstrous quarry, or mound of shot-rubbish, in eight strata, hiding valuable matter, which he that seeks will find. Valuable, we

say; for the Adopted Son having access, nay welcome and friendly entreaty, to family papers, to all manner of archives, secret records; and working therein long years, with a filial unweariedness, has made himself piously at home in all corners of the matter. He might, with the same spirit (as we always upbraidingly think), so easily have made us at home too! But no: he brings to light things new and old; now precious illustrative private documents, now the poorest public heaps of mere pamphleteer and parliamentary matter, so attainable elsewhere, often so omissible were it not to be attained; and jumbles and tumbles the whole together with such reckless clumsiness, with such endless copiousness (having waggons enough), as gives the reader many a pang. The very pains bestowed on it are often perverse; the whole is become so hard, heavy; unworkable, except in the sweat of one's brow! Or call it a mine,—artificial-natural silver mine. Threads of beautiful silver ore lie scattered, which you must dig for, and sift: suddenly, when your thread or vein is at the richest, it vanishes (as is the way with mines) in thick masses of agglomerate and pudding-stone, no man can guess whither. This is not as it should be; and yet unfortunately it could be no other. The long bad book is so much easier to do than the brief good one; and a poor bookseller has no way of measuring and paying but by the ell, cubic or superficial. The very weaver comes and says, not "I have woven so many ells of stuff," but "so many ells of *such* stuff:" satin and Cashmere-shawl stuff,—or, if it be so, duffle and coal-sacking, and even cobweb stuff.

Undoubtedly the Adopted Son's will was good.

Ought we not to rejoice greatly in the possession of these same silver-veins; and take them in the buried mineral state, or in any state; too thankful to have them now indestructible, now that they are printed? Let the world, we say, be thankful to M. Montigny, and yet know what it is they are thanking him for. No *Life of Mirabeau* is to be found in these Volumes, but the amplest materials for writing a *Life*. Were the Eight Volumes well riddled and smelted down into One Volume, such as might be made, that one were the volume! Nay it seems an enterprise of such uses, and withal so feasible, that some day it is as good as sure to be done, and again done, and finally well done.

The present reviewer, restricted to a mere article, purposes, nevertheless, to sift and extract somewhat. He has bored (so to speak) and run mine-shafts through the book in various directions, and knows pretty well what is in it, though indeed not so well where to find the same, having unfortunately (as reviewers are wont) 'mislaid our paper of references!' Wherefore, if the best extracts be not presented, let not M. Lucas suffer. By one means and another, some sketch of Mirabeau's history; what befell him successively in this World, and what steps he successively took in consequence; and how he and it, working together, made the thing we call Mirabeau's Life,—may be brought out; extremely imperfect, yet truer, one can hope, than the Biographical Dictionaries and ordinary voice of rumour give it. Whether, and if so, where and how, the current estimate of Mirabeau is to be rectified, fortified, or in any important point overset and expunged, will hereby come to light, almost of itself, as we proceed. Indeed,

it is very singular, considering the emphatic judgments daily uttered, in print and speech, about this man, what Egyptian obscurity rests over the mere facts of his external history; the right knowledge of which, one would fancy, must be the preliminary of any judgment, however faint. But thus, as we always urge, are such judgments generally passed: vague *plebiscita*, decrees of the common people; made up of innumerable loud empty ayes and loud empty noes; which are without meaning, and have only sound and currency: *plebiscita* needing so much revisal!—To the work, however.

One of the most valuable elements in these Eight chaotic Volumes of M. Montigny is the knowledge he communicates of Mirabeau's father; of his kindred and family, contemporary and anterior. The father, we in general knew, was Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, called and calling himself the *Friend of Men;* a title, for the rest, which bodes him no good, in these days of ours. Accordingly one heard it added with little surprise, that this Friend of Men was the enemy of almost every man he had to do with; beginning at his own hearth, ending at the utmost circle of his acquaintance; and only beyond that, feeling himself free to love men. "The old hypocrite!" cry many,—not we. Alas, it is so much easier to love men while they exist only on paper, or quite flexible and compliant in your imagination, than to love Jack and Kit who stand there in the body, hungry, untoward; jostling you, barring you, with angular elbows, with appetites, irascibilities, and a stupid will of their own! There is no doubt but old Marquis Mirabeau found it extremely difficult to get on

with his brethren of mankind; and proved a crabbed, sulphurous, choleric old gentleman, many a sad time: nevertheless, there is much to be set right in that matter; and M. Lucas, if one can carefully follow him, has managed to do it. Had M. Lucas but seen good to print these private letters, family documents, and more of them (for he 'could make thirty octavo volumes'), in a separate state; in mere chronological order, with some small commentary of annotation; and to leave all the rest alone!—As it is, one must search and sift. Happily the old Marquis himself, in periods of leisure, or forced leisure, whereof he had many, drew up certain 'unpublished memoirs' of his father and progenitors; out of which memoirs young Mirabeau also in forced leisure (still more forced, in the Castle of If!) redacted one Memoir, of a very readable sort: by the light of this latter, so far as it will last, we walk with convenience.

The Mirabeaus were Riquettis by surname, which is a slight corruption of the Italian *Arrighetti*. They came from Florence: cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel, such as were common there and then, in the year 1267. Stormy times then, as now! The chronologist can remark that Dante Alighieri was a little boy, of some four years, that morning the Arrighettis had to go, and men had to say, "They are gone, these villains! They are gone, these martyrs!" the little boy listening with interest. Let the boy become a man, and he too shall have to go; and prove *come è duro calle*, and what a world this is; and have his poet-nature not killed, for it would not kill, but darkened into Old-Hebrew sternness, and sent onwards to Hades and Eternity for a home to itself. As Dame Quickly said in

the Dream — "Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!"—"Pretty much like our own," answered he.—In this manner did the Arrighettis (doubtless in grim Longobardic ire) scale the Alps; and become Tramontane French Riquettis; and produce, — among other things, the present Article in this Review.

It was hinted above that these Riquettis were a notable kindred; as indeed there is great likelihood, if we knew it rightly, the kindred and fathers of most notable men are. The Vaucluse fountain, that gushes out as a river, may well have run some space under ground in that character, before it found vent. Nay perhaps it is not always, or often, the intrinsically greatest of a family-line that becomes the noted one, but only the best favoured of fortune. So rich here, as elsewhere, is Nature, the mighty Mother; and scatters from a single Oak-tree, as provender for pigs, what would plant the whole Planet into an oak-forest! For truly, if there were not a *mute* force in her, where were she with the speaking and exhibiting one? If under that frothy superficies of braggarts, babblers, and high-sounding, richly-decorated personages, that strut and fret, and preach in all times *Quam parvâ sapientiâ regatur*, there lay not some substratum of silently heroic men; working as men; with man's energy, enduring and endeavouring; invincible, who whisper not even to themselves how energetic they are? — The Riquetti family was, in some measure, defined already by analogy to that British one; as a family totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to produce blackguards. It took root in Provence, and bore strong southern fruit there: a restless, stormy line of men;

with the wild blood running in them, and as if there had been a doom hung over them ('like the line of Atreus,' Mirabeau used to say); which really there was, the wild blood itself being doom enough. How long they had stormed in Florence and elsewhere, these Riquettis, history knows not; but for the space of those five centuries, in Provence, they were never without a man to stand Riquetti-like on the earth. Men sharp of speech, prompt of stroke; men quick to discern, fierce to resolve; headlong, headstrong, strong every way; who often found the civic race-course too strait for them, and kicked against the pricks; doing this thing or the other, which the world had to animadvert upon, in various dialects, and find 'clean against rule.'

One Riquetti (in performance of some vow at sea, as the tradition goes) chained two mountains together: 'the iron chain is still to be seen at Moustier;—it 'stretches from one mountain to the other, and in the 'middle of it there is a large star with five rays;' the supposed date is 1390. Fancy the smiths at work on *this* business! The town of Moustier is in the Basses-Alpes of Provence: whether the Riquetti chain creaks there to this hour, and lazily swags in the winds, with its 'star of five rays' in the centre, and offers an uncertain perch to the sparrow, we know not. Or perhaps it was cut down in the Revolution time, when there rose such a hatred of noblesse, such a famine for iron; and made into pikes? The Adopted Son, so minute generally, ought to have mentioned, but does not.—That there was building of hospitals, endowing of convents, Chartreux, Récollets, down even to Jesuits; still more, that there was harrying and fighting, needs not be men-

tioned: except only that all this went on with uncommon emphasis among the Riquettis. What quarrel could there be and a Riquetti not in it? They fought much: with an eye to profit, to redress of disprofit; probably too for the art's sake.

What proved still more rational, they got footing in Marseilles as trading nobles (a kind of French Venice in those days), and took with great diligence to commerce. The family biographiers are careful to say that it was in the Venetian style, however, and not ignoble. In which sense, indeed, one of their sharp-spoken ancestors, on a certain bishop's unceremoniously styling him 'Jean de Riquetti, Merchant of Marseilles,' made ready answer: "I am, or was, merchant of police here" (first consul, an office for nobles only), "as my Lord Bishop is merchant of holy-water:" let his Reverence take that. At all events, the ready-spoken proved first-rate traders; acquired their *bastide*, or mansion (white, on one of those green hills behind Marseilles), endless warehouses: acquired the lands first of this, then of that; the lands, Village, and Castle of Mirabeau on the banks of the Durance; respectable Castle of Mirabeau, 'standing on its scarped 'rock, in the gorge of two valleys, swept by the north 'wind,' — very brown and melancholy-looking now! What is extremely advantageous, the old Marquis says, they had a singular talent for choosing wives; and always chose discreet, valiant women; whereby the lineage was the better kept up. One grandmother, whom the Marquis himself might all but remember, was wont to say, alluding to the degeneracy of the age: "You are men? You are but manikins (*sias houmachomes*, in Provençal); we women, in our time, carried pistols in our girdles, and

could use them too." Or fancy the Dame Mirabeau sailing stately towards the church-font; another dame striking in to take precedence of her; the Dame Mirabeau despatching this latter with a box on the ear (*soufflet*), and these words: "Here, as in the army, the baggage goes last!" Thus did the Riquettis grow, and were strong; and did exploits in their narrow arena, waiting for a wider one.

When it came to courtiership, and your field of preferment was the Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf, and a Grand Monarque walking encircled with scarlet women and adulators there, the course of the Mirabeaus grew still more complicated. They had the career of arms open, better or worse: but that was not the only one, not the main one; gold apples seemed to rain on other careers, —on that career lead bullets mostly. Observe how a Bruno, Count de Mirabeau, comports himself:—like a rhinoceros yoked in carriage-gear; his fierce forest-horn set to dangle a plume of *fleurs-de-lis*. 'One day he had chased a *blue man* (it is a sort of troublesome 'usher at Versailles) into the very cabinet of the King, 'who thereupon ordered the Duke de la Feuillade to 'put Mirabeau under arrest. Mirabeau refused to obey; 'he "would not be punished for chastising the inso-'lence of a valet; for the rest, would go to the *dîner du* '*roi* (king's dinner), who might then give his order him-'self." He came accordingly; the King asked the Duke 'why he had not executed the order? The Duke was 'obliged to say how it stood; the King, with a goodness 'equal to his greatness, then said, "It is not of to-day 'that we know him to be mad; one must not ruin him,"' —and rhinoceros Bruno journeyed on. But again, on

the day when they were 'inaugurating the pedestrian 'statue of King Louis in the Place des Victoires (a 'masterpiece of adulation),' the same Mirabeau, 'pass-'ing along the Pont Neuf with the Guards, raised his 'spontoon to his shoulder before Henry the Fourth's 'statue, and saluting first, bawled out, "Friends, we 'will salute this one; he deserves it as well as some, '*Mes amis, saluons celui-ci; il en vaut bien un autre.*"' —Thus do they, the wild Riquettis, in a state of courtier-ship. Not otherwise, according to the proverb, do wild bulls, unexpectedly finding themselves in crockery-shops. O Riquetti kindred, into what centuries and circum-stances art thou come down!

Directly prior to our old Marquis himself, the Ri-quetti kindred had as near as possible gone out. Jean Antoine, afterwards named Silverstock (*Col d'Argent*), had, in the earlier part of his life, been what he used to call *killed*,—of seven-and-twenty wounds in one hour. Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for in biography. He flung gabelle-men and excisemen into the river Durance (though otherwise a most digni-fied, methodic man), when their claims were not clear; he ejected, by the like brief process, all manner of attorneys from his villages and properties; he planted vineyards, solaced peasants. He rode through France repeatedly (as the old men still remembered), with the gallantest train of outriders, on return from the wars; intimidating innkeepers and all the world, into mute prostration, into unerring promptitude, by the mere light of his eye;—withal drinking rather deep, yet never seen affected by it. He was a tall, straight man (of six feet and upwards) in mind as in body; Vendôme's

'right arm' in all campaigns. Vendôme once presented him to Louis the Great, with compliments to that effect, which the splenetic Riquetti quite spoiled. Erecting his *killed* head, which needed the silver stock now to keep it straight, he said: "Yes, Sire; and had I left my fighting, and come up to court, and bribed some *catin* (scarlet woman!), I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day!" The Grand King, every inch a king, instantaneously spoke of something else.

But the reader should have first seen that same killing; how twenty-seven of those unprofitable wounds were come by in one fell lot. The *Battle of Casano* has grown very obscure to most of us; and indeed Prince Eugene and Vendôme themselves grow dimmer and dimmer, as men and battles must: but, curiously enough, this small fraction of it has brightened up again to a point of history, for the time being:

'My grandfather had foreseen that manœuvre' (it is Mirabeau, the Count, not the Marquis, that reports: Prince Eugene has carried a certain bridge which the grandfather had charge of); 'but he did not, as has since happened at Malplaquet and Fontenoy, commit the blunder of attacking right in the teeth a column of such weight as that. He lets them advance, hurried on by their own impetuosity and by the pressure of their rearward; and now seeing them pretty well engaged, he raised his troop (it was lying flat on the ground), and rushing on, himself at the head of them, takes the enemy in flank, cuts them in two, dashes them back, chases them over the bridge again, which they had to repass in great disorder and haste. Things brought to their old state, he resumes his post on the crown of the bridge, shelters his troop as before, which, having performed all

this service under the sure deadly fire of the enemy's double lines from over the stream, had suffered a good deal. M. de Vendôme coming up, full gallop, to the attack, finds it already finished, the whole line flat on the earth, only the tall figure of the colonel standing erect! He orders him to do like the rest, not to have himself shot till the time came. His faithful servant cries to him, "Never would I expose myself without need; I am bound to be here, but you, Monseigneur, are bound not. I answer to you for the post; but take yourself out of it, or I give it up." The Prince (Vendôme) then orders him, in the king's name, to come down. "Go to, the king and you: I am at my work; go you and do yours." The good generous Prince yielded. The post was entirely untenable.

'A little afterwards my grandfather had his right arm shattered. He formed a sort of sling for it of his pocket handkerchief, and kept his place; for there was a new attack getting ready. The right moment once come, he seizes an axe in his left hand, repeats the same manœuvre as before; again repulses the enemy, again drives him back over the bridge. But it was here that ill fortune lay in wait for him. At the very moment while he was recalling and ranging his troop, a bullet struck him in the throat; cut asunder the tendons, the jugular vein. He sank on the bridge; the troop broke and fled. M. de Montolieu, Knight of Malta, his relative, was wounded beside him: he tore up his own shirt, and those of several others, to stanch the blood, but fainted himself by his own hurt. An old sergeant, named Laprairie, begged the aide-major of the regiment, one Guadin, a Gascon, to help and carry him off the bridge. Guadin refused, saying he was dead. The good Laprairie could only cast a camp-kettle over his colonel's head, and then run. The enemy trampled over him in torrents to profit by the disorder; the cavalry at full speed, close in the rear of the foot. M. de Vendôme, seeing his line broken, the enemy

forming on this side the stream, and consequently the bridge lost, exclaimed, "Ah! Mirabeau *is dead* then;" a eulogy forever dear and memorable to us.'

How nearly, at this moment, it was all over with the Mirabeaus; how, but for the cast of an insignificant camp-kettle, there had not only been no Article *Mirabeau* in this Review, but no French Revolution, or a very different one; and all Europe had found itself in far other latitudes at this hour, any one who has a turn for such things may easily reflect. Nay, without great difficulty, he may reflect farther, that not only the French Revolution and this Article, but all revolutions, articles, and achievements whatsoever, the greatest and the smallest, which this world ever beheld, have not once, but often, in their course of genesis, depended on the veriest trifles, castings of camp-kettles, turnings of straws; except only that we do not *see* that course of theirs. So inscrutable is genetic history; impracticable the theory of causation, and transcends all calculus of man's devising! Thou thyself, O Reader (who art an achievement of importance), over what hairsbreadth bridges of Accident, through yawning perils, and the man-devouring gulf of Centuries, hast thou got safe hither,—from Adam all the way!

Be this as it can, *Col d'Argent* came alive again, by 'miracle of surgery:' and, holding his head up by means of a silver stock, walked this earth many long days, with respectability, with fiery intrepidity and spleen; did many notable things: among others, produced, in dignified wedlock, Mirabeau the Friend of Men; who again produced Mirabeau the Swallower of Formulas; from which latter, and the wondrous blazing funeral-

pyre he made for himself, there finally goes forth a light, whereby those old Riquetti destinies, and many a strange old hidden thing, become noticeable.

But perhaps in the whole Riquetti kindred there is not a stranger figure than this very Friend of Men; at whom, in the order of time, we have now arrived. That Riquetti who chained the mountains together, and hung up the star with five rays to sway and bob there, was but a type of him. Strong, tough as the oak-root, and as gnarled and unwedgeable; no fibre of him running straight with the other: a block for Destiny to beat on, for the world to gaze at, with ineffectual wonder! Really a most notable, questionable; hateable, loveable old Marquis. How little, amid such jingling triviality of Literature, *Philosophie*, and the pretentious cackle of innumerable Baron Grimms, with their correspondence and self-proclamation, one could fancy that France held in it such a Nature-product as the Friend of Men! Why, there is substance enough in this one Marquis to fit out whole armies of *Philosophes*, were it properly attenuated. So many poor Thomases perorate and have *éloges*, poor Morellets speculate, Marmontels moralise in rose-pink manner, Diderots become possessed of encyclopedical heads, and lean Carons de Beaumarchais fly abroad on the wings of *Figaros;* and this brave old Marquis has been hid under a bushel! He was a Writer, too; and had talents for it (certain of the talents), such as few Frenchmen have had since the days of Montaigne. It skilled not: he, being unwedgeable, has remained in antiquarian cabinets; the others, splitting up so readily, are the ware you find on all market-stalls, much prized (say, as brimstone Lucifers,

'*light*-bringers' so-called) by the generality. Such is the world's way. And yet complain not; this rich, unwedgeable old Marquis, have we not him too at last, and can keep him all the longer than the Thomases?

The great Mirabeau used to say always that his father had the greater gifts of the two; which surely is saying something. Not that you can subscribe to it in the full sense, but that in a very wide sense you can. So far as mere speculative head goes, Mirabeau is probably right. Looking at the old Marquis as a speculative thinker and utterer of his thought, and with what rich colouring of originality he gives it forth, you pronounce him to be superior, or even say supreme in his time; for the genius of him almost rises to the poetic. Do our readers know the German Jean Paul, and his style of thought? Singular to say, the old Marquis has a quality in him resembling afar off that of Paul; and actually works it out in his French manner, far as the French manner can. Nevertheless intellect is not of the speculative head only; the great end of intellect surely is, that it make one *see* something: for which latter result the whole man must co-operate. In the old Marquis there dwells withal a crabbedness, stiff cross-grained humour, a latent fury and fuliginosity, very perverting; which stiff crabbedness, with its pride, obstinacy, affectation, what else is it at bottom but *want* of strength? The real quantity of our insight,—how justly and thoroughly we shall comprehend the nature of a thing, especially of a human thing,—depends on our patience, our fairness, lovingness, what strength soever we have: intellect comes from the whole man, as it is the light that enlightens the whole man. In

this true sense, the younger Mirabeau, with that great flashing eyesight of his, that broad, fearless freedom of nature he had, was very clearly the superior man.

At bottom, perhaps, the main definition you could give of old Marquis Mirabeau is, that he was of the Pedant species. Stiff as brass, in all senses; unsympathizing, uncomplying; of an endless, unfathomable pride, which cloaks but does nowise extinguish an endless vanity and need of shining: stately, euphuistic mannerism enveloping the thought, the morality, the whole being of the man. A solemn, high-stalking man; with such a fund of indignation in him, or of latent indignation; of contumacity, irrefragability; — who (after long experiment) accordingly looks forth on mankind and this world of theirs with some dull-snuffling word of forgiveness, of contemptuous acquittal; or oftenest with clenched lips (nostrils slightly dilated), in expressive silence. Here is pedantry; but then pedantry under the most interesting new circumstances; and withal carried to such a pitch as becomes sublime, one might almost say transcendental. Consider indeed whether Marquis Mirabeau could be a pedant, as your common Scaligers and Scioppiuses are! His arena is not a closet with Greek manuscripts, but the wide world and Friendship to Humanity. Does not the blood of all the Mirabeaus circulate in his honourable veins? He too would do somewhat to raise higher that high house; and yet, alas, it is plain to him that the house is sinking; that much is sinking. The Mirabeaus, and above all others this Mirabeau, are fallen on evil times. It has not escaped the old Marquis how Nobility is now decayed, nearly ruinous; based no longer on heroic

nobleness of conduct and effort, but on sycophancy, formality, adroitness; on Parchments, Tailor's trimmings, Prunello and Coach-leather: on which latter basis, unless his whole insight into Heaven's ways with Earth have misled him, no institution in this god-governed world can pretend to continue. Alas, and the priest has now no tongue but for plate-licking; and the tax-gatherer squeezes; and the strumpetocracy sits at its ease, in high-cushioned lordliness, under baldachins and cloth of gold: till now at last, what with one fiction, what with another (and veridical Nature dishonouring all manner of fictions, and refusing to pay realities for them), it has come so far that the Twenty-five millions, long scarce of knowledge, of virtue, happiness, cash, are now fallen scarce of food to eat; and do not, with that natural ferocity of theirs which Nature has still left them, feel the disposition to die starved; and all things are nodding towards chaos, and no man layeth it to heart! One man exists who might perhaps stay or avert the castastrophe, were he called to the helm: the Marquis Mirabeau. His high, ancient blood, his heroic love of truth, his strength of heart, his loyalty, and profound insight (for you cannot hear him speak without detecting the man of genius), this, with the appalling predicament things have come to, might give him claims. From time to time, at long intervals, such a thought does flit, portentous, through the brain of the Marquis. But ah! in these scandalous days, how shall the proudest of the Mirabeaus fall prostrate before a Pompadour? Can the Friend of Men hoist, with good hope, as his battle-standard, the furbelow of an unmentionable woman? No; not hanging by the apron-

strings of such a one will this Mirabeau rise to the premiership; but summoned by France in her day of need, in her day of vision, or else not at all. France does not summon; the *else* goes its road.

Marquis Mirabeau tried Literature too, as we said; and with no inconsiderable talent; nay, with first-rate talents in some sort: but neither did this prosper. His *Ecce signum*, in such era of downfal and all-darkening ruin, was Political Economy; and a certain man, whom he called 'the Master,'—that is, Dr. Quesnay. Round this Master (whom the Marquis succeeded as Master himself) he and some other idolaters did idolatrously gather: to publish books and tracts, periodical literature, proclamation by word and deed, — if so were, the world's dull ear might be opened to salvation. The world's dull ear continued shut. In vain preached this apostle and that other, simultaneously or in Meliboean sequence, in literature, periodical and stationary; in vain preached Marquis Mirabeau in his *Ami des Hommes*, number after number, through long volumes, — though really in a most eloquent manner. Marquis Mirabeau had the indisputablest ideas; but then his style! In very truth, it is the strangest of styles, though one of the richest: a style full of originality, picturesqueness, sunny vigour; but all cased and slated over, threefold, in metaphor and trope; distracted into tortuosities, dislocations; starting out into crotchets, cramp turns, quaintnesses, and hidden satire; which the French head had no ear for. Strong meat, too tough for babes! The Friend of Men found warm partisans, widely scattered over this Earth; and had censer-fumes transmitted him from marquises, nay from kings and prin-

cipalities, over seas and alpine chains of mountains; whereby the pride and latent indignation of the man were only fostered: but at home, with the million all jigging each after its suitable scrannel-pipe, he could see himself make no way,—if it were not way towards being a monstrosity, and thing men wanted 'to see:' not the right thing! Neither through the press, then, is there progress towards the premiership? The staggering state of French statesmen must even stagger whither it is bound. A light Public froths itself into tempest about Palissot and his comedy of *Les Philosophes*, — about Gluck-Piccini Music; neglecting the call of Ruin; and hard must come to hard. Thou, O Friend of Men, clench thy lips together, and wait; silent as the old rocks. Our Friend of Men did so, or better; not wanting to himself, the lion-hearted old Marquis! For his latent indignation has a certain devoutness in it; is a kind of holy indignation. The Marquis, though he knows the *Encyclopédie*, has not forgotten the higher Sacred Books, or that there is a God in this world,—very different from the French *Etre Supréme*. He even professes, or tries to profess, a kind of diluted Catholicism, in his own way, and thus turn an eye towards heaven: very singular in his attitude here too. Thus it would appear this world is a mad imbroglio, which no Friend of Men can set right: it shall go wrong then, in God's name; and the staggering state of all things stagger whither it can. To deep, fearful depths, —not to bottomless ones!

But in the Family Circle? There surely a man, and friend of men, is supreme; and, ruling with wise autocracy, may make something of it. Alas, in the family

circle it went not better, but worse! The Mirabeaus had once a talent for choosing wives: had it deserted them in this instance, then, when most needed? We say not so: we say only that Madame la Marquise had human freewill in her too; that all the young Mirabeaus were likely to have human freewill, in great plenty; that within doors as without, the Devil is busy. Most unsuccessful is the Marquis as ruler of men: his family kingdom, for the most part, little otherwise than in a state of mutiny. A sceptre as of Rhadamanthus will sway and drill that household into perfection of Harrison Clockwork; and cannot do it. The royal ukase goes forth, in its calm, irrefragable justice; meets hesitation, disobedience open or concealed. Reprimand is followed by remonstrance; harsh coming thunder mutters, growl answering growl. With unaffectedly astonished eye the Marquis appeals to Destiny and Heaven; explodes, since he needs must then, in red lightning of paternal authority. How it went, or who by forethought might be to blame, one knows not; for the *Fils Adoptif*, hemmed in by still extant relations, is extremely reticent on these points: a certain Dame de Pailly, 'from Switzerland, very beautiful and very artful,' glides half-seen through the Mirabeau household (the Marquis's Orthodoxy, as we said, being but of the diluted kind): there are eavesdroppers, confidential servants; there are Pride, Anger, Uncharitableness, Sublime Pedantry, and the Devil always busy. Such a figure as Pailly, of herself, bodes good to no one. Enough, there are Lawsuits, *Lettres de Cachet;* on all hands, *peine forte et dure*. Lawsuits, long drawn out, before gaping *Parlements*, between man and wife: to the scandal of an

unrighteous world; how much more of a righteous Marquis, minded once to be an example to it! *Lettres de Cachet*, to the number, as some count, of fifty-four, first and last, for the use of a single Marquis: at times the whole Mirabeau fireside is seen empty, except Pailly and Marquis; each individual sitting in his separate Strong-house, there to bethink himself. Stiff are your tempers, ye young Mirabeaus; not stiffer than mine the old one's! What pangs it has cost the fond paternal heart to go through all this Brutus duty, the Marquis knows, and Heaven. In a less degree, what pangs it may cost the filial heart to go *under* (or undergo) the same! The former set of pangs he, aided by Heaven, crushes down into his soul suppressively, as beseems a man and Mirabeau: the latter set, — are they not self-sought pangs; medicinal; which will cease of their own accord, when the unparalleled filial impiety pleases to cease? For the rest, looking at such a world and such a family, at these prison-houses, mountains of divorce-papers, and the staggering state of French statesmen, a Friend of Men may pretty naturally ask himself, Am not I a strong old Marquis then, whom all this has not driven into Bedlam, — not into hypochondria, dyspepsia even? The Heavens are bounteous, and make the back equal to the burden.

Out of all which circumstances, and of such struggle against them, there has come forth this Marquis de Mirabeau, shaped (it was the shape *he* could arrive at) into one of the most singular Sublime Pedants that ever stepped the soil of France. Solemn moral rigour, as of some antique Presbyterian Ruling Elder: heavy breadth, dull heat, choler and pride as of an old 'Bozzy of Auch-

inleck;' then a high-flown euphuistic courtesy, the airiest mincing ways, suitable to your French Seigneur! How the two divine missions, for both seem to him divine, of Riquetti and Man of Genius or World-schoolmaster, blend themselves; and philosophism, chivalrous euphuism, presbyterian ruling-elderism, all in such strength, have met, to give the world assurance of a man! There never entered the brain of Hogarth, or of rare old Ben, such a piece of Humour (high meeting with low, and laughter with tears) as, in this brave old Riquetti, Nature has presented us ready-made. For withal there is such genius in him; rich depth of character; indestructible cheerfulness and health breaking out, in spite of these divorce-papers, ever and anon,—like strong sunlight in thundery weather. We have heard of the 'strife of Fate with Freewill' producing Greek Tragedies, but never heard it till now produce such astonishing comico-tragical French Farces. Blessed old Marquis,—or else accursed! He is there, with his broad bull-brow; with the huge cheek-bones; those deep eyes, glazed as in weariness; the lower visage puckered into a simpering graciosity, which would pass itself off for a kind of smile. What to do with him? Welcome, thou tough old Marquis, with thy better and thy worse! There is stuff in thee (very different from moonshine and formula); and stuff is stuff, were it never so crabbed.

Besides the old Marquis de Mirabeau, there is a Brother, the Bailli de Mirabeau: a man who, serving as Knight of Malta, governing in Guadaloupe, fighting and doing hard sea-duty, has sown his wild oats long since; and settled down here, in the old 'Castle of Mirabeau

on its sheer rock' (for the Marquis usually lives at Bignon, another estate within reach of Paris), into one of the worthiest quiet uncles and house-friends. It is very beautiful, this mild strength, mild clearness and justice of the brave Bailli, in contrast with his brother's nodosity; whom he comforts, defends, admonishes, even rebukes; and on the whole reverences, both as head Riquetti and as World-schoolmaster, beyond all living men. The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom; indeed the only feature which is always fair. Letters pass continually: in letter and extract we here, from time to time, witness (in these Eight chaotic Volumes) the various personages speak their dialogue, unfold their farce-tragedy. The *Fils Adoptif* admits mankind into this strange household; though stingily, uncomfortably, and all in darkness, save for his own capricious dark-lantern. Seen or half-seen, it is a stage; as the whole world is. What with personages, what with destinies, no stranger house-drama was enacting on the Earth at that time.

Under such auspices, which were not yet ripened into events and fatalities, but yet were inevitably ripening towards such, did Gabriel Honoré, at the Mansion of Bignon, between Sens and Nemours, on the 9th day of March, 1749, first see the light. He was the fifth child; the second male child; yet born heir, the first having died in the cradle. A magnificent 'enormous' fellow, as the gossips had to admit, almost with terror: the head especially great; 'two grinders' in it, already shot!—Rough-hewn, truly, yet with bulk, with limbs, vigour bidding fair to do honour to the line. The pa-

ternal Marquis, to whom they said, "*N'ayez pas peur*, Don't be frightened," gazed joyful, we can fancy, and not fearful, on this product of his; the stiff pedant features relaxing into a veritable smile. Smile, O paternal Marquis: the future indeed 'veils sorrow and joy,' one knows not in what proportion; but here is a new Riquetti, whom the gods send; with the rudiments in him, thou wouldst guess, of a very Hercules, fit for Twelve Labours, which surely are themselves the best joys. Look at the oaf, how he sprawls. No stranger Riquetti ever sprawled under our Sun: it is as if, in this thy man-child, Destiny had swept together all the wildnesses and strengths of the Riquetti lineage, and flung him forth as her finale in that kind. Not without a vocation! He is the last of the Riquettis; and shall do work long memorable among mortals.

Truly, looking now into the matter, we might say, in spite of the gossips, that on this whole Planet, in those years, there was hardly born such a man-child as this same, in the 'Mansion-house of Bignon, not far from Paris,' whom they named Gabriel Honoré. Nowhere, we say, came there a stouter or braver into this Earth; whither they come marching by the legion and the myriad, out of Eternity and Night!—Except, indeed, what is notable enough, one other that arrived some few months later, at the town of Frankfort on the Maine, and got christened *Johann Wolfgang Goethe*. Then, again, in some ten years more, there came another, still liker Gabriel Honoré in his brawny ways. It was into a mean hut that this one came, an infirm hut (which the wind blew down at the time), in the shire of Ayr, in Scotland: him they named *Robert Burns*. These, in

that epoch, were the Well-born of the World; by whom the world's history was to be carried on. Ah, could the well-born of the world be always rightly bred, rightly entreated there, what a world were it! But it is not so; it is the reverse of so. And then few, like that Frankfort one, can peaceably vanquish the world, with its black imbroglios; and shine above it, in serene help to it, like a sun! The most can but *Titanically* vanquish it, or be vanquished by it: hence, instead of light (stillest and strongest of things), we have but lightning; red fire, and oftentimes conflagrations, which are very woful.

Be that as it might, Marquis Mirabeau determined to give his son, and heir of all the Riquettis, such an education as no Riquetti had yet been privileged with. Being a world-schoolmaster (and indeed a *Martinus Scriblerus*, as we here find, more ways than one), this was not strange in him; but the results were very lamentable. Considering the matter now, at this impartial distance, you are lost in wonder at the good Marquis; know not whether to laugh at him, or weep over him; and on the whole are bound to do both. A more sufficient product of Nature than this 'enormous Gabriel,' as we said, need not have been wished for: 'beating his nurse,' but then loving her, and loving the whole world; of large desire, truly, but desire towards *all* things, the highest and the lowest: in other words, a large mass of *life* in him, a large man waiting there! Does he not rummage (the rough cub, now tenfold rougher by the effect of small-pox) in all places, seeking something to know; dive down to the most unheard-of recesses for papers to read? Does he not, spontaneously, give his

hat to a peasant-boy whose head-gear was defective? He writes the most sagacious things, in his fifth year, extempore, at table; setting forth what '*Monsieur Moi*, Mr. Me,' is bound to do. A rough strong genuine soul, of the frankest open temper; full of loving fire and strength; looking out so brisk with his clear hazel eyes, with his brisk sturdy bulk, what might not fair breeding have done for him! On so many occasions, one feels as if he needed nothing in the world but to be well let alone.

But no; the scientific paternal hand must interfere, at every turn, to assist Nature: the young lion's-whelp has to grow up all bestrapped, bemuzzled in the most extraordinary manner: shall wax and unfold himself by theory of education, by square and rule,—going punctual, all the way, like Harrison Clockwork, according to the theoretic program; or *else*—! O Marquis, World-schoolmaster, what theory of education is this? No lion's-whelp or young Mirabeau will go like clockwork, but far otherwise. 'He that spareth the rod hateth the child;' that on its side is true: and yet Nature, too, is strong; 'Nature will come running back, though thou expel her with a fork!' In one point of view there is nothing more Hogarthian comic than this long Peter Peebles' *ganging plea* of 'Marquis Mirabeau *versus* Nature and others:' yet in a deeper point of view it is but too serious. Candid history will say that whatsoever of worst it was in the power of art to do, against this young Gabriel Honoré, was done. Not with unkind intentions; nay, with intentions which, at least, began in kindness. How much better was Burns's education (though this too went on under the grimmest

pressures), on the wild hill-side, by the brave peasant's hearth, with no theory of education at all, but poverty, toil, tempest, and the handles of the plough!

At bottom, the Marquis's wish and purpose was not complex, but simple. That Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti shall become the very same man that Victor de Riquetti is; perfect as he is perfect: this will satisfy the fond father's heart, and nothing short of this. Better exemplar, truly, were hard to find; and yet, O Victor de Riquetti, poor Gabriel, on his side, wishes to be Gabriel and not Victor! Stiffer loving Pedant never had a more elastic loving Pupil. Offences (of mere *elasticity*, mere natural springing-up, for most part) accumulate by addition: Madame Pailly and the confidential servants, on this as on all matters, are busy. The household itself is darkening, the mistress of it gone; the Law-suits, and by-and-by Divorce-Lawsuits, have begun. Worse will grow worse, and ever worse, till Rhadamanthus-Scriblerus Marquis de Mirabeau, swaying vainly the sceptre of order, see himself environed by a waste chaos as of Bedlam. Stiff is he; elastic, and yet still loving, reverent, is his son and pupil. Thus cruelty, and yearnings that must be suppressed; indignant revolt, and hot tears of penitence, alternate, in the strangest way, between the two; and for long years our young Alcides has, by Destiny, his own Demon, and Juno de Pailly, Labours enough imposed on him.

But, to judge what a task was set this poor paternal Marquis, let us listen to the following successive utterances from him; which he emits, in letter after letter, mostly into the ear of his Brother the good Bailli. Cluck, cluck,—is it not as the sound of an agitated

parent-fowl, now in terror, now in anger, at the brood it has brought out?

'This creature promises to be a very pretty subject.' 'Talent in plenty, and cleverness, but more faults still inherent in the substance of him.' 'Only just come into life, and the extravasation (*extravasement*) of the thing already visible! A spirit cross-grained, fantastic, iracund, incompatible, tending towards evil before knowing it, or being capable of it.' 'A high heart under the jacket of a boy; it has a strange instinct of pride this creature; noble withal; the embryo of a shaggy-headed bully and killcow, that would swallow all the world, and is not twelve years old yet.' 'A type, profoundly inconceivable, of baseness, sheer dull grossness (*platitude absolue*), and the quality of your dirty, rough-crusted caterpillar, that will never uncrust itself or fly.' 'An intelligence, a memory, a capacity, that strike you, that astonish, that frighten you.' 'A nothing bedizened with crotchets. May fling dust in the eyes of silly women, but will never be the fourth part of a man, if by good luck he be anything.' 'One whom you may call ill-born, this elder lad of mine; who bodes, at least hitherto, as if he could become nothing but a madman: almost invincibly maniac, with all the vile qualities of the maternal stock over and above. As he has a great many masters, and all, from the confessor to the comrade, are so many reporters for me, I see the nature of the beast, and don't think we shall ever do any good with him.'

In a word, offences (of elasticity or expansivity) have accumulated to such height, in the lad's fifteenth year, that there is a determination taken, on the part of Rhadamanthus-Scriblerus, to pack him out of doors, one way or the other. After various plannings, the plan of one Abbé Choquenard's Boarding-school is fallen upon: the rebellious Expansive shall to Paris; there, under

ferula and short-commons, contract himself and consider. Farther, as the name Mirabeau is honourable and right honourable, he shall not have the honour of it; never again, but be called *Pierre Buffière*, till his ways decidedly alter. This *Pierre Buffière* was the name of an estate of his mother's in the Limousin: sad fuel of those smoking lawsuits which at length blazed out as divorce-lawsuits. Wearing this melancholy nickname of Peter Buffière, as a perpetual badge, had poor Gabriel Honoré to go about for a number of years; like a misbehaved soldier with his eyebrows shaven off; alas, only a fifteen years' recruit yet, too young for that!

Nevertheless, named or shorn of his name, Peter or Gabriel, the youth himself was still there. At Choquenard's Boarding-school, as always afterwards in life, he carries with him, he unfolds and employs, the qualities which Nature gave, which no shearing or shaving of art and mistreatment could take away. The *Fils Adoptif* gives a grand list of studies followed, acquisitions made: ancient languages ('and we have a thousand proofs of his indefatigable tenacity in this respect'); modern languages, English, Italian, German, Spanish; then 'passionate study of mathematics;' design, pictorial and geometrical; music, so as to read it at sight, nay to compose in it; singing, to a high degree; 'equitation, fencing, dancing, swimming, and tennis:' if only the half of which were true, can we say that Pierre Buffière spent his time ill? What is more precisely certain, the disgraced Buffière worked his way very soon into the good affections of all and sundry, in this House of Discipline, who came in contact with him; school-fellows, teachers, the Abbé Choquenard himself. For, said the

paternal Marquis, he has the tongue of the Old Serpent! In fact, it is very notable how poor Buffière, Comte de Mirabeau, revolutionary King Riquetti, or whatever else they might call him, let him come, under what discommendation he might, into any circle of men, was sure to make them his erelong. To the last, no man could look into him with his own eyes, and continue to hate him. He could talk men *over*, then? Yes, O Reader: and he could *act* men over: for, at bottom, that was it. The large open soul of the man, purposing deliberately no paltry, unkindly, or dishonest thing towards any creature, was felt to be withal a *brother's* soul. Defaced by black drossy obscurations very many; but yet shining out, lustrous, warm; in its troublous effulgence, great! That a man be loved the better by men the nearer they come to him: is not this the fact of all facts? To know what extent of prudential diplomacy (good, indifferent, and even bad) a man has, ask public opinion, journalistic rumour, or at most the persons he dines with: to know what of real worth is in him, ask infinitely deeper and farther; ask, first of all, those who have tried by experiment; who, were they the foolishest people, can answer pertinently here if anywhere. 'Those at a distance es-'teem of me a little worse than I; those near at hand 'a little better than I:' so said the good Sir Thomas Browne; so will all men say who have much to say on that.

The Choquenard Military Boarding-School having, if not fulfilled its function, yet ceased to be a house of penance, and failed of its function, Marquis Mirabeau determined to try the Army. Nay, it would seem, the wicked mother has been privily sending him money;

which he, the traitor, has accepted! To the army therefore. And so Pierre Buffière has a basnet on his big head; the shaggy pock-pitted visage looks martially from under horse-hair and clear metal; he dresses rank, with tight bridle-hand and drawn falchion, in the town of Saintes, as a bold volunteer dragoon. His age was but eighteen as yet, and some months.

The people of Saintes grew to like him amazingly; would even 'have lent him money to any extent.' His Colonel, one De Lambert, proved to be a martinet, of sharp sour temper: the shaggy visage of Buffière, radiant through its seaminess with several things, had not altogether the happiness to content him. Furthermore there was an *Archer* (Bailiff) at Saintes, who had a daughter: she, foolish minx, liked the Buffière visage *better* even than the Colonel's! For one can fancy what a pleader Buffière was, in this great cause; with the tongue of the Old Serpent. It was his first *amourette;* plainly triumphant: the beginning of a quite unheard-of career in that kind. The aggrieved Colonel emitted 'satires' through the mess-rooms; this bold volunteer dragoon was not the man to give him worse than he brought: matters fell into a very unsatisfactory state between them. To crown the whole, Buffière went one evening (contrary to wont, now and always) to the gaming-table, and lost four *louis*. Insubordination, gambling, Archer's daughter! Rhadamanthus thunders from Bignon: Buffière doffs his basnet, flies covertly to Paris. Negotiation there now was; confidential spy to Saintes; correspondence, fulmination: Dupont de Nemours as daysman between a Colonel and a Marquis, both in high wrath,—Buffière to pay the piper! Con-

fidential spy takes evidence; the whole atrocity comes to light: what wilt thou do, O Marquis, with this devil's child of thine? Send him to Surinam; let the Tropical heats and rains tame the hot liver of him!—so whispered paternal Brutus'-justice and Dame Pailly; but milder thoughts prevailed. *Lettre de Cachet* and the Isle of Rhé shall be tried first. Thither fares poor Buffière; not with Archer's daughters, but with Archers; amid the dull rustle and autumnal brown of the falling leaves of 1768, his nineteenth autumn. It is his second Hercules' Labour; the Choquenard Boarding-house was the first. Bemoaned by the loud Atlantic he shall sit there, in winter season, under ward of a Bailli d'Aulan, governor of the place, and said to be a very Cerberus.

At Rhé the old game is played: in few weeks, the Cerberus Bailli is Buffière's; baying, out of all his throats, in Buffière's behalf! What 'sorcery' is this that the rebellious prodigy has in him, O Marquis? Hypocrisy, cozenage, which no governor of strong places can resist? Nothing short of the hot swamps of Surinam will hold him quiet, then? Happily there is fighting in Corsica; Paoli fighting on his last legs there; and Baron de Vaux wants fresh troops against him. Buffière, though he likes not the cause, will go thither gladly; and fight his very best: how happy if, by any fighting, he can conquer back his baptismal name, and some gleam of paternal tolerance! After much soliciting, his prayer is acceded to: Buffière, with the rank now of 'Sub-lieutenant of Foot, in the Legion of Lorraine,' gets across the country to Toulon, in the month of April; and enters 'on the plain which furrows itself without plough' (euphuistic for *ocean*): 'God

grant he may not have to row there one day,'—in red cap, as convict galley-slave! Such is the paternal benediction and prayer; which was realized. Nay, Buffière, it would seem, before quitting Rochelle, indeed 'hardly yet two hours out of the fortress of Rhé,' had fallen into a new atrocity,—his first duel; a certain quondam messmate (discharged for swindling) having claimed acquaintance with him on the streets; which claim Buffière saw good to refuse; and even to resist, when demanded at the sword's point! The 'Corsican Buccaneer, *flibustier Corse*' that he is!

The Corsican Buccaneer did, as usual, a giant's or two giants' work in Corsica; fighting, writing, loving; 'eight hours a-day of study;' and gained golden opinions from all manner of men and women. It was his own notion that Nature had meant him for a soldier; he felt so equable and at home in that business,—the wreck of discordant death-tumult, and roar of cannon serving as a fine regulatory marching-music for him. Doubtless Nature meant him for a Man of Action; as she means all great souls that have a strong body to dwell in: but Nature will adjust herself to much. In the course of twelve months, in May, 1770, Buffière gets back to Toulon; with much manuscript in his pocket; his head full of military and all other lore, 'like a library turned topsy-turvy;' his character much risen, as we said, with every one. The brave Bailli Mirabeau, though almost against principle, cannot refuse to see a chief nephew, as he passes so near the old Castle on the Durance: the good uncle is charmed with him; finds, 'under features terribly seamed and altered from what 'they were,' bodily and mentally all that is royal and

strong, nay 'an expression of something refined, something gracious;' declares him, after several days of incessant talk, to be the best fellow on earth if well dealt with, 'who will shape into statesman, generalissimo, pope, what thou pleasest to desire!' Or, shall we give poor Buffière's testimonial in mess-room dialect; in its native twanging vociferosity, and garnished with old oaths, — which, alas, have become for us almost old prayers now; — the vociferous Moustachio-figures, whom they twanged through, having all vanished so long since: "*Morbleu, Monsieur l'Abbé; c'est un garçon, diablement vif; mais c'est un bon garçon, qui a de l'esprit comme trois cent mille diables; et parbleu, un homme très brave.*"

Moved by all manner of testimonials and entreaties from uncle and family, the rigid Marquis consents, not without difficulty, so see this anomalous Peter Buffière of his; and then, after solemn deliberation, even to un-Peter him, and give him back his name. It was in September that they met; at Aiguesperse, in the Limousin near the *lands* of *Pierre Buffière*. Soft ruth comes stealing through the Rhadamanthine heart; tremblings of faint hope even, which, however, must veil itself in austerity and rigidity. The Marquis writes: 'I perorate him very much;' observe 'my man, how he droops 'his nose, and looks fixedly, a sign that he is reflecting; 'or whirls away his head, hiding a tear: serious, now 'mild, now severe, we give it him alternately; it is thus 'I manage the mouth of this fiery animal.' Had he but read the *Ephémérides*, the *Economiques*, the *Précis des Elémens* ('the most laboured book I have done, though I wrote it in such health'); had he but got grounded in

my Political Economy! Which, however, he does not take to with any heart. On the contrary, he unhappily finds it hollow, pragmatical, a barren jingle of formulas; pedantic even; unnutritive as the east wind. Blasphemous words; which (or the like of them) any eavesdropper has but to report to 'the Master!'—And yet, after all, is it not a brave Gabriel this rough-built young Hercules; and has finished handsomely his Second Labour? The head of the fellow is 'a wind-mill and fire-mill of ideas.' The War-office makes him captain, and he is passionate for following soldiership: but then, unluckily, your Alexander needs such tools; a whole world for workshop! 'Where are the armies and herring-'shoals of men to come from? Does he think I have 'money,' snuffles the old Marquis, 'to get him up 'battles like Harlequin and Scaramouch?' The fool! he shall settle down into rurality; first, however, though it is a risk, see a little of Paris.

At Paris, through winter, the brave Gabriel carries all before him; shines in saloons, in the Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf; dines with your Duke of Orleans (young Chartres, not yet become *Egalité*, hob-nobbing with him); dines with your Guéménés, Broglies, and mere Grandeurs; and is invited to hunt. Even the old women are charmed with him, and rustle in their satins: such a light has not risen in the Œil-de-Bœuf for some while. Grant, O Marquis, that there are worse sad-dogs than this. The Marquis grants partially; and yet, and yet! Few things are notabler than these successive surveys by the old Marquis, critically scanning his young Count:

'I am on my guard; remembering how vivacity of head may deceive you as to a character of morass (*de tourbe*): but,

all considered, one must give him store of exercise; what the devil else to do with such exuberance, intellectual and sanguineous? I know no woman but the Empress of Russia with whom this man were good to marry yet.' 'Hard to find a dog (*drôle*) that had more talent and action in the head of him than this; he would reduce the devil to terms.' 'Thy nephew Whirlwind (*l'Ouragan*) assists me; yesterday the valet Luce, who is a sort of privileged simpleton, said pleasantly, "Confess, M. le Comte, a man's body is very unhappy to carry a head like that."' 'The *terrible gift of familiarity* (as Pope Gregory called it)! He turns the great people here round his finger.'—Or again, though all this is some years afterwards: 'They have never done telling me that he is easy to set a-rearing; that you cannot speak to him reproachfully but his eyes, his lips, his colour testify that all is *giving way;* on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you.' 'I pass my life in cramming him (*à le bourrer*) with principles, with all that I know; for this man, ever the same as to his fundamental properties, has done nothing by these long and solid studies but augment the rubbish-heap in his head, which is a library turned topsy-turvy; and then his talent for dazzling by superficials, for he has *swallowed all formulas,* and cannot substantiate anything.' 'A wicker-basket, that lets all through; disorder born; credulous as a nurse; indiscreet; a liar' (kind of white liar), 'by exaggeration, affirmation, effrontery, without need, and merely to tell histories; a confidence that dazzles you on everything; cleverness and talent without limit. For the rest, the vices have infinitely less root in him than the virtues; all is facility, impetuosity, ineffectuality (not for want of fire, but of plan); wrong-spun, ravelled (*défaufilé*) in character: a mind that meditates in the vague, and builds of soap-bells.' 'Spite of the bitter ugliness, the intercadent step, the trenchant breathless blown-up precipitation, and the look, or, to

say better, the atrocious eyebrow of this man when he listens and reflects; something told me that it was all but a scarecrow of old cloth, this ferocious outward garniture of his; that, at bottom, here was perhaps the man in all France least capable of deliberate wickedness.' 'Pie and jay by instinct.' 'Wholly reflex and reverberance (*tout de réflet et de reverbère*); drawn to the right by his heart, to the left by his head, which he carries four paces from him.' 'May become the Coryphæus of the Time.' 'A blinkard (*myope*) precipitancy, born with him, which makes him take the quagmire for firm earth—'

— Cluck, cluck,—in the name of all the gods, what prodigy is this I have hatched? Web-footed, broad-billed; which will run and drown itself, if Mercy and the parent-fowl prevent not!

How inexpressibly true, meanwhile, is this that the old Marquis says: 'He has swallowed all formulas (*il a humé toutes les formules*),' and made away with them! Formulas, indeed, if we think of it, Formulas and Gabriel Honoré had been, and were to be, at death-feud from first to last. What formula of this formalized (established) world had been a kind one to Gabriel? His soul could find no shelter in them, they were unbelievable; his body no solacement, they were tyrannical, unfair. If there were not pabulum and substance beyond formulas, and in spite of them, then wo to him! To this man formulas would yield no existence or habitation, if it were not in the Isle of Rhé and such places; but threatened to choke the life out of him: either formulas or he must go to the wall; and so, after a tough fight, *they*, as it proves, will go. So cunningly thrifty is Destiny; and is quietly shaping her tools for the work they are to do, while she

seems but spoiling and breaking them! For, consider, O Marquis, whether France herself will not, by-and-by, have to swallow a formula or two? This sight thou lookest on from the baths of Mount d'Or, does it not bode something of that kind? A summer day in the year 1777:

'O Madame! the narrations I would give you, if I had not a score of letters to answer, on dull sad business! I would paint to you the votive feast of this town, which took place on the 14th. The savages descending in torrents from the Mountains,—our people ordered not to stir out. The curate with surplice and stole; public justice in periwig; *Maréchaussé*, sabre in hand, guarding the place, before the bagpipes were permitted to begin. The dance interrupted, a quarter of an hour after, by battle; the cries and fierce hissings of the children, of the infirm, and other onlookers, ogling it, tarring it on, as the mob does when dogs fight. Frightful men, or rather wild creatures of the forest, in coarse woollen jupes and broad girths of leather, studded with copper nails; of gigantic stature, heightened by the high sabots; rising still higher on tip-toe, to look at the battle; beating time to it; rubbing their sides with their elbows: their face haggard, covered with their long greasy hair; top of the visage waxing pale, bottom of it twisting itself into the rudiments of a cruel laugh, a ferocious impatience.—And these people pay the *taille!* And you want to take from them their salt too! And you know not what you strip bare, or, as you call it, govern; what, with the heedless, cowardly squirt of your pen, you will think you can continue stripping with impunity forever, till the Catastrophe come! Such sights recall deep thoughts to one. "Poor Jean-Jacques!" I said to myself: "they that sent thee, and thy System, to copy music among such a People as these same, have confuted thy System but ill!" But, on the

other hand, these thoughts were consolatory for a man who has all his life preached the necessity of solacing the poor, of universal instruction; who has tried to shew what such instruction and such solacement ought to be, if it would form a barrier (the sole possible barrier) between oppression and revolt; the sole but the infallible treaty of peace between the high and the low! Ah, Madame! this government by blind-man's-buff, stumbling along too far, will end by the GENERAL OVERTURN.'

Prophetic Marquis!—Might other nations listen to thee better than France did: for it concerns them *all!* But now is it not curious to think how the whole world might have gone so differently, but for this very prophet? Had the young Mirabeau had a father as other men have; or even no father at all! Consider him, in that case, rising by natural gradation, by the rank, the opportunity, the irrepressible buoyant faculties he had, step after step, to official place,—to the chief official place; as in a time when Turgots, Neckers, and men of ability, were grown indispensable, he was sure to have done. By natural witchery he bewitches Marie Antoinette; her most of all, with her quick susceptive instincts, her quick sense for whatever was great and noble, her quick hatred for whatever was but pedantic, Neckerish, Fayettish, and pretending to be great. King Louis is a nullity; happily then reduced to be one: there would then have been at the summit of France the one French Man who could have grappled with that great Question; who, yielding and refusing, managing, guiding, and, in short, *seeing* and daring what was to be done, had perhaps saved France her Revolution; remaking her by peaceabler methods! But to the Su-

preme Powers it seemed not so. Once after a thousand years all nations were to see the great Conflagration and Self-combustion of a Nation,—and learn from it if they could. And now, for a Swallower of Formulas, was there a better schoolmaster in the world than this very Friend of Men; a better education conceivable than this which Alcides-Mirabeau had? Trust in Heaven, good reader, for the fate of nations, for the fall of a sparrow.

Gabriel Honoré has acquitted himself so well in Paris, turning the great people round his thumb, with that '*fond gaillard*, basis of gaiety,' with that '*terrible don de la familiarité*;' with those ways he has. Neither, in the quite opposite Man-of-business department, when summer comes and rurality with it, is he found wanting. In the summer of the year, the old Friend of Men despatches him to the Limousin, to his own estate of Pierre Buffière, or his wife's own estate (under the law-balance about this time), to see whether anything can be done for men there. Much is to be done there; the Peasants, short of all things, even of victuals, here as everywhere, wear 'a settled *souffre-douleur* (pain-stricken) look, as 'if they reckoned that the pillage of men was an in-'evitable ordinance of Heaven, to be put up with like 'the wind and the hail.' Here, in the solitude of the Limousin, Gabriel is still Gabriel: he rides, he writes, and runs; eats out of the poor people's pots; speaks to them, redresses them; institutes a court of Villager '*prudhommes*, good men and true,'—once more carries all before him. Confess, O Rhadamanthine Marquis, we say again, that there are worse sad-dogs than this!

'He is,' confesses the Marquis, 'the Demon of the Impossible, *le démon de la chose impossible*.' Most true this also: *impossible* is a word not in his dictionary. Thus the same Gabriel Honoré, long afterwards (as Dumont will witness), orders his secretary to do some miracle or other, miraculous within the time. The secretary answers, "Monsieur, it is impossible." "Impossible?" answers Gabriel: "*Ne me dites jamais ce béte de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word!" Really, one would say, a good fellow, were he well dealt with,—though still broad-billed, and with latent tendencies to take the water. The following otherwise insignificant Letter, addressed to the Bailli, seems to us worth copying. Is not his young Lordship, if still in the dandy-state and style-of-mockery, very handsome in it; standing there in the snow? It is of date December, 1771, and far onwards on the road towards Mirabeau Castle:

'*Fracti bello satisque repulsi ductores Danaûm*: here, dear uncle, is a beginning in good Latin, which means that I am broken with fatigue, not having, this whole week, slept more than sentinels do; and sounding, at the same time, with the wheels of my vehicle, most of the ruts and jolts that lie between Paris and Marseilles. Ruts deep and numerous. Moreover, my axle broke between Mucreau, Romané, Chambertin, and Beaune; the centre of four wine districts: what a geographical point, if I had had the wit to be a drunkard! The mischief happened towards five in the evening; my lackey had gone on before. There fell nothing at the time but melted snow; happily it afterwards took some consistency. The neighbourhood of Beaune made me hope to find genius in the natives of the country: I had need of good counsel; the devil counselled me at first to swear, but that

whim passed, and I fell by preference into the temptation of laughing; for a holy priest came jogging up, wrapt to the chin; against the blessed visage of whom the sleet was beating, which made him cut so singular a face, that I think this was the thing drove me from swearing. The holy man inquired, seeing my chaise on its beam-ends, and one of the wheels wanting, whether anything had befallen? I answered, "there was nothing falling here but snow." "Ah," said he, ingeniously, "it is your chaise, then, that is broken." I admired the sagacity of the man, and begged him to double his pace, with his horse's permission (who was also making a pleasant expression of countenance, as the snow beat on his nose); and to be so good as give notice at Chaigny that I was there. He assured me he would tell it to the post-mistress herself, she being his cousin; that she was a very amiable woman, married three years ago to one of the honestest men of the place, nephew to the king's procureur at ———: in fine, after giving me all the outs and ins of himself, the curate, of his cousin, his cousin's husband, and I know not whom more, he was pleased to give the spurs to his horse, which thereupon gave a grunt, and went on. I forgot to tell you that I had sent the postilion off to Mucreau, which he knew the road to, for he went thither daily, he said, to have a glass; a thing I could well believe, or even two glasses. The man was but tipsified when he went; happily, when he returned, which was very late, he was drunk. I walked sentry: several Beaune men passed, all of whom asked me, if anything had befallen? I answered one of them, that it was an experiment; that I had been sent from Paris to see whether a chaise would run with one wheel; mine had come so far, but I was going to write that two wheels were preferable. At this moment my worthy friend struck his shin against the other wheel; clapped his hand on the hurt place; swore, as I had near done; and then said, smiling, "Ah, Monsieur, there is the other

wheel!" "The devil there is!" said I, as if astonished. Another, after examining long, with a very capable air, informed me, "*Ma foi*, Monsieur! it is your *essi*" (meaning *essieu*, or axle) "that is broken."'

Mirabeau's errand to Provence, in this winter-season, was several-fold. To look after the Mirabeau estates; to domesticate himself among his people and peers in that region;—perhaps to choose a wife. Lately, as we saw, the old Marquis could think of none suitable, if it were not the Empress Catherine. But Gabriel has ripened astonishingly since that, under this sunshine of paternal favour,—the first gleam of such weather he has ever had. Short of the Empress, it were very well to marry, the Marquis now thinks, provided your bride had money. A bride, not with money, yet with connexions, expectations, is found; and by stormy eloquence (Marquis seconding) is carried: wo worth the hour! Her portrait, by the seconding Marquis himself, is not very captivating: 'Marie-Emilie de Covet, only daughter of 'the Marquis de Marignane, in her eighteenth year 'then; she had a very ordinary face, even a vulgar one 'at the first glance; brown, nay almost tawny (*mauri-'caud*); fine eyes, fine hair; teeth not good, but a 'prettyish continual smile; figure small, but agreeable, 'though leaning a little to one side; shewed great 'sprightliness of mind, ingenuous, adroit, delicate, 'lively, sportful; one of the most essentially pretty 'characters.' This brown, almost tawny little woman, much of a fool too, Mirabeau gets to wife, on the 22d of June, 1772. With her, and with a pension of 3,000 francs from his father-in-law, and one of 6,000 from his own father (say 500*l.* in all), and rich expectancies, he

shall sit down, in the bottom of Provence, by his own hired hearth, in the town of Aix, and bless Heaven.

Candour will admit that this young Alexander, just beginning his twenty-fourth year, might grumble a little, seeing only one such world to conquer. However, he had his books, he had his hopes; health, faculty; a Universe (whereof even the town of Aix formed part) all rich with fruit and forbidden-fruit round him; the unspeakable 'seed-field of Time' wherein to sow: he said to himself, Go to, I will be wise. And yet human nature is frail. One can judge too, whether the old Marquis, now coming into decided lawsuit with his wife, was of a humour to forgive peccadilloes. The terrible, hoarsely calm, Rhadamanthine way in which he expresses himself on this matter of the lawsuit to his Brother, and enjoins silence from all mortals but him, might affect weak nerves; wherefore, contrary to purpose, we omit it. O just Marquis! In fact, the Riquetti household, at this time, can do little for frail human nature; except, perhaps, make it fall faster. The Riquetti household is getting scattered; not always led asunder, but driven and hurled asunder: the tornado times for it have begun. One daughter is Madame du Saillant (still living), a judicious sister: another is Madame de Cabris, not so judicious; for, indeed, her husband has lawsuits,—owing to 'defamatory couplets' proceeding from him; she gets 'insulted on the public promenade of Grasse,' by a certain Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, whom some defamatory couplet had touched upon;—all the parties in the business being fools. Nay, poor woman, she by-and-by, we find, takes up with preternuptial persons; with a certain Brianson in

epaulettes, described candidly, by the *Fils Adoptif*, as 'a man who'—is not fit to be described.

A young heir-apparent of all the Mirabeaus is required to make some figure; especially in marrying himself. The present young heir-apparent has nothing to make a figure with but bare five hundred a-year, and very considerable debts. Old Mirabeau is hard as the Mosaic rock, and no wand proves miraculous on him; for *trousseaus, cadeaus,* foot-washings, festivities, and house-heatings, he does simply not yield one sous. The heir must himself yield them. He does so, and handsomely: but, alas, the five hundred a-year, and very considerable debts? Quit Aix and dinner-giving; retire to the old Château in the gorge of two valleys! Devised and done. But now, a young Wife used to the delicacies of life, ought she not to have some suite of rooms done up for her? Upholsterers hammer and furbish; with effect; not without bills. Then the very considerable Jew-debts! Poor Mirabeau sees nothing for it, but to run to the father-in-law with tears in his eyes; and conjure him to make those 'rich expectations' in some measure fruitions. Forty thousand francs; to such length will the father-in-law, moved by these tears, by this fire-eloquence, table ready money; provided old Marquis Mirabeau, who has some provisional reversionary interest in the thing, will grant quittance. Old Marquis Mirabeau, written to in the most impassioned persuasive manner, answers by a letter, of the sort they call *Sealed* Letter (*Lettre de Cachet*), ordering the impassioned Persuasive, under his Majesty's hand and seal, to bundle into Coventry, as we should say, into Manosque, as the Sealed Letter says!—Farewell, thou old Château, with

thy upholstered rooms, on thy sheer rock, by the angry-flowing Durance: welcome, thou miserable little borough of Manosque, since hither Fate drives us! In Manosque, too, a man can live, and read; can write an *Essai sur le Despotisme* (and have it printed in Switzerland, 1774); full of fire and rough vigour, and still worth reading.

The *Essay on Despotism*, with so little of the *Ephémérides* and Quesnay in it, could find but a hard critic in the old Marquis; snuffling out something (one fancies) about 'Reflex and reverberance;' formulas getting swallowed; rash hairbrain treating matters that require age and gravity;—however, let it pass. Unhappily there came other offences. A certain gawk, named Chevalier de Gassaud, accustomed to visit in the house at Manosque, sees good to commence a kind of theoretic flirtation with the little brown Wife, which she theoretically sees good to return. Billet meets billet; glance follows glance, *crescendo allegro;*—till the Husband opens his lips, volcano-like, with a proposal to kick Chevalier de Gassaud out of doors. Chevalier de Gassaud goes unkicked, but not without some explosion or *éclat:* there is like to be a duel; only that Gassaud, knowing what a sword this Riquetti wears, will not fight; and his father has to plead and beg. Generous Count, kill not my poor son: alas, already this most lamentable explosion itself has broken off the finest marriage-settlement, and now the family will not hear of him! The generous Count, so pleaded with, not only flings the duel to the winds, but gallops off, forgetful of the *Lettre de Cachet*, half desperate, to plead with the marriage-family; to preach with them, and pray, till they have taken poor Gassaud into favour

again. Prosperous in this, for nothing can resist such pleading, he may now ride home more leisurely, with the consciousness of a right action for once.

As we hint, this ride of his lies beyond the limits fixed in the royal Sealed Letter; but no one surely will mind it, no one will report it. A beautiful summer evening: O poor Gabriel, it is the last peaceably prosperous ride thou shalt have for long,—perhaps almost ever in the world! For lo! who is this that comes curricling through the level yellow sun-light; like one of Respectability, keeping his gig? By Day and Night! it is that base Baron, de Villeneuve-Moans, who insulted Sister Cabris in the Promenade of Grasse! Human nature, without time for reflection, is liable to err. The swift-rolling gig is already in contact with one, the horse rearing against your horse; and you dismount, almost without knowing. Satisfaction which gentlemen expect, Monsieur! No? Do I hear rightly No? In that case, Monsieur — And this wild Gabriel (*horresco referens!*) clutches the respectable Villeneuve-Moans; and horsewhips him there, not emblematically only, but practically, on the king's highway: seen of some peasants! Here is a message for Rumour to blow abroad.

Rumour blows,—to Paris as elsewhither: for answer, on the 26th of June, 1774, there arrives a fresh Sealed Letter of more emphasis; there arrive with it grim catchpoles and their chaise! the Swallower of Formulas, snatched away from his wife, from his child then dying, from his last shadow of a home, even an exiled home, is trundling towards Marseilles; towards the Castle of If, which frowns out among the waters in the roadstead there! Girt with the blue Mediterranean; within iron

stanchions; cut off from pen, paper, and friends, and men, except the Cerberus of the place, who is charged to be very sharp with him, there shall he sit: such virtue is in a Sealed Letter; so has the grim old Marquis ordered it. Our gleam of sunshine, then, is darkening miserably down? Down, O thou poor Mirabeau, to thick midnight! Surely Formulas are all-too cruel on thee: thou art getting really into war with Formulas (terriblest of wars); and thou, by God's help and the Devil's, wilt make away with them,—in the terriblest manner! From this hour, we say, thick and thicker darkness settles round poor Gabriel; his life-path growing ever painfuller; alas, growing ever more devious, beset by *ignes fatui*, and lights not of Heaven. Such Alcides' Labours have seldom been allotted to any man.

Check thy hot frenzy, thy hot tears, poor Mirabeau; adjust thyself as it may be; for there is no help. Autumn becomes loud winter, revives into gentle spring: the waves beat round the Castle of If, at the mouth of Marseilles harbour; girdling in the unhappiest man. No, not the unhappiest: poor Gabriel has such a '*fond gaillard*, basis of joy and gaiety;' there is a deep fiery life in him, which no blackness of destiny can quench. The Cerberus of If, M. Dallègre, relents, as all Cerberuses do with him; gives paper, gives sympathy and counsel. Nay letters have already been introduced; 'buttoned in some scoundrel's gaiters,' the old Marquis says! On Sister du Saillant's kind letter there fall 'tears;' nevertheless you do not always weep. You do better; write a brave *Col d'Argent's* Memoirs (quoted-from above); occupy yourself with projects and efforts. Sometimes, alas, you do worse, though in the

other direction,—where Canteen-keepers have pretty wives! A mere peccadillo this of the frail fair *Cantinière* (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); of which too much was made at the time.—Nor are juster consolations wanting; sisters and brothers bidding you be of hope. Our readers have heard Count Mirabeau designated 'as the elder of my lads:' what if we now exhibited the younger for one moment? The Maltese Chevalier de Mirabeau, a rough son of the sea in those days: he also is a sad dog, but has the advantage of not being the elder. He has started from Malta, from a sick-bed, and got hither to Marseilles, in the dead of winter; the link of Nature drawing him, shaggy sea-monster as he is.

'It was a rough wind; none of the boatmen would leave the quay with me: I induced two of them, more by bullyings than by money; for thou knowest I have no money, and am well furnished, thank God, with the gift of speaking or stuttering. I reach the Castle of If: gates closed; and the Lieutenant, as M. Dallègre was not there, tells me quite sweetly that I must return as I came. "Not, if you please, till I have seen Gabriel."—"It is not allowed."—"I will write to him."—"Not that either."—"Then I will wait for M. Dallègre."—"Just so; but for four-and-twenty hours, not more." Whereupon I take my resolution; I go to La Mouret' (the Canteen-keeper's pretty wife); 'we agree that so soon as the tattoo is beat, I shall see this poor devil. I get to him, in fact; not like a *paladin*, but like a pickpocket or a gallant, which thou wilt; and we unbosom ourselves. They had been afraid that he would heat my head to the temperature of his own: Sister Cabris, they do him little justice; I can assure thee that while he was telling me his story, and when my rage broke out in these words: "Though still weakly, I have two arms, strong enough to break M. Villeneuve-Moans's, or his cowardly persecuting brother's at

least," he said to me, "*Mon ami*, thou wilt ruin us both." And, I confess, this consideration alone, perhaps, hindered the execution of a project, which could not have profited, which nothing but the fermentation of a head such as mine could excuse.'*

Reader, this tarry young Maltese chevalier is the Vicomte de Mirabeau, or Younger Mirabeau; whom all men heard of in the Revolution time,—oftenest by the more familiar name of *Mirabeau-Tonneau*, or Barrel Mirabeau, from his bulk, and the quantity of drink he usually held. It is the same Barrel Mirabeau who, in the States-General, broke his sword, because the Noblesse gave in, and chivalry was now ended: for in politics he was directly the opposite of his elder brother; and spoke considerably as a public man, making men laugh (for he was a wild surly fellow, with much wit in him and much liquor);—then went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments: but as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain captain or subaltern demands admittance on business; is refused; again demands, and then again, till the Colonel Viscount Barrel Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere burning brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this *canaille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point (who drew with swift dexterity), and dies, and it is all done with him! That was the fifth act of Barrel Mirabeau's life-tragedy, unlike, and yet like, this first act in the Castle of If; and so the curtain fell, the Newspapers calling it 'apoplexy' and 'alarming accident.'

* Vol. ii p. 43.

Brother and Sisters, the little brown Wife, the Cerberus of If, all solicit for a penitent unfortunate sinner. The old Marquis's ear is deaf as that of Destiny. Solely by way of variation, not of alleviation, the rather as the If Cerberus too has been bewitched, he has this sinner removed, in May next, after some nine months' space, to the Castle of Joux; an 'old Owl's nest, with a few invalids,' among the Jura Mountains. Instead of melancholy main, let him now try the melancholy granites (still capped with snow at this season), with their mists and owlets; and on the whole adjust himself as if for permanence or continuance there; on a pension of 1,200 francs, fifty pounds a-year, since he could not do with five hundred! Poor Mirabeau; — and poor Mirabeau's Wife? Reader, the foolish little brown woman tires of soliciting: her child being buried, her husband buried alive, and her little brown self being still above ground and under twenty, she takes to recreation, theoretic flirtation; ceases soliciting, begins successful forgetting. The marriage, cut asunder that day the catchpole chaise drew up at Manosque, will never come together again, in spite of efforts; but flow onwards in two separate streams, to lose itself in the frightfullest sand-deserts. Husband and wife never more saw each other with eyes.

Not far from the melancholy Castle of Joux lies the little melancholy borough of Pontarlier; whither our Prisoner has leave, on his parole, to walk when he chooses. A melancholy little borough: yet in it is a certain Monnier Household; whereby hangs, and will hang, a tale. Of old M. Monnier, respectable legal

President, now in his seventy-fifth year, we shall say less than of his wife, Sophie Monnier (once de Ruffey, from Dijon, sprung from legal Presidents there), who is still but short way out of her teens. Yet she has been married, or *seemed* to be married, four years: one of the loveliest sad-heroic women of this or any district of country. What accursed freak of Fate brought January and May together here once again? Alas, it is a custom there, good reader! Thus the old Naturalist Buffon, who, at the age of sixty-three (what is called 'the Saint-Martin's summer of incipient dotage and 'new-myrtle garlands,' which visits some men), went ransacking the country for a young wife, had very nearly got this identical Sophie; but did get another, known as Madame de Buffon, well known to Philip Egalité, having turned out ill. Sophie de Ruffey loved wise men, but not at that extremely advanced period of life. However, the question for her is: Does she love a Convent better? Her mother and father are rigidly devout, and rigidly vain and poor: the poor girl, sad-heroic, is probably a kind of freethinker. And now, old President Monnier 'quarrelling with his daughter;' and and then coming over to Pontarlier with gold-bags, marriage-settlements, and the prospect of dying soon? It is that same miserable tale, often sung against, often spoken against; very miserable indeed! — But fancy what an effect the fiery eloquence of a Mirabeau produced in this sombre Household: one's young girl-dreams incarnated, most unexpectedly, in this wild-glowing mass of manhood, though rather ugly; old Monnier himself gleaming up into a kind of vitality to hear him! Or fancy whether a sad-heroic face, glancing

on you with a thankfulness like to become glad-heroic, were not ——? Mirabeau felt, by known symptoms, that the sweetest, fatallest incantation was stealing over him, which could lead only to the devil, for all parties interested. He wrote to his wife, entreating in the name of Heaven, that she would come to him: thereby might the 'sight of his duties' fortify him; he meanwhile would at least forbear Pontarlier. The wife 'answered 'by a few icy lines, indicating, in a covert way, that 'she thought me not in my wits.' He ceases forbearing Pontarlier; sweeter is it than the Owl's nest: he returns thither, with sweeter and ever sweeter welcome; and so —! —

Old Monnier saw nothing, or winked hard;—not so our old foolish Commandant of the Castle of Joux. He, though kind to his prisoner formerly, 'had been making 'some pretensions to Sophie himself; he was but forty 'or five-and-forty years older than I; my ugliness was 'not greater than his; and I had the advantage of being 'an honest man.' Green-eyed Jealousy, in the shape of this old ugly Commandant, warns Monnier by letter; also, on some thin pretext, restricts Mirabeau henceforth to the four walls of Joux. Mirabeau flings back such restriction, in an indignant Letter to this green-eyed Commandant; indignantly steps over into Switzerland, which is but a few miles off; — returns, however, in a day or two (it is dark January, 1776), covertly to Pontarlier. There is an explosion, what they call *éclat*. Sophie Monnier, sharply dealt with, resists; avows her love for Gabriel Honoré; asserts her right to love him, her purpose to continue doing it. She is sent home to Dijon; Gabriel Honoré covertly follows her thither.

Explosions: what a continued series of explosions, — through winter, spring, summer! There are tears, devotional exercises, threatenings to commit suicide; there are stolen interviews, perils, proud avowals, and lowly concealments. He on his part 'voluntarily constitutes himself prisoner;' and does other haughty, vehement things; some Commandants behaving honourably, and some not: one Commandant (old Marquis Mirabeau of the Château of Bignon) getting ready his thunderbolts in the distance! 'I have been lucky enough to obtain 'Mont Saint-Michel, in Normandy,' says the old Marquis: 'I think that prison good, because there is first 'the Castle itself, then a ring-work all round the moun-'tain; and, after that, a pretty long passage among the 'sands, where you need guides, to avoid being drowned 'in the quicksands.' Yes, it rises there, that Mountain of Saint-Michel, and Mountain of Misery; towering sheer up, like a bleak Pisgah with outlooks only into desolation, sand, salt-water, and despair.* Fly, thou poor Gabriel Honoré! Thou poor Sophie, return to Pontarlier; for Convent-walls too are cruel!

Gabriel flies; and indeed there fly with him Sister Cabris and her preternuptial epauletted Brianson, who are already in flight for their own behoof: into deep thickets and covered ways, wide over the South-west of France. Marquis Mirabeau, thinking with a fond sorrow of Mont Saint-Michel and its quicksands, chooses the two best bloodhounds the Police of Paris has (Inspector Brugnière and another); and, unmuzzling them, cries: Hunt! — Man being a venatory creature,

* See *Mémoires de Madame de Genlis*, iii. 201.

and the Chase perennially interesting to him, we have thought it might be good to present certain broken glimpses of this man-hunt through the South-west of France; of which, by a singular felicity, some Narrative exists, in the shape of official reports, very ill-spelt and otherwise curious, written down sectionally by the chief slot-hound himself, for transmittal to the chief huntsman eyeing it intently from the distance. It is not every day that there is such game afield as a Gabriel Honoré, such a huntsman tallyhoing in the distance as old Marquis Mirabeau; or that you have a hound who can, in never so bad spelling, *tell* you what his notions of the business are:

'On arriving at Dijon, I went to see Madame la Présidente Ruffey, to gather new informations from her. Madame informed me that there was in the town a certain Chevalier de Macon, a half-pay officer, who was the Sieur Mirabeau's friend, his companion and confidant, and that if any one could get acquainted with *him*'—.—'The Sieur Brugnière went therefore to lodge at this Macon's inn; finds means to get acquainted with him, affecting the same tastes, following him to fencing-rooms, billiard-tables and other such places.'—

'Accordingly, on reaching Geneva, we learn that the Sieur Mirabeau did arrive there on the fifth of June. He left it for Thonon in Savoy; two women in men's-clothes came asking for him, and they all went away together, by Chambéry, and thence by Turin. At Thonon we could not learn what road they had taken; so secret are they, and involve themselves in all manner of detours. After three days of incredible fatigue, we discover the man that had driven them: it is back to Geneva that they are gone; we hasten hither again, and have good hope of finding them now.'—Hope fallacious as before!

'However, what helps Brugnière and me a little is this, that the Sieur Mirabeau and his train, though already armed like smugglers, bought yet other pistols, and likewise sabres, even a hunting-knife with a secret pistol for handle; we learned this at Geneva. They take remote diabolic roads to avoid entering France.' * * * 'Following on foot the trace of them, it brings us to Lyons, where they seem to have taken the most obscure methods, accompanied with impenetrable cunning, to enter the town: we lost all track of them; our researches were most painful. At length we have come upon a man named Saint-Jean, confidential servant of Madame de Cabris.'—'On quitting this, along with Brianson, who I think is a bad subject, M. de Mirabeau signified to Saint-Jean that they were going to Lorgue in Provence, which is Brianson's country; that Brianson was then to accompany him as far as Nice, where he would embark for Geneva and pass a month there.'—

'Following this trace of M. de Mirabeau, who had embarked on the Rhone at Lyons, we came to Avignon: here we find he took post-horses, having sent for them half a league from the town; he had another pair of pistols bought for him here; and then, being well hidden in the cabriolet, drove through Avignon, put letters in the post-office; it was about the dusk of the evening. But now at that time was the chief tumult of the Beaucaire Fair,* and this cabriolet was so lost in the crowd that it was impossible for us to track it farther. However, the domestic Saint-Jean'—. * * —'a M. Marsaut, Advocate, an honourable man, who gave us all possible directions.' 'He introduced us to this Brianson, with whom we contrived to sup. We gave ourselves out for travellers, Lyons merchants, who were going, the one of us to Geneva and Italy, the other to Geneva only: it was the way to make this Brianson speak.' * * *

* Napoleon's *Souper de Beaucaire!*

'When you leave Provence to pass into the Country of Nice, you have to wade across the Var; a torrent which is almost always dangerous, and is often impracticable: it sometimes spreads out to a quarter of a league in breadth, and has an astonishing rapidity at all times: its reputation is greater still; and travellers who have to cross speak of it with terror. On each bank there are strong men who make a trade of passing travellers across; going before them and around them, with strong poles, to sound the bottom, which will change several times in a day: they take great pains to increase your fear, even when there is not danger. These people, by whose means we passed, told us that they had offered to pass a gentleman having the same description as he we seek; that this gentleman would have nobody, but crossed with some women of the country, who were wading without guide; that he seemed to dislike being looked at too close: we made the utmost researches there. We found that, at some distance, this person had entered a hedge-tavern for some refreshment; that he had a gold box with a lady's portrait in it, and in a word the same description every way; that he asked if they did not know of any ship at Nice for Italy, and that they told him of one for England. He had crossed the Var, as I had the honour of informing you, Monsieur, above: I have the honour of observing that there is no Police at Nice.' * *

* * 'Found that there had embarked, at Villefranche, which is another little haven near to Nice, a private person unknown, answering still to the same description (except that he wore a red coat, whereas M. de Mirabeau has been followed hitherto under a green coat, a red-brown one '*mordoré*,' and a grey ribbed one); and embarked for England. In spite of this we sent persons into the Heights to get information, who know the secret passages; the Sieur Brugnière mounted a mule accustomed to those horrific and terrifying Mountains, took a guide, and made all possible researches

too: in a word, Monsieur, we have done all that the human mind (*l'esprit humain*) can imagine, and this when the heats are so excessive; and we are worn out with fatigue, and our limbs swoln.'

No: all that the human mind can imagine is ineffectual. On the twenty-third night of August (1776), Sophie de Monnier, in man's-clothes, is scaling the Monnier garden-wall at Pontarlier; is crossing the Swiss marches, wrapped in a cloak of darkness, borne on the wings of love and despair. Gabriel Honoré, wrapped in the like cloak, borne on the like vehicle, is gone with her to Holland,—thenceforth a broken man.

'Crime forever lamentable,' ejaculates the *Fils Adoptif;* 'of which the world has so spoken, and must for-'ever speak!' There are, indeed, many things easy to be spoken of it; and also some things not easy to be spoken. Why, for example, thou virtuous *Fils Adoptif*, was that of the Canteen-keeper's wife at If such a peccadillo, and this of the legal President's wife such a crime, lamentable to that late date of 'forever?' The present reviewer fancies them to be the same crime. Again, might not the first grand criminal and sinner in this business be legal President Monnier, the distracted, spleen-stricken, moon-stricken old man;—liable to trial, with non-acquittal or difficult acquittal, at the great Bar of Nature herself? And then the second sinner in it? and the third and the fourth? 'He that is *without* sin among you!'—One thing, therefore, the present reviewer will speak, in the words of old Samuel Johnson: My dear *Fils Adoptif*, my dear brethren of Mankind, 'endeavour to clear your mind of Cant!' It is positively the prime necessity for all men, and all women and

children, in these days, who would have their souls live, were it even feebly, and not die of the detestablest asphyxia,—as in carbonic vapour, the more horrible, for breathing of, the more *clean* it looks.

That the *Parlement* of Besançon indicted Mirabeau for *rapt et vol*, abduction and robbery; that they condemned him 'in contumacious absence,' and went the length of beheading a Paper Effigy of him, was perhaps extremely suitable; — but not to be dwelt on here. Neither do we pry curiously into the garret-life in Holland and Amsterdam; being straitened for room. The wild man and his beautiful sad-heroic woman lived out their romance of reality, as well as was to be expected. Hot tempers go not always softly together; neither did the course of true love, either in wedlock or in elopement, ever run smooth. Yet it did run, in this instance, copious, if not smooth; with quarrel and reconcilement, tears and heart-effusion; sharp tropical squalls, and also the gorgeous effulgence and exuberance of general tropical weather. It was like a little Paphos islet in the middle of blackness; the very danger and despair that environed it made the islet blissful; — even as in virtue of death, life to the fretfullest becomes tolerable, becomes sweet, death being so nigh. At any hour, might not king's exempt or other dread alguazil knock at our garret establishment, here 'in the *Kalbestrand*, at Lequesne the tailor's,' and dissolve it? Gabriel toils for Dutch booksellers; bearing their heavy load; translating *Watson's Philip Second;* doing endless Gibeonite work: earning, however, his gold louis a-day. Sophie sews and scours beside him, with her soft fingers, not grudging it: in hard toils, in trembling joys begirt with terrors,

with one terror, that of being parted,—their days roll swiftly on. For eight tropical months! — Ah, at the end of some eight months (14th May, 1777) enter the alguazil! He is in the shape of Brugnière, our old slot-hound of the South-west; the swelling of his legs is fallen now; this time the human mind has been able to manage it. He carries King's orders, High Mightiness' sanctions; sealed parchments. Gabriel Honoré shall be carried this way, Sophie that; Sophie, like to be a mother, shall behold him no more. Desperation, even in the female character, can go no farther: she will kill herself that hour, as even the slot-hound believes,—had not the very slot-hound, in mercy, undertaken that they should have some means of correspondence; that hope should not utterly be cut away. With embracings and interjections, sobbings that cannot be uttered, they tear themselves asunder, stony Paris now nigh: Mirabeau towards his prison of Vincennes; Sophie to some milder Convent-parlour relegation, there to await what Fate, very minatory at this time, will see good to bring.

Conceive the giant Mirabeau locked fast, then, in Doubting-castle of Vincennes; his hot soul surging up, wildly breaking itself against cold obstruction; the voice of his despair reverberated on him by dead stone-walls. Fallen in the eyes of the world, the ambitious haughty man; his fair life-hopes from without all spoiled and become foul ashes: and from within, — what he has done, what he has parted with and *un*done! Deaf as Destiny is a Rhadamanthine father; inaccessible even to the attempt at pleading. Heavy doors have slammed to; their bolts growling *Wo to thee!* Great Paris sends eastward its daily multitudinous hum; in the evening

sun thou seest its weathercocks glitter, its old grim towers and fuliginous life-breath all gilded: and thou? —Neither evening nor morning, nor change of day nor season, brings deliverance. Forgotten of Earth; not too hopefully remembered of Heaven! No passionate *Pater-Peccavi* can move an old Marquis; deaf he as Destiny. Thou must sit there.—For forty-two months, by the great Zodiacal Horologe! The heir of the Riquettis, sinful, and yet more sinned against, has worn out his wardrobe; complains that his clothes get looped and windowed, insufficient against the weather. His eyesight is failing; the family disorder, *nephritis*, afflicts him; the doctors declare horse-exercise essential to preserve life. Within the walls then! answers the old Marquis. Count de Mirabeau 'rides in the garden of forty paces;' with quick turns, hamperedly, overlooked by donjons and high stone-barriers.

And yet fancy not Mirabeau spent his time in mere wailing and raging. Far from that! —

> To whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob,
> Because he had ne'er another tub,

was in no case Mirabeau's method, more than Diogenes's. Other such wild-glowing Mass of Life, which you might beat with Cyclops' hammers (and, alas, not beat the dross *out* of), was not in Europe at that time. Call him not the strongest man then living; for light, as we said, and not fire, is the strong thing: yet call him strong too, very strong; and for toughness, tenacity, vivaciousness, and a *fond gaillard*, call him toughest of all. Raging passions, ill-governed; reckless tumult from within, merciless oppression from without; ten

men might have died of what this Gabriel Honoré did not yet die of. Police-captain Lenoir allowed him, in mercy and according to engagement, to correspond with Sophie; the condition was that the letters should be seen by Lenoir, and be returned into his keeping. Mirabeau corresponded; in fire and tears, copiously, not Werter-like, but Mirabeau-like. Then he had penitential petitions, *Pater-Peccavis* to write, to get presented and enforced; for which end all manner of friends must be urged: correspondence enough. Besides, he could read, though very limitedly: he could even compose or compile; extracting, *not* in the manner of the bee, from the very Bible and Dom Calmet, a '*Biblion Eroticon*,' which can be recommended to no woman or man. The pious *Fils Adoptif* drops a veil over his face at this scandal; and says lamentably that there is nothing to be said. As for the Correspondence with Sophie, it lay in Lenoir's desk, forgotten; but was found there by Manuel, Procureur of the Commune in 1792, when so many desks flew open; and by him given to the world. A book which fair sensibility (rather in a private way) loves to weep over: not this reviewer, to any considerable extent; not at all here, in his present strait for room. Good love-letters of their kind notwithstanding. But if anything can swell farther the tears of fair sensibility over Mirabeau's *Correspondence of Vincennes*, it must be this: the issue it ended in. After a space of years these two lovers, wrenched asunder in Holland, and allowed to correspond that they might not poison themselves, met again: it was under cloud of night; in Sophie's apartment, in the country; Mirabeau, 'disguised as a porter,' had come thither from a consider-

able distance. And they flew into each other's arms; to weep their child dead, their long unspeakable woes? Not at all. They stood, arms stretched oratorically, calling one another to account for causes of jealousy; grew always louder, arms set a-kimbo; and parted quite loud, never to meet more on earth. In September, 1789, Mirabeau had risen to be a world's wonder: and Sophie, far from him, had sunk out of the world's sight, respected only in the little town of Gien. On the 9th night of September, Mirabeau might be thundering in the Versailles *Salle des Menus*, to be reported of all Journals on the morrow; and Sophie, twice disappointed of new marriage, the sad-heroic temper darkened now into perfect black, was reclining, self-tied to her sofa, with a pan of charcoal burning near; to die as the unhappy die. Said we not, 'the course of true love never did run smooth?'

However, after two-and-forty months, and negotiations, and more intercessions than in Catholic countries will free a soul out of Purgatory, Mirabeau is once more delivered from the strong place: not into his own home (home, wife, and the whole Past are far parted from him); not into his father's home; but forth; — hurled forth, to seek his fortune Ishmael-like in the wide hunting-field of the world. Consider him, O reader; thou wilt find him very notable. A disgraced man, not a broken one; ruined outwardly, not ruined inwardly; not yet, for there is no ruining of him on that side. Such a buoyancy of radical fire and *fond gaillard* he has; with his dignity and vanity, levity, solidity, with his virtues and his vices, what a front he shews! You would say, he bates not a jot, in these sad circumstances, of

what he claimed from Fortune, but rather enlarges it: his proud soul, so galled, deformed by manacles and bondage, flings away its prison-gear, bounds forth to the fight again, as if victory, after all, were certain. Post-horses to Pontarlier and the Besançon Parlement; that that 'sentence by contumacy' be annulled, and the Paper Effigy have its Head stuck on again! The wild giant, said to be 'absent by contumacy,' sits voluntarily in the Pontarlier Jail; thunders in pleadings which make Parlementeers quake, and all France listen; and the Head reunites itself to the Paper Effigy with apologies. Monnier and the De Ruffeys know who is the most impudent man alive: the world, with astonishment, who is one of the ablest. Even the old Marquis snuffles approval, though with qualification. Tough old man, he has lost his own world-famous Lawsuit and other lawsuits, with ruinous expenses; has seen his fortune and projects fail, and even *lettres de cachet* turn out not always satisfactory or sanatory: wherefore he summons his children about him; and, really in a very serene way, declares himself invalided, fit only for the chimney-nook now; to sit patching his old mind together again (*à rebouter sa tête, à se recoudre pièce à pièce*): advice and countenance they, the deserving part of them, shall always enjoy; but *lettres de cachet*, or other the like benefit and guidance, not any more. Right so, thou best of old Marquises! There he rests then, like the still evening of a thundery day; thunders no more; but rays forth many a curiously-tinted light-beam and remark on life; serene to the last. Among Mirabeau's small catalogue of virtues, very small of formulary and conventional virtues, let it not be forgotten that he loved

this old father warmly to the end; and forgave his cruelties, or forgot them in kind interpretation of them.

For the Pontarlier Paper Effigy, therefore, it is well: and yet a man lives not comfortably without money. Ah, were one's marriage not disrupted; for the old father-in-law will soon die; those rich expectations were then fruitions! The ablest, not the most shamefaced man in France, is off, next spring (1783), to Aix; stirring Parlement and Heaven and Earth there, to have his wife back. How he worked; with what nobleness and courage (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); giant's work! The sound of him is spread over France and over the world; English travellers, high foreign lordships, turning aside to Aix; and 'multitudes gathered even on the roofs' to hear him, the Court-house being crammed to bursting! Demosthenic fire and pathos; penitent husband calling for forgiveness and restitution:—'*ce n'est qu'un claque-dents et un fol*,' rays forth the old Marquis from the chimney-nook; 'a chatter-teeth and madman!' The world and Parlement thought not that; knew not what to think, if not that this was the questionablest able man they had ever heard; and, alas, still farther,—that his cause was *untenable*. No wife, then; and no money! From this second attack on Fortune Mirabeau returns foiled, and worse than before; resourceless, for now the old Marquis too again eyes him askance. He must hunt Ishmael-like, as we said. Whatsoever of wit or strength he has within himself will stand true to him; on that he can count; unfortunately on almost nothing but that.

Mirabeau's life for the next five years, which creeps

troublous, obscure, through several of these Eight Volumes, will probably, in the One right Volume which they hold imprisoned, be delineated briefly. It is the long-drawn practical improvement of the sermon already preached in Rhé, in If, in Joux, in Holland, in Vincennes, and elsewhere. A giant man in the flower of his years, in the winter of his prospects, has to see how he will reconcile these two contradictions. With giant energies and talents, with giant virtues even, he, burning to unfold himself, has got put into his hands, for implements and means to do it with, disgrace, contumely, obstruction; character elevated only as Haman was; purse full only of debt-summonses; household, home, and possessions, as it were, sown with salt; Ruin's ploughshare furrowing too deeply himself and all that was his. Under these, and not under other conditions, shall this man now live and struggle. Well might he 'weep' long afterwards (though not given to the melting mood), thinking over, with Dumont, how his life had been blasted, by himself, by others; and was now so defaced and thunder-riven, no glory could make it whole again. Truly, as we often say, a weaker, and yet very strong man, might have died,—by hypochondria, by brandy, or by arsenic: but Mirabeau did not die. The world is not his friend, nor the world's law and formula? It will be his enemy then; his conqueror and master not altogether. There are strong men who can, in case of necessity, make away with formulas (*humer les formules*), and yet find a habitation behind them: these are the very strong; and Mirabeau was of these. The world's esteem having gone quite against him, and most circles of society, with their

codes and regulations, pronouncing little but anathema on him, he is nevertheless not lost; he does not sink to desperation; not to dishonesty, or pusillanimity, or splenetic afidity. Nowise! In spite of the world, he is a living strong man there: the world cannot take from him his just consciousness of himself, his warm open-hearted feeling towards others; there are still limits, on all sides, to which the world and the devil cannot drive him. The giant, we say! How he stands, like a mountain; thunder-riven, but broad-based, rooted in the Earth's (in Nature's) own rocks; and will not tumble prostrate! So true is it what a moralist has said: 'One could not wish any man to fall into a fault; 'yet is it often precisely after a fault, or a crime even, 'that the morality which is in a man first unfolds itself, 'and what of strength he as a man possesses, now when 'all else is gone from him.'

Mirabeau, through these dim years, is seen wandering from place to place; in France, Germany, Holland, England; finding no rest for the sole of his foot. It is a life of shifts and expedients, *au jour le jour*. Extravagant in his expenses, thriftless, swimming in a welter of debts and difficulties; for which he has to provide by fierce industry, by skill in financiership. The man's revenue is his wits; he has a pen and a head; and, happily for him, 'is the demon of the impossible.' At no time is he without some blazing project or other, which shall warm and illuminate far and wide; which too often blazes out ineffectual; which in that case he replaces and renews, for his hope is inexhaustible. He writes Pamphlets unweariedly as a steam-engine: *On the Opening of the Scheldt*, and Kaiser Joseph; on the

Order of Cincinnatus and Washington; *on Count Cagliostro*, and the Diamond Necklace. Innumerable are the helpers and journeymen, respectable Mauvillons, respectable Dumonts, whom he can set working for him on such matters; it is a gift he has. He writes Books, in as many as eight volumes, which are properly only a larger kind of Pamphlets. He has polemics with Caron Beaumarchais on the water-company of Paris; lean Caron shooting sharp arrows into him, which he responds to demoniacally, 'flinging hills with all their woods.' He is intimate with many men; his 'terrible gift of familiarity,' his joyous courtiership and faculty of pleasing, do not forsake him: but it is a questionable intimacy, granted to the man's talents, in spite of his character: a relation which the proud Riquetti, not the humbler that he is poor and ruined, correctly feels. With still more women is he intimate; girt with a whole system of intrigues, in that sort, wherever he abide; seldom travelling without a — wife (let us call her) engaged by the year, or during mutual satisfaction. On this large department of Mirabeau's history, what can you say, except that his incontinence was great, enormous, entirely indefensible? If any one please (which we do not) to be present, with the *Fils Adoptif*, at 'the *autopsie*' and *post-mortem* examination, he will see curious documents on this head; and to what depths of penalty Nature, in her just self-vindication, can sometimes doom men. The *Fils Adoptif* is very sorry. To the kind called unfortunate-females, it would seem nevertheless, this unfortunate-male had an aversion amounting to complete *nolo-tangere*.

The old Marquis sits apart in the chimney-nook,

observant: what this roaming, unresting, rebellious Titan of a Count may ever prove of use for? If it be not, O Marquis, for the General Overturn, *Culbute Générale?* He is swallowing Formulas; getting endless acquaintance with the Realities of things and men: in audacity, in recklessness, he will not, it is like, be wanting. The old Marquis rays out curious observations on life;—yields no effectual assistance of money.

Ministries change and shift; but never, in the new deal, does there turn up a good card for Mirabeau. Necker he does not love, nor is love lost between them. Plausible Calonne hears him Stentor-like denouncing stock-jobbing (*Denonciation de l'Agiotage*); communes with him, corresponds with him; is glad to get him sent, in some semi-ostensible or spy-diplomatist character, to Berlin; in any way to have him stopped and quieted. The Great Frederic was still on the scene, though now very near the side-scenes: the wiry thin Drill-sergeant of the World, and the broad burly Mutineer of the World, glanced into one another with amazement; the one making entrance, the other making exit. To this Berlin business we owe pamphlets; we owe *Correspondences* ('surreptitiously published'—with consent); we owe (brave Major Mauvillon serving as hodman) the *Monarchie Prussienne*, a Pamphlet in some eight octavo volumes, portions of which are still well worth reading.

Generally, on first making personal acquaintance with Mirabeau as a writer or speaker, one is not a little surprised. Instead of Irish oratory, with tropes and declamatory fervid feeling, such as the rumour one has heard gives prospect of, you are astonished to meet

a certain hard angular distinctness, a totally unornamented force and massiveness: clear perspicuity, strong perspicacity, conviction that wishes to convince,—this beyond all things, and instead of all things. You would say the primary character of those utterances, nay of the man himself, is sincerity and insight; strength, and the honest use of strength. Which indeed it is, O reader! Mirabeau's spiritual gift will be found, on examination, to be verily an honest and a great one; far the strongest, best practical intellect of that time; entitled to rank among the strong of all times. These books of his ought to be riddled, like this book of the *Fils Adoptif*. There is precious matter in them; too good to lie hidden among shot rubbish. Hear this man on any subject, you will find him worth considering. He has words in him, rough deliverances; such as men do not forget. As thus: 'I know but three 'ways of living in this world: by wages for work; by 'begging; thirdly, by stealing (so named, or not so 'named).' Again: 'Malebranche saw all things in 'God; and M. Necker sees all things in Necker!' There are nicknames of Mirabeau's worth whole treatises. 'Grandison-Cromwell Lafayette:' write a volume on the man, as many volumes have been written, and try to say more! It is the best likeness yet drawn of him,—by a flourish and two dots. Of such inexpressible advantage is it that a man have 'an eye, instead of a pair of spectacles merely;' that, seeing through the formulas of things, and even 'making away' with many a formula, he see into the thing itself, and so know it and be master of it!

As the years roll on, and that portentous decade of

the Eighties, or 'Era of Hope,' draws towards completion, and it becomes ever more evident to Mirabeau that great things are in the wind, we find his wanderings, as it were, quicken. Suddenly emerging out of Night and Cimmeria, he dashes down on the Paris world, time after time; flashes into it with that fire-glance of his; discerns that the time is not yet come; and then merges back again. Occasionally his pamphlets provoke a fulmination and order of arrest, wherefore he must merge the faster. Nay, your Calonne is good enough to signify it beforehand: On such and such a day I shall order you to be arrested; pray make speed therefore. When the Notables meet, in the spring of 1787, Mirabeau spreads his pinions, alights on Paris and Versailles; it seems to him he ought to be secretary of those Notables. No! friend Dupont de Nemours gets it: the time is not yet come. It is still but the time of 'Crispin-Catiline' d'Espréménil, and other such animal-magnetic persons. Nevertheless, the reverend Talleyrand, judicious Dukes, liberal noble friends not a few, are sure that the time will come. Abide thy time.

Hark! On the 27th of December, 1788, here finally is the long-expected announcing itself: royal Proclamation definitively convoking the States-General for May next! Need we ask whether Mirabeau bestirs himself now; whether or not he is off to Provence, to the Assembly of Noblesse there, with all his faculties screwed to the sticking-place? One strong dead-lift pull, thou Titan, and perhaps thou carriest it! How Mirabeau wrestled and strove under these auspices; speaking and contending all day, writing pamphlets, paragraphs, lla

night; also suffering much, gathering his wild soul together, motionless under reproaches, under drawn swords even, lest his enemies throw him off his guard; how he agitates and represses, unerringly dexterous, sleeplessly unwearied, and is a very 'demon of the impossible,' let all readers fancy. With 'a body of Noblesse more 'ignorant, greedier, more insolent than any I have ever 'seen,' the Swallower of Formulas was like to have rough work. We must give his celebrated flinging up of the handful of dust, when they drove him out by overwhelming majority:

'What have I done that was so criminal? I have wished that my Order were wise enough to give to-day what will infallibly be wrested from it to-morrow; that it should receive the merit and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This is the crime of your "enemy of peace!" Or rather I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still; that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner: punish the enemy of peace!

'But you, ministers of a God of peace, who are ordained to bless and not to curse, and yet have launched your anathema on me, without even the attempt at enlightening me, at reasoning with me! And you, "friends of peace," who

denounce to the people, with all vehemence of hatred, the one defender it has yet found, out of its own ranks;—who, to bring about concord, are filling capital and province with placards calculated to arm the rural districts against the towns, if your deeds did not refute your writings;—who, to prepare ways of conciliation, protest against the royal Regulation for convoking the States-General, because it grants the people as many deputies as both the other orders, and against all that the coming National Assembly shall do, unless its laws secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges! Disinterested "friends of peace!" I have appealed to your honour, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority or to the nation's right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you!

'And if you do not answer, but keep silence, shutting yourselves up in the vague declamations you have hurled at me, then allow me to add one word.

'In all countries, in all times, aristocrats have implacably persecuted the people's friends; and if, by some singular combination of fortune, there chanced to arise such a one in their own circle, it was he above all whom they struck at, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the patricians; but, being struck with the mortal stab, he flung dust towards Heaven, and called on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust sprang Marius,—Marius not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Noblesse!'

There goes some foolish story of Mirabeau having now opened a cloth-shop in Marseilles, to ingratiate himself with the Third Estate; whereat we have often laughed. The image of Mirabeau measuring out dra-

pery to mankind, and deftly snipping at tailors' measures, has something pleasant for the mind. So that, though there is not a shadow of truth in this story, the very lie may justly sustain itself for a while, in the character of lie. Far otherwise was the reality there: 'voluntary guard of a hundred men;' Provence crowding by the ten thousand round his chariot-wheels; explosions of rejoicing musketry, heaven-rending acclamation; 'people paying two louis for a place at the window!' Hunger itself (very considerable in those days) he can pacify by speech. Violent meal-mobs at Marseilles and at Aix, unmanageable by fire-arms and governors, he smooths down by the word of his mouth; the governor soliciting him, though unloved. It is as a Roman Triumph, and more. He is chosen deputy for two places; has to decline Marseilles, and honour Aix. Let his enemies look and wonder, and sigh forgotten by him. For this Mirabeau too the career at last opens.

At last! Does not the benevolent reader, though never so unambitious, sympathise a little with this poor brother mortal in such a case? Victory is always joyful; but to think of such a man, in the hour when, after twelve Hercules' Labours, he does finally triumph! So long he fought with the many-headed coil of Lernean serpents; and, panting, wrestled and wrang with it for life or death,—forty long stern years; and now he has it under his heel! The mountain-tops are scaled, are scaled; where the man climbed, on sharp flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal; in darkness, seen by no kind eye,—amid the brood of dragons; and the heart, many times, was like to fail within him, in his loneliness, in his extreme need: yet he climbed, and climbed, glueing

his footsteps in his blood; and now, behold, Hyperion-like he has scaled it, and on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war! What a scene and new kingdom for him; all bathed in auroral radiance of Hope; far-stretching, solemn, joyful: what wild Memnon's music, from the depths of Nature, comes toning through the soul raised suddenly out of strangling death into victory and life! The very bystander, we think, might weep, with this Mirabeau, tears of joy.

Which, alas, will become tears of sorrow! For know, O Son of Adam (and Son of Lucifer, with that accursed ambition of thine), that they are all a delusion and piece of demonic necromancy, these same auroral splendours, enchantments, and Memnon's tones! The thing thou as mortal wantest is equilibrium, what is called *rest* or *peace;* which, God knows, thou wilt never get *so*. Happy they that find it without such searching. But in some twenty-three months more, of blazing solar splendour and conflagration, this Mirabeau will be ashes; and lie opaque, in the Pantheon of great men (or say, French Pantheon of considerable, or even of considered and small-noisy men), — at rest nowhere, save on the lap of his mother Earth. There are to whom the gods, in their bounty, give glory; but far oftener is it given in wrath, as a curse and a poison; disturbing the whole inner health and industry of the man; leading onward through dizzy staggerings and tarantula jiggings, — towards no saint's shrine. Truly, if Death did not intervene; or still more happily, if Life and the Public were not a blockhead, and sudden unreasonable oblivion were not to follow that sudden unreasonable glory, and beneficently, though most painfully, damp it down, — one

sees not where many a poor glorious man, still more many a poor glorious woman could terminate,—far short of Bedlam.

On the 4th day of May, 1789, Madame de Staël, looking from a window in the main street of Versailles, amid an assembled world, as the Deputies walked in procession from the church of Nôtre-Dame to that of Saint Louis, to hear High Mass, and be constituted *States-General*, saw this: "Among these Nobles who had been 'deputed to the Third Estate, above all others, the Comte 'de Mirabeau. The opinion men had of his genius was 'singularly augmented by the fear entertained of his 'immorality; and yet it was this very immorality which 'straitened the influence his astonishing faculties were to 'secure him. You could not but look long at this man, 'when once you had noticed him: his immense black 'head of hair distinguished him among them all; you 'would have said his force depended on it, like that of 'Samson: his face borrowed new expression from its 'very ugliness; his whole person gave you the idea of 'an irregular power, but a power such as you would 'figure in a Tribune of the People.' Mirabeau's history through the first twenty-three months of the Revolution falls not to be written here: yet it is well worth writing somewhere. The Constituent Assembly, when his name was first read out, received it with murmurs; not knowing what they murmured at! This honourable member they were murmuring over was the member of all members; the august Constituent, without him, were no Constituent at all. Very notable, truly, is his procedure in this section of world-history; by far the notablest

single element there: none like to him, or second to him. Once he is seen visibly to have saved, as with his own force, the existence of the Constituent Assembly; to have turned the whole tide of things: in one of those moments which are cardinal; decisive for centuries. The royal Declaration of the *Twenty-third of June* is promulgated: there is military force enough; there is then the King's express order to disperse, to meet as separate Third Estate on the morrow. Bastilles and scaffolds may be the penalty of disobeying. Mirabeau disobeys; lifts his voice to encourage others, all pallid, panic-stricken, to disobey. Supreme Usher De Brézé enters, with the King's renewed order to depart. "Messieurs," said De Brézé, "you heard the King's order?" The Swallower of Formulas bellows out these words, that have become memorable: "Yes, Monsieur, we heard what the King was advised to say; and you, who cannot be interpreter of his meaning to the States-General; you, who have neither vote nor seat, nor right of speech here, you are not the man to remind us of it. Go, Monsieur, tell those who sent you that we are here by will of the Nation; and that nothing but the force of bayonets can drive us hence!" And poor De Brézé vanishes,—back foremost, the *Fils Adoptif* says.

But this, cardinal moment though it be, is perhaps intrinsically among his smaller feats. In general, we would say once more with emphasis, He has '*humé toutes les formules.*' He goes through the Revolution like a substance and a force, not like a formula of one. While innumerable barren Sieyèses and Constitution-pedants are building, with such hammering and troweling, their august Paper Constitution (which endured eleven months),

this man looks not at cobwebs and *Social Contracts*, but at things and men; discerning what is to be done,—proceeding straight to do it. He shivers out Usher De Brézé, back foremost, when that is the problem. 'Marie Antoinette is charmed with him,' when it comes to that. He is the man of the Revolution, while he lives; king of it; and only with life, as we compute, would have quitted his kingship of it. Alone of all these Twelve Hundred, there is in him the faculty of a king. For, indeed, have we not seen how assiduously Destiny had shaped him all along, as with an express eye to the work now in hand? O crabbed old Friend of Men, whilst thou wert bolting this man into Isles of Rhé, Castles of If, and training him so sharply to be *thy*self, not *him*self,—how little knewest thou *what* thou wert doing! Let us add, that the brave old Marquis lived to see his son's victory over Fate and men, and rejoiced in it; and rebuked Barrel Mirabeau for controverting such a Brother Gabriel. In the invalid Chimney-nook at Argenteuil, near Paris, he sat raying out curious observations to the last; and died three days before the Bastille fell, precisely when the *Culbute Générale* was bursting out.

But finally, the twenty-three allotted months are over. Madame de Staël, on the 4th of May, 1789, saw the Roman Tribune of the People, and Samson with his long black hair: and on the 4th of April, 1791, there is a Funeral Procession extending four miles: king's ministers, senators, national guards, and all Paris,—torchlight, wail of trombones and music, and the tears of men; mourning of a whole people,—such mourning as no modern people ever saw for one man. This Mirabeau's

work then is done. He sleeps with the primeval giants. He has gone over to the majority: *Abiit ad plures.*

In the way of eulogy and dyslogy, and summing up of character, there may doubtless be a great many things set forth concerning this Mirabeau; as already there has been much discussion and arguing about him, better and worse: which is proper surely; as about all manner of new things, were they much less questionable than this new giant is. The present reviewer, meanwhile, finds it suitabler to restrict himself and his exhausted readers to the three following moral reflections.

Moral reflection *first:* That, in these centuries men are not born demi-gods and perfect characters, but imperfect ones, and mere blamable men; men, namely, environed with such shortcoming and confusion of their own, and then with such adscititious scandal and misjudgment (got in the work they did), that they resemble less demi-gods than a sort of god-devils,—very imperfect characters indeed. The demi-god arrangement were the one which, at first sight, this reviewer might be inclined to prefer.

Moral reflection *second*, however: That probably men were never born demi-gods in any century, but precisely god-devils as we see; certain of whom do become a kind of demi-gods! How many are the men, not censured, misjudged, calumniated only, but tortured, crucified, hung on gibbets,—not as god-devils even, but as devils proper; who have nevertheless grown to seem respectable, or infinitely respectable! For the thing which was *not* they, which was not anything, has fallen away piece-

meal; and become avowedly babble and confused shadow, and no-thing: the thing which was they, remains. Depend on it, Harmodius and Aristogiton, as clear as they now look, had illegal plottings, conclaves at the Jacobins' Church of Athens; and very intemperate things were spoken, and also done. Thus too, Marcus Brutus and the elder Junius, are they not palpable Heroes? Their praise is in all Debating Societies; but didst thou read what the Morning Papers said of those transactions of theirs, the week after? Nay, Old Noll, whose bones were dug up and hung in chains, here at home, as the just emblem of himself and his deserts, the offal of creation at that time, — has not he too got to be a very respectable grim bronze-figure, though it is yet only a century and half since; of whom England seems proud rather than otherwise?

Moral reflection *third* and last: That neither thou nor I, good reader, had any hand in the making of this Mirabeau; — else who knows but we had objected, in *our* wisdom? But it was the Upper Powers that made him, without once consulting us; they and not we, so and not otherwise! To endeavour to understand a little what manner of Mirabeau he, so made, might be: this we, according to opportunity, have done; and therefore do now, with a lively satisfaction, take farewell of him, and leave him to prosper as he can.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

[1837.]

It appears to be, if not stated in words, yet tacitly felt and understood everywhere, that the event of these modern ages is the French Revolution. A huge explosion, bursting through all formulas and customs; confounding into wreck and chaos the ordered arrangements of earthly life; blotting out, one may say, the very firmament and skyey loadstars,—though only for a season. Once in the fifteen hundred years such a thing was ordained to come. To those who stood present in the actual midst of that smoke and thunder, the effect might

* London and Westminster Review, No. 9.— *Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française, ou Journal des Assemblées Nationales depuis* 1789 *jusqu'en* 1815 ; *contenant la Narration des Evénemens, les Débats, &c. &c.* (Parliamentary History of the French Revolution, or Journal of the National Assemblies from 1789 to 1815 ; containing a Narrative of the Occurrences ; Debates of the Assemblies ; Discussions in the chief Popular Societies, especially in that of the Jacobins ; Records of the Commune of Paris ; Sessions of the Revolutionary Tribunal ; Reports of the leading Political Trials ; Detail of the Annual Budgets ; Picture of the Moral Movement, extracted from the Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. of each Period : preceded by an Introduction on the History of France till the Convocation of the States-General.) By P. J. B. Buchez and P. C. Roux. (Tomes 1er—23^{me} et seq. —Paris, 1833-1836.)

well be too violent: blinding and deafening, into confused exasperation, almost into madness. These onlookers have played their part, were it with the printing-press or with the battle-cannon, and are departed; their work, such as it was, remaining behind them; — where the French Revolution also remains. And now, for us who have receded to the distance of some half-century, the explosion becomes a thing visible, surveyable: we see its flame and sulphur-smoke blend with the clear air (far *under* the stars); and hear its uproar as part of the sick noise of life, —loud, indeed, yet embosomed too, as all noise is, in the infinite of silence. It is an event which can be looked on; which may still be execrated, still be celebrated and psalmodied; but which it were better now to begin understanding. Really there are innumerable reasons why we ought to know this same French Revolution as it was: of which reasons (apart altogether from that of 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' and so forth), is there not the best summary in this one reason, that we so *wish* to know it? Considering the qualities of the matter, one may perhaps reasonably feel that since the time of the Crusades, or earlier, there is no chapter of history so well worth studying.

Stated or not, we say, this persuasion is tacitly admitted, and acted upon. In these days everywhere you find it one of the most pressing duties for the writing guild, to produce history on history of the French Revolution. In France it would almost seem as if the young author felt that he must make this his proof-shot, and evidence of craftsmanship: accordingly they do fire off *Histoires, Précis of Histoires, Annales, Fastes,* (to say nothing of Historical Novels, *Gil Blases, Dantons, Bar-*

naves, Grangeneuves), in rapid succession, with or without effect. At all events it is curious to look upon: curious to contrast the picturing of the same fact by the men of this generation and position with the picturing of it by the men of the last. From Barruel and Fantin Desodoards to Thiers and Mignet there is a distance! Each individual takes up the Phenomenon according to his own point of vision, to the structure of his optic organs;—gives, consciously, some poor crotchety picture of several things; unconsciously some picture of himself at least. And the Phenomenon, for its part, subsists there, all the while, unaltered; waiting to be pictured as often as you like, its entire meaning not to be compressed into any picture drawn by man.

Thiers's *History*, in ten volumes foolscap-octavo, contains, if we remember rightly, one reference; and that to a book, not to the page or chapter of a book. It has, for these last seven or eight years, a wide or even high reputation; which latter it is as far as possible from meriting. A superficial air of order, of clearness, calm candour, is spread over the work; but inwardly, it is waste, inorganic: no human head that honestly tries can conceive the French Revolution *so*. A critic of our acquaintance undertook, by way of bet, to find four errors per hour in Thiers: he won amply on the first trial or two.* And yet, readers (we must add) taking

* Thiers says, 'Notables consented with eagerness' (vol. i. p. 10), whereas they properly did not consent at all; 'Parlement recalled on the 10th of September' (for the 15th); and then 'Séance Royale took place on the 20th of the same month' (19th of quite a different month, not the same, nor next to the same); 'D'Espremenil a young Counsellor' (of forty and odd); 'Duport a young man' (turned of sixty), &c. &c.

all this along with them, may peruse Thiers with comfort in certain circumstances, nay, even with profit; for he is a brisk man of his sort; and does tell you much, if you knew nothing.

Mignet's, again, is a much more honestly written book; yet also an eminently unsatisfactory one. His two volumes contain far more meditation and investigation in them than Thiers's ten: their degree of preferability therefore is very high; for it may be said: Call a book diffuse, and you call it in all senses bad; the writer could not find the right word to say, and so said many more or less wrong ones; did not hit the nail on the head, only smote and bungled about it and about it. Mignet's book has a compactness, a rigour, as of riveted rods of iron: this also is an image of what symmetry it has;—symmetry, if not of a living earth-born Tree, yet of a firm well-manufactured Gridiron. Without life, without colour or verdure: that is to say, Mignet is heartily and altogether a *prosaist;* you are too happy that he is not a *quack* as well! It is very mortifying, also, to study his philosophical reflections; how he jingles and rumbles a quantity of mere abstractions and dead logical formulas, and calls it Thinking;—rumbles and rumbles, till he judges there may be enough; then begins again narrating. As thus:

'The Constitution of 1791 was made on such principles as had resulted from the ideas and the situation of France. It was the work of the middle class, which chanced to be the strongest then: for, as is well known, whatever force has the lead will fashion the institutions according to its own aims. Now this force, when it belongs to one, is despotism; when to several, it is privilege; when to all, it is right:

which latter state is the ultimatum of society, as it was its beginning. France had finally arrived thither, after passing through feudalism, which is the aristocratic institution; and then through absolutism, which is the monarchic one.

'The work of the Constituent Assembly perished, not so much by its own defects as by the assaults of factions. Standing between the aristocracy and the multitude, it was attacked by the former, and stormed and won by the latter. The multitude would never have become supreme, had not civil war and the coalition of foreign states rendered its intervention and help indispensable. To defend the country the multitude required to have the governing of it: thereupon (*alors*) it made *its* revolution, as the middle class had made its. The multitude too had its *Fourteenth of July*, which was the *Tenth of August;* its Constituent, which was the Convention; its Government, which was the Committee of *Salut Public;* but, as we shall see,' &c.*

Or thus; for there is the like at the end of every chapter:

'But royalty had virtually fallen, on the Tenth of August; that day was the insurrection of the multitude against the middle class and constitutional throne, as the Fourteenth of July had been the insurrection of the middle classes against the privileged classes and an absolute throne. The Tenth of August witnessed the commencement of the dictatorial and arbitrary epoch of the Revolution. Circumstances becoming more and more difficult, there arose a vast war, which required increased energy; and this energy, unregulated, inasmuch as it was popular, rendered the sway of the lower class an unquiet, oppressive, and cruel sway.' 'It was not any way possible that the *Bourgeoisie* (middle class), which had been strong enough to strike down the old government and the privileged classes, but which had taken to repose

* Chap. IV. vol. i. p. 271.

after this victory, could repulse the Emigration and united Europe. There was needed for that a new shock, a new faith; there was needed for that a new Class, numerous, ardent, not yet fatigued, and which loved its Tenth of August, as the Burgherhood loved its Fourteenth of,' &c. &c.*

So uncommonly *lively* are these Abstractions (at bottom only occurrences, similitudes, days of the month, and such like), which rumble here in the historical head! Abstractions really of the most lively, insurrectionary character; nay, which produce offspring, and indeed are oftenest parricidally devoured thereby: — such is the jingling and rumbling which calls itself Thinking. Nearly so, though with greater effect, might algebraical x's go rumbling in some Pascal's or Babbage's mill. Just so, indeed, do the Kalmuck people pray: quantities of written prayers are put in some rotary pipkin or calabash (hung on a tree, or going like the small barrel-churn of agricultural districts); this the devotee has only to whirl and churn; so long as he whirls, it is prayer; when he ceases whirling, the prayer is done. Alas! this is a sore error, very generally, among French thinkers of the present time. One ought to add that Mignet takes his place at the head of that brotherhood of his; that his little book, though abounding too in errors of detail, better deserves what place it has than any other of recent date.

The older Desodoardses, Barruels, Lacretelles, and such like, exist, but will hardly profit much. Toulongeon, a man of talent and integrity, is very vague;

* Chap. V. vol. i. p. 371.

often incorrect for an eye-witness: his military details used to be reckoned valuable; but, we suppose, Jomini has eclipsed them now. The Abbé Montgaillard has shrewdness, decision, insight; abounds in anecdotes, strange facts and reports of facts: his book being written in the form of Annals, is convenient for consulting. For the rest, he is acrid, exaggerated, occasionally altogether perverse; and, with his hastes and his hatreds, falls into the strangest hallucination;—as, for example, when he coolly records that 'Madame de 'Staël, Necker's daughter, was seen (*on vit*) distributing 'brandy to the *Gardes Françaises* in their barracks;' that 'D'Orleans Egalité had a pair of *man*-skin breeches,' —leather breeches, of human skin, such as they did prepare in the tannery of Meudon, but *too late* for D'Orleans! The history by *Deux Amis de Liberté*, if the reader secure the original edition, is perhaps worth all the others; and offers (at least till 1792, after which it becomes convulsive, semi-fatuous, here and there, in the remaining dozen volumes) the best, correctest, most picturesque narrative yet published. It is very correct, very picturesque; wants only *foreshortening*, shadow, and compression; a work of decided merit; the authors of it, what is singular, appear not to be known.

Finally, our English histories do likewise abound: copious if not in facts, yet in reflections on facts. They will prove to the most incredulous that this French Revolution was, as Chamfort said, no 'rose-water Revolution;' that the universal insurrectionary abrogation of law and custom was managed in a most unlawful, uncustomary manner. He who wishes to know how a solid *Custos rotulorum*, speculating over his port after

dinner, interprets the phenomena of contemporary Universal History, may look in these books: he who does not wish that, need not look.

On the whole, after all these writings and printings, the weight of which would sink an Indiaman, there are, perhaps, only some three publications hitherto that can be considered as forwarding essentially a right knowledge of this matter. The *first* of these is the *Analyse du Moniteur*, complete expository Index, and Syllabus of the Moniteur Newspaper from 1789 to 1799; a work carrying its significance in its title;—provided it be faithfully executed; which it is well known to be. Along with this we may mention the series of Portraits, a hundred in number, published with the original edition of it: many of them understood to be accurate likenesses. The natural face of a man is often worth more than several biographies of him, as biographies are written. These hundred Portraits have been copied into a book called *Scènes de la Révolution*, which contains other pictures, of small value, and some not useless writing by Chamfort; and are often to be found in libraries. A republication of Vernet's Caricatures* would be a most acceptable service, but has not been thought of hitherto. The *second* work to be counted here is the *Choix des Rapports, Opinions, et Discours*, in some twenty volumes, with an excellent index: parliamentary speeches, reports, &c., are furnished in abundance; complete illustration of all that this Senatorial province (rather a wearisome one) can illustrate. *Thirdly*, we have to name the Collection of *Memoirs*, completed several years ago, in

* See *Mercier's Nouveau Paris*, vol. iv. p. 254.

above a hundred volumes. Booksellers Baudouin, Editors Berville and Barrière, have done their utmost; adding notes, explanations, rectifications, with portraits also if you like: *Louvet, Riouffe,* and the two volumes of *Memoirs on the Prisons* are the most attractive pieces. This Baudouin Collection, therefore, joins itself to that of Petitot, as a natural sequel.

And now a *fourth* work, which follows in the train of these, and deserves to be reckoned along with them, is this *Histoire Parlementaire* of Messieurs Buchez and Roux. The Authors are men of ability and repute; Buchez, if we mistake not, is Dr. Buchez, and practises medicine with acceptance; Roux is known as an essayist and journalist: they once listened a little to Saint-Simon, but it was before Saint-Simonism called itself 'a religion,' and vanished in Bedlam. We have understood there is a certain bibliomaniac military gentleman in Paris, who in the course of years has amassed the most astonishing collection of revolutionary ware: books, pamphlets, newspapers, even sheets and handbills, ephemeral printings and paintings, such as the day brought them forth, lie there without end.* Into this warehouse,

* It is generally known that a similar collection, perhaps still larger and more curious, lies buried in the British Museum here, —inaccessible for want of a proper catalogue. Some eighteen months ago, the respectable sub-librarian seemed to be working at such a thing: by respectful application to him, you could gain access to his room, and have the satisfaction of mounting on ladders, and reading the outside titles of his books, which was a great help. Otherwise you could not in many weeks ascertain so much as the table of contents of this repository; and, after days of weary waiting, dusty rummaging, and sickness of hope deferred, gave up the enterprise as a 'game not worth the candle.'

as indeed into all manner of other repositories, Messrs. Buchez and Roux have happily found access: the *Histoire Parlementaire* is the fruit of their labours there. A Number, two forming a Volume, is published every fortnight: we have the first Twenty-two Volumes before us, which bring down the narrative to January, 1793; there must be several other Volumes out, which we have not yet seen. Conceive a judicious compilation with such resources. Parliamentary Debates, in summary, or (where the occasion warrants it) given at large; this is by no means the most interesting part of the matter: we have excerpts, notices, hints of all imaginable sorts; of Newspapers, of Pamphlets, of Sectionary and Municipal Records, of the Jacobins' Club, of Placard-journals, nay of Placards and Caricatures. No livelier emblem of the time, in its actual movement and tumult, could be presented. The Editors connect these fragments by expositions such as are needful; so that a reader coming unprepared to the work can still know what he is about. Their expositions, as we can testify, are handsomely done: but altogether apart from these, the excerpts themselves are the valuable thing. The scissors, in such a case, are independent of the pen. One of the most interesting English biographies we have is that long thin Folio on Oliver Cromwell, published some five-and-twenty years ago, where the editor has merely clipt out from the contemporary newspapers whatsoever article, paragraph, or sentence he found to contain the name of Old Noll, and printed them in the order of their dates. It is surprising that the like has not been attempted in other cases. Had seven of the eight Translators of Faust, and seventy times seven of

the four hundred four-score and ten Imaginative Authors, but thrown down the writing instrument, and turned to the old newspaper files judiciously with the cutting one!

We can testify, after not a little examination, that the Editors of the *Histoire Parlementaire* are men of fidelity, of diligence; that their accuracy in regard to facts, dates, and so forth, is far beyond the average. Of course they have their own opinions, prepossessions even; but these are honest prepossessions, which they do not hide; which one can estimate the force of, allow for the result of. Wilful falsification, did the possibility of it lie in their character, is otherwise out of the question. But, indeed, our Editors are men of earnestness, of strict principle; of a faith, were it only in the republican Tricolor. Their democratic faith, truly, is palpable, thorough-going; as it has a right to be, in these days, since it likes. The thing you have to praise, however, is that it is a quiet faith, never an hysterical one; never expresses itself otherwise than with a becoming calmness, especially with a becoming brevity. The hoarse deep croak of Marat, the brilliant sharp-cutting gaiety of Desmoulins, the dull bluster of Prudhomme, the cackling garrulity of Brissot, all is welcomed with a cold gravity and brevity; all is illustrative, if not of one thing, then of another. Nor are the royalist Royous, Suleaus, Peltiers, forgotten; *Acts of the Apostles*, *King's Friend*, nor *Crowing of the Cock:* these, indeed, are more sparingly administered; but at the right time, as is promised, we shall have more. In a word, it may be said of this *Histoire Parlementaire*, that the wide promise held out in its title-page is really, in some respectable

measure, fulfilled. With a fit Index to wind it up (which Index ought to be not good only but excellent, so much depends on it here), this Work bids fair to be one of the most important yet published on the History of the Revolution. No library, that professes to have a collection in this sort, can dispense with it.

A *Histoire Parlementaire* is precisely the house, or say rather, the unbuilt city, of which the single brick *can* form a specimen. In so rich a variety the only difficulty is where to choose. We have scenes of tragedy, of comedy, of farce, of farce-tragedy oftenest of all; there is eloquence, gravity; there is bluster, bombast, and absurdity: scenes tender, scenes barbarous, spirit-stirring, and then flatly wearisome: a thing waste, incoherent, wild to look upon; but great with the greatness of reality; for the thing exhibited is no vision, but a fact. Let us, as the first excerpt, give this tragedy of old Foulon, which all the world has heard of, perhaps not very accurately. Foulon's life-drama, with its hasty cruel sayings and mean doings, with its thousandfold intrigues, and 'the people eating grass if they like,' ends in this miserable manner. It is the Editors themselves who speak; compiling from various sources:

'Towards five in the morning (Paris, 22d July, 1789), M. Foulon was brought in; he had been arrested at Vitry, near Fontainebleau, by the peasants of the place. Doubtless this man thought himself very guilty towards the people' (say, very hateful); 'for he had spread abroad a report of his death; and had even buried one of his servants, who happened to die then, under his own name. He had afterwards hidden himself in an estate of M. de Sartines'; where he was detected and seized.

'M. Foulon was taken to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where they made him wait. Towards nine o'clock, the assembled Committee had decided that he should be sent to the Abbaye prison. M. de Lafayette was sent for, that he might execute this order; he was abroad over the Districts: he could not be found. During this time a crowd collected in the square; and required to see Foulon. It was noon: M. Bailly came down; the people listened to him; but still persisted. In the end they penetrated into the great hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville; would see Foulon, "whom," say they, "you are wanting to smuggle off from justice." Foulon was presented to them. Then began this remarkable dialogue. M. de la Poize, an Elector: "Messieurs, every guilty person should be judged."—"Yes, judged directly, and then hanged."—M. Osselin: "To judge, one must have judges; let us send M. Foulon to the tribunals."—"No, no," replied the people; "judge him just now."—"Since you will not have the common judges," said M. Osselin, "it is indispensable to appoint others."—"Well, judge him yourselves."—"We have no right either to judge or to create judges; do you name them."—"Well," cried the people, "M. le Curé of Saint-Etienne then, and M. le Curé of Saint-Andre."—Osselin: "Two judges are not enough; there needs seven." Thereupon the people named Messrs. Quatremere, Varangue, &c. "Here are seven judges indeed," said Osselin; "but we still want a clerk."—"Be you clerk."—"A king's Attorney."—"Let it be M. Duveyrier."—"Of what crime is M. Foulon accused?" asked Duveyrier.—"He wished to harass the people; he said he would make them eat grass; he was in the plot; he was for national bankruptcy; he bought up corn." The two curates then rose, and declared that they refused to judge; the laws of the church not permitting them. "They are right," said some. "They are cozening us," said others; "and the prisoner all the while is making his escape." At these words there rose a frightful tumult in the Hall. "Messieurs," said

an Elector, "name four of yourselves to guard him." Four men accordingly were chosen; sent into the neighbouring apartment, where Foulon was. "But will you judge, then?" cried the crowd.—"Messieurs, you see there are two judges wanting."—"We name M. Bailly and M. Lafayette."—"But M. Lafayette is absent; one must either wait for him, or name some other."—"Well, then, name directly, and do it yourself."

'At length the Electors agreed to proceed to judgment; Foulon was again brought in. The foremost part of the crowd joined hands, and formed a chain several ranks deep, in the middle of which he was received. At this moment M. Lafayette came in; went and took his place at the board among the Electors; and then addressed to the people a discourse, of which the *Ami du Roi* and the Records of the Town-hall, the two authorities we borrow from here, give different reports.'

Lafayette's speech, according to both versions, is to the effect that Foulon is guilty; but that he doubtless has accomplices; that he must be taken to the Abbaye prison, and investigated there. "Yes, yes, to prison! Off with him, off!" cried the crowd. The *Deux Amis* add another not insignificant circumstance, that poor Foulon himself, hearing this conclusion of Lafayette's, clapped hands; whereupon the crowd said, "See! they are both in a story!" Our Editors continue and conclude:

'At this moment there rose a great clamour in the square. "It is the Palais Royal coming," said one. "It is the Faubourg Saint-Antoine," said another. Then a well-dressed person (*homme bien mis*) advanced towards the board, and said, "*Vous vous moquez!* What is the use of judging a man who has been judged these thirty years?" At this word, Foulon was clutched; hurled out to the square; and finally

tied to the fatal rope, which hung from the *Lanterne* at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie. The rope was afterwards cut; the head was put on a pike, and paraded,'—with 'grass' in the mouth of it, they might have added!*

The *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, Camille Desmoulins's Newspaper, furnishes numerous extracts, in the earlier Volumes; always of a remarkable kind. This *Procureur Général de la Lanterne* has a place of his own in the history of the Revolution; there are not many notabler persons in it than he. A light harmless creature; as he says of himself, 'a man born to write verses;' but whom Destiny directed to overthrow Bastilles, and go to the guillotine for doing that. How such a man will comport himself in a French Revolution, as he from time to time turns up there, is worth seeing. Of loose headlong character; a man stuttering in speech; stuttering, infirm in conduct too, till one huge idea laid hold of him: a man for whom Art, Fortune, or himself, would never do much, but to whom Nature had been very kind! One meets him always with a sort of forgiveness, almost of underhand love, as for a prodigal son. He has good gifts, and even acquirements; elegant lawscholarship, quick sense, the freest joyful heart: a fellow of endless wit, clearness, soft lambent brilliancy; on any subject you can listen to him, if without approving, yet without yawning. As a writer, in fact, there is nothing French, that we have heard of, superior or equal to him for these fifty years. Probably some French editor, some day or other, will *sift* that journalistic rubbish, and produce out of it, in small neat compass, a *Life and Remains*

* Vol. ii. p. 148.

of this poor Camille. We pick up three light fractions, illustrative of him and of the things he moved in; they relate to the famous Fifth of October (1789), when the women rose in insurrection. The Palais Royal and Marquis Saint-Huruge have been busy on the King's *veto*, and Lally Tollendal's proposal of an upper house:

'Was the Palais Royal so far wrong,' says Camille, 'to cry out against such things? I know that the Palais Royal Promenade is strangely miscellaneous; that pickpockets frequently employ the *liberty of the press* there, and many a zealous patriot has lost his handkerchief in the fire of debate. But, for all that, I must bear honourable testimony to the promenaders in this Lyceum and Stoa. The Palais Royal Garden is the focus of patriotism: there do the chosen patriots rendezvous, who have left their hearths and their provinces to witness this magnificent spectacle of the Revolution of 1789, and not to witness without aiding in it. They are Frenchmen; they have an interest in the Constitution, and a right to concur in it. How many Parisians too, instead of going to their Districts, find it shorter to come at once to the Palais Royal. Here you have not to ask a President if you may speak, and wait two hours till your turn comes. You propose your motion; if it find supporters, they set you on a chair: if you are applauded, you proceed to the redaction: if you are hissed, you go your ways. It is very much the mode the Romans followed; their Forum and our Palais Royal resemble one another.'*

Then, a few days farther on,—the celebrated military dinner at Versailles, with the white cockades, black cockades, and '*O Richard, O mon Roi!*' having been transacted:

* Vol. ii. p. 414.

'*Paris, Sunday, 4th October.* The King's Wife had been so gratified with it, that this *brotherly repast* of Thursday must needs be repeated. It was so on the Saturday, and with aggravations. Our patience was worn out: you may suppose whatever patriot observers there were at Versailles hastened to Paris with the news, or at least sent off despatches containing them. That same day (Saturday evening) all Paris set itself astir. It was a lady, first, who, seeing that her husband was not listened to at his District, came to the bar of the Café de Foi, to denounce the anti-national cockades. M. Marat flies to Versailles; returns like lightning; makes a noise like the four blasts of doom, crying to us, Awake, ye Dead! Danton, on his side, sounds the alarm in the *Cordeliers*. On Sunday this immortal Cordeliers District posts its manifesto; and that very day they would have gone to Versailles, had not M. Crevecœur, their commandant, stood in the way. People seek out their arms, however; sally out to the streets, in chase of anti-national cockades. The law of reprisals is in force; these cockades are torn off, trampled under foot, with menace of the *Lanterne* in case of relapse. A military gentleman, picking up his cockade, is for fastening it on again; a hundred canes start into the air, saying *Veto*. The whole Sunday passes in hunting down the white and the black cockades; in holding council at the Palais Royal, over the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, at the end of Bridges, on the Quais. At the doors of the coffee-houses, there arise free conferences between the Upper House, of the coats that are within, and the Lower House, of jackets and wool-caps, assembled *extra muros*. It is agreed upon that the audacity of the aristocrats increases rapidly; that Madame Villepatour and the Queen's women are distributing enormous white cockades to all comers in the Œil-de-Bœuf; that M. Lecointre, having refused to take one from their hands, has all but been assassinated. It is agreed upon that we have not a moment to lose; that the boat

which used to bring us flour from Corbeil, morning and evening, now comes only once in two days: — do they plan to make their attack at the moment when they have kept us for eight-and-forty hours in a fasting state? It is agreed upon,' &c.*

—We hasten to the catastrophe, which arrives on the morrow. It is related elsewhere, in another leading article:

'At break of day, the women rush towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. All the way, they recruit fresh hands, among their own sex, to march with them; as sailors are recruited at London: there is an active press of women. The Quai de la Ferraille is covered with female crimps. The robust kitchen-maid, the slim mantuamaker, all must go to swell the phalanx; the ancient devotee, tripping to mass in the dawn, sees herself for the first time carried off, and shrieks *Help!* whilst more than one of the younger sort secretly is not so sorry at going, without mother or mistress, to Versailles to pay her respects to the august Assembly. At the same time, for the accuracy of this narrative, I must remark that these women, at least the battalion of them which encamped that night in the Assembly Hall, and had marched under the flag of M. Maillard, had among themselves a Presidentess and Staff; and that every woman, on being borrowed from her mother or husband, was presented to the Presidentess or some of her aides-de-camp, who engaged to watch over her morality, and insure her honour for this day.

'Once arrived on the Place de Grêve, these women piously begin letting down the *Lanterne;* as in great calamities, you let down the shrine of Saint Géneviève. Next they are for mounting into the Hôtel-de-Ville. The Commandant had been forewarned of this movement; he

* Vol. iii. p. 63.

knew that all insurrections have begun by women, whose maternal bosom the bayonet of the satellites of despotism respects. Four thousand soldiers presented a front bristling with bayonets; kept them back from the step: but behind these women there rose and grew every moment a nucleus of men, armed with pikes, axes, bills; blood is about to flow on the place; the presence of these Sabine women hindered it. The National Guard, which is not purely a machine, as the Minister of War would have the soldier be, makes use of its reason. It discerns that these women, now for Versailles, are going to the root of the mischief. The four thousand Guards, already getting saluted with stones, think it reasonablest to open a passage; and, like waters through a broken dike, the floods of the multitude inundate the Hôtel-de-Ville.

'It is a picture interesting to paint, and one of the greatest in the Revolution, this same army of ten thousand Judiths setting forth to cut off the head of Holofernes; forcing the Hôtel-de-Ville; arming themselves with whatever they can lay hands on; some tying ropes to the cannon-trains, arresting carts, loading them with artillery, with powder and balls for the Versailles National Guard, which is left without ammunition; others driving on the horses, or seated on cannon, holding the redoubtable match; seeking for their generalissimo, not aristocrats with epaulettes, but Conquerors of the Bastille!'*

So far Camille on veto, scarcity, and the Insurrection of Women, in the end of 1789. As it is not fit that all our scenes should be of tragedy or low-tragedy, the reader will perhaps consent now to a touch of the moral-sublime. Let him enter the Hall of the Jacobins with us. All men have heard of the Jacobins' Club;

* Vol. iii. p. 110.

but not all would think of looking for comedy or the moral-sublime there. Nevertheless so it is. Ah! the sublime of the Jacobins was not always of the *blue*-light pandemonial sort; far otherwise once! We will give this passage from the *Journal of the Jacobins' Debates;* not as one of the best, but as one of the pleasantest for English readers. Fancy that high Hall, with its seats for fifteen hundred, 'rising in amphitheatre to the cornice of the dome;' its Tribune elevated to mid-air; Galleries and Ladies' Gallery full; President seated; shrill *Huissiers* perambulating with their rods and liveries, sounding forth "*Silence! Silence!*" Consider that it is the 18th of December, 1791 (free monarchic constitution solemnly accepted six weeks ago); and read:

'The confluence of strangers was so great that besides the new gallery erected for them, the old ones were quite full, as well as those on the opposite side of the Hall; and nevertheless a great multitude of citizens who could not find room or admittance on any terms.

'The reading of the announcements and select correspondence was scarcely begun, when the Hall resounded with applauses at the entrance of the three united Flags, of the English, the American and French Nation, which were to be placed in the Hall; as the Society of *Friends of the Revolution* in London had placed them in theirs.

Cries of "Liberty forever! The Nation forever! The three Free Peoples of the Universe forever (*Vivent les trois peuples libres de l'univers*)!" are re-echoed with enthusiasm by the galleries and visitors: the expression, no less sincere than lively, of that ardour, of that love for Equality and Brotherhood, which Nature has engraved in the hearts of all men; and which nothing but the continued efforts of despots, in all classes, have managed to efface more or less.

'A Deputation of Ladies is introduced; Ladies accustomed to honour the galleries with their presence: they had solicited permission to offer a pledge of their enthusiasm for Liberty to the Constitutional Whig, who came lately to the National Assembly with the congratulation of this class of free Englishmen.

'The Deputation enters, amid the applauses of the meeting: a young Citizeness carries in her hand the Gift of these Ladies, lays it on the President's table, while the Lady-Deputies mount to the Tribune, to pronounce the following discourse.

'*The Lady-speaker.* We are not Roman Dames; we bring no jewels; but a tribute of gratitude for the feelings you have inspired us with. A Constitutional Whig (*Wigh*), a Brother, an Englishman, formed, few days ago, the object of one of your sweetest unitings (*étreintes*). What a charm had that picture! Souls of sensibility were struck with it; our hearts are yet full of emotion (*Applause*). This day you afford to that Brother, and to yourselves, a new enjoyment: you suspend to the dome of our temple three Flags, American, English, French.

'*From all sides.* The Three Nations, *Vivent les trois nations! Vive la Liberté!*

'*Lady-speaker.* The union of the Three free Peoples is to be cemented: forbid not us also, Messieurs, to contribute towards that. Your pure feelings prescribe it for us as a duty. Messieurs, accept a garland.—And you, English Brother, accept another from the hands of innocence: it is the work of sisterhood; friendship gives it you. Receive also, O good Patriot, in the name of the French *Citoyennes* who are here, this Ark of Alliance, which we have brought for our brethren the Constitutional Whigs (*Wighs*): within it are enclosed the Map of France, divided into eighty-three departments; the Cap of Liberty (*Applause*); the Book of the French Constitution; a Civic Crown; some Ears of Wheat

(*Applause*); three Flags; a National Cockade; and these words in the two languages, *To live free or die.*

'*The whole Hall.* To live free or die!

'*Lady-speaker.* Let this immortal homage done to Liberty be, for the English and the French, a sacred pledge of their union. Forget not to tell our brothers how you have received it. Let it be deposited with the brotherliest ceremonial! Invite all Englishmen to participate in this family act. Let it be precious to them as Nature herself.—Tell your wives, repeat to your children, that innocent maids, faithful spouses, tender mothers, after having done their household duties, and contributed to make their families and husbands happy, came and made this offering to their Country. Let one cry of gladness peal over Europe; let it roll across the waters to America. Hark! Amid the echoes, Philadelphia and the Far West repeat like us, *Liberty forever!*

'*The whole Hall.* Liberty forever!

'*Lady-speaker.* Tyrants! your enemies declare themselves. Nations will no longer battle with each other; straitly united, they will possess all Languages, and make of them but one Language. Strong in their Freedom they will be inseparable forever.—

'Universal applauses: the Hall resounds long with cries, repeated by the Galleries and the Society, of *Vive la Nation, vive la Liberté!* The Three Nations! The Patriot Women!

'*M. de la Source, Vice-président.* Since Nature has willed that the world should owe to you its sweetest moments, this enthusiasm of yours with which you fill all hearts shall never be lost, never forgotten in the flight of ages: it stands engraved on our hearts in indelible characters.—(*Then turning to the Deputies of the Whigs.*) As for you, Brothers, tell your countrymen what we are; tell them that in France the women too can love their country and shew themselves worthy of Liberty; tell them that the union, of which you see the emblems, shall be imperishable as the Free

Peoples are; that we have henceforth only one sort of bonds, the bonds which unite us to the Free, and that these shall be eternal as virtue.

'*The Whig Deputy.* Mesdames and M. le Président, I really am not prepared to make a speech' (how true to the "leg-of-mutton or postprandial style!")—'for really I did not expect such a reception; but I hope you will excuse me. I have written to England, I have described the reception I met with here: I have had answers, but not from our Society, because that requires time; the Society must meet first and then answer.—I wish it were in my power' (postprandially!) 'to express what my heart feels. This feeling towards you is not the work of a day, but indeed that of a year (!), for in August last, our Society wrote to M. Pétion, who, however, assures me that the Letter never reached him; and therefore—'*

—and so on, in the postprandial style; bringing down matters to the solid business-level again. Few readers, it is to be expected, have witnessed on the unelastic stage of mere Earth anything so dramatic as this.

We terminate with a scene of a very different complexion, though but some few months farther on, that is to say, in *September* 1792! Félémhesi (anagram for *Méhée Fils*), in his *Vérité toute entière*, a Pamphlet really more veracious than most, thus testifies, after a good deal of preambling:

'I was going to my post about half-past two' (Sunday, the 2d of September, tocsins all ringing, and Brunswick just at hand); 'I was passing along the Rue Dauphine; suddenly I hear hisses. I look, I observe four hackney-coaches, coming in a train, escorted by the Fédérés of the Departments.

* Tome xii. 379.

'Each of these coaches contained four persons: they were individuals' (priests) 'arrested in the preceding domiciliary visits. Billaud-Varennes, Procureur-Substitute of the Commune, had just been interrogating them at the Hôtel-de-Ville; and now they were proceeding towards the Abbaye, to be provisionally detained there. A crowd is gathering; the cries and hisses redouble: one of the prisoners, doubtless out of his senses, takes fire at these murmurs, puts his arm over the coach-door, gives one of the Fédérés a stroke over the head with his cane. The Fédéré, in a rage, draws his sabre, springs on the carriage-steps, and plunges it thrice over into the heart of his aggressor. I saw the blood come out in great jets. "Kill every one of them; they are scoundrels, aristocrats!" cry the people. The Fédérés all draw their sabres, and instantly kill the three companions of the one who had just perished. I saw, at this moment, a young man in a white nightgown stretch himself out of that same carriage: his countenance, expressive but pale and worn, indicated that he was very sick; he had gathered his staggering strength and, though already wounded, was crying still, "*Grace, grace,* Mercy, pardon!" but in vain; —a mortal stroke united him to the lot of the others.

'This coach, which was the hindmost, now held nothing but corpses; it had not stopped during the carnage, which lasted about the space of two minutes. The crowd increases, *crescit eundo;* the yells redouble. The coaches are at the Abbaye. The corpses are hurled into the court; the twelve living prisoners dismount to enter the committee-room. Two are sacrificed on alighting; ten succeed in entering. The committee had not had time to put the slightest question, when a multitude, armed with pikes, sabres, swords, and bayonets, dashes in, seizes the accused, and kills them. One prisoner, already much wounded, kept hanging by the skirts of a Committee-member, and still struggled against death.

'Three yet remained; one of whom was the Abbé Sicard, Teacher of the Deaf and Dumb. The sabres were already over his head, when Monnot, the watchmaker, flung himself before them, crying, "Kill me rather, and not this man, who is useful to our country!" These words, uttered with the fire and impetuosity of a generous soul, suspended death. Profiting by this moment of calm, Abbé Sicard and the other two were got conveyed into the back part of the room.'

Abbé Sicard, as is well known, survived; and the narrative which he also published exists,—sufficient to prove, among other things, that 'Félémhesi' had but two eyes, and his own share of sagacity and heart; that he has *mis*-seen, miscounted, and, knowingly or unknowingly, mistated not a little,—as one poor man, in these circumstances, might. Félémhesi continues, we only inverting his arrangement somewhat:

'Twelve scoundrels, presided by Maillard, with whom they had probably combined this project beforehand, find themselves "by chance" among the crowd; and now, being well-known one to another, they unite themselves "in the name of the sovereign people," whether it were of their own private audacity, or that they had secretly received superior orders. They lay hold of the prison-registers, and turn them over; the turnkeys fall a-trembling; the jailor's wife and the jailor faint; the prison is surrounded by furious men; there is shouting, clamouring: the door is assaulted, like to be forced; when one of the Committee-members presents himself at the outer gate, and begs audience: his signs obtain a moment of silence; the doors open, he advances, gets a chair, mounts on it, and speaks: "Comrades, friends," said he, "you are good patriots; your resentment is just. Open war to the enemies of the common good; neither truce nor mercy; it is a war to the death! I feel, like you, that they

must all perish. And yet, if you are good citizens, you must love justice. There is not one of you but would shudder at the notion of shedding innocent blood."—"Yes, yes!" reply the people.—"Well, then, I ask of you if, without inquiry or investigation, you fling yourselves like mad tigers on your fellow-men——?" Here the speaker is interrupted by one of the crowd, who, with a bloody sabre in his hand, his eyes glancing with rage, cleaves the press, and refutes him in these terms: "Tell us, Monsieur le Citoyen, explain to us then, would the *sacrés gueux* of Prussians and Austrians, if they were at Paris, investigate for the guilty? Would they not cut to the right and left, as the Swiss on the Tenth of August did? Well! I am no speaker, I cannot stuff the ears of any one: but I tell you, I have a wife and five children, whom I leave with my Section here, while I go and fight the enemy; and it is not my bargain that the villains in this Prison, whom other villains outside will open the door to, shall go and kill my wife and children in the meanwhile! I have three boys, who I hope will be usefuller to their country one day than these rascals you want to save. Any way, you have but to send them out; we will give them arms, and fight them number for number. Die here, or die on the frontiers, I am sure enough to be killed by these villains, one day; but I mean to sell them my life; and, be it I, be it others, the Prison shall be purged of these *sacrés gueux là*."—"He is right!" responds the general cry.'—And so the frightful 'purgation' proceeds.

'At five in the afternoon, Billaud-Varennes, Procureur-Substitute, arrives; he had on his sash, and the small puce coat and black wig we are used to see on him: walking over carcasses, he makes a short harangue to the people, and ends thus: "People, thou art sacrificing thy enemies; thou art in thy duty." This cannibal speech lends them new animation. The killers blaze up, cry louder than ever for new victims:—how to stanch this new thirst of blood? A

voice speaks from beside Billaud; it was Maillard's voice: "There is nothing more to do here; let us to the *Carmes!*" They run thither: in five minutes more, I saw them trailing corpses by the heels. A killer (I cannot say a man), in very coarse clothes, had, as it would seem, been specially commissioned to despatch the Abbé Lenfant; for, apprehensive lest the prey might be missed, he takes water, flings it on the corpses, washes their blood-smeared faces, turns them over, and seems at last to ascertain that the Abbé Lenfant is among them.'*

This is the September Massacre, the last Scene we can give as a specimen. Thus, in these curious records of the *Histoire Parlementaire*, as in some Ezekiel Vision become real, does Scene after Scene disclose itself, now in rose-light, now in sulphurous black, and grow ever more fitful, dreamlike, — till the Vendémiaire Scene come, and Napoleon blow forth his grapeshot, and Sansculottism be no more!

Touching the political and metaphysical speculations of our two Editors, we shall say little. They are of the sort we lamented in Mignet, and generally in Frenchmen of this day: a jingling of formulas;—unfruitful as that Kalmuck prayer! Perhaps the strangest-looking particular doctrine we have noticed is this: that the French Revolution was at bottom an attempt to realise Christianity, and fairly put it in action, in our world. For eighteen centuries (it is not denied) men had been doing more or less that way; but they set their shoulder rightly to the wheel, and gave a dead-lift, for the first time *then*. Good M. Roux! And yet the good Roux

* Vol. xviii. p. 169.

does mean something by this; and even something true. But a marginal annotator has written on our copy, 'For the love of Heaven, Messieurs, *humez vos formules:*' make away with your formulas; take off your facetted spectacles; open your eyes a little, and look! There is, indeed, here and there, considerable rumbling of the rotatory calabash, which rattles and rumbles, concerning Progress of the Species, *Doctrine du Progrès, Exploitations, le Christ,* the *Verbe,* and what not; written in a vein of deep, even of intense seriousness; but profitable, one would think, to no man or woman. In this style M. Roux (for it is he, we understand) painfully composes a Preface to each Volume, and has even given a whole introductory History of France: we read some seven or eight of his first Prefaces, hoping always to get some nourishment; but seldom or never cut him open now. Fighting, in that way, behind cover, he is comparatively harmless; merely wasting you so many pence per number: happily the space he takes is small. Whoever wants to form for himself an image of the actual state of French Meditation, and under what surprising shackles a French thinking man of these days finds himself gyved, and mechanized, and reduced to the verge of *zero,* may open M. Roux's Prefaces, and see it as in an expressive summary.

We wish our two French friends all speed in their business; and do again honestly recommend this *Histoire Parlementaire* to any and all of our English friends who take interest in that subject.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

[1838.]

AMERICAN Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is 'an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished.' True, surely: as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify! Why do men crowd towards the improved-drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-flies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thoroughfares, Whither so fast? To see dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male! Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilisation, a *soirée* of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well-lighted, thronged; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde-gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces; for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished: oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see;

* LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 12. — *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet.* Vol. i. — vi. Edinburgh, 1837.

whom it is worth while to go and see: look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-*soirée* admits not of speech; there lies the specialty of it. A meeting together of human creatures; and yet (so high has civilisation gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not: nay there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none. For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such lion-*soirées*, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanters are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you lift his label, and read it, with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. O Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is 'an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that 'has become distinguished;' and, moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together? A tendency, we say, of manifold results: of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime;—which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, 'as dim-eyed animals do, 'towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured

'tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary,' or even 'sheep-like, to run and crowd because many *have* 'already run!' It is, indeed, curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously huzzahs and venerates, as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jostle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright: and do there not lie, of the self-same pewter, whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheep-like quality, but something better, and indeed best: what has been called 'the perpetual fact of hero-worship;' our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, 'it remains a blessed fact, so cun-'ningly has Nature ordered it, *that whatsoever man ought* '*to obey, he cannot but obey.* Shew the dullest clodpole, 'shew the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than 'himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into 'brass, he must down and worship.' So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of 'hero-worship' was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence

unchangeable; whereon polities, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of great men!—In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance; cheerfully wish even lion-*soirées*, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at lowest, is proof that guineas exist, that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetité can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilised countries; and to the last, included and do still include a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the observed of all observers; a great man, or only a

considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singularly circumstanced, is a 'distinguished' man! In regard to whom, therefore, the 'instinctive tendency' on other men's part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected *Life* 'by his son-in-law and literary executor' again summons the whole world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things,—why should not this Periodical Publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude: to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish; at least to wait till the Work were finished: for the Six promised Volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a Seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory; and declare that, finished or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by that Seventh Volume; the prior Six have altered it but little;—as, indeed, a man who has written some two hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the *Life* itself. Mr. Lockhart's known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict in general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, "There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott's appearance and transit on this earth; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us:" this was by no manner of means Mr. Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection, from that of the *Odyssey* down to *Thomas Ellwood* or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man: also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one; are so much easier to write than one. The *Odyssey*, for instance, what were the value of the *Odyssey*, sold per sheet? One paper of *Pickwick*; or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation: *Odyssey* equal to *Pickwick* divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and

acting? Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and emblemed forth, determines the value. Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time. Paradoxical does it seem? Wo for the age, wo for the man, quack-ridden, be-speeched, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange!—Such we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless? One thinks, Had but the hogshead of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been *distilled*, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one *Natty Leatherstocking*, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse-writing, of diffuse-acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him, more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work *not* visibly done!—Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect, and otherwise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air,

and shout, "*Io Pæan!* the Devil *is* conquered;" — and, in the *mean*while, study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr. Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at: or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligibly bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents, and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His Work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More*, for instance, up to this *Life of Scott*, there is a wide range indeed! Let us take the Seven Volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other, would have shewn little policy in an author. Had Mr. Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition, in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in England are better qualified to do, there can be no doubt but his readers for the time had been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity be denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have: Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary, by whosoever has a call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat, the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense: these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations, statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely without interest, are copiously given; copiously, but with selection; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity, and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have 'received pain:' nay, the very Hero of the Biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set

forth in plain English: hence 'personality,' 'indiscretion,' or worse, 'sanctities of private life,' &c. &c. How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, 'there are 'no English lives worth reading except those of Players, 'who by the nature of the case have bidden Respect-'ability good day.' The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum*, as we say, and wind and shadow,—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a *perfect* ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds,

certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians), is a series of *falls*. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a biography, let the Damocles' sword of Respectability (which after all is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public: we joyfully accept the omen.

Perhaps then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his Work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified-ghost condition. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires may, sometimes very fairly,

get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination; natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is fit that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that they be not written at all: to produce not things but ghosts of things can never be the duty of man. The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do *it*, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will of course keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue;* nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting, — *having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and

blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the accuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected; if the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise, the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at nought, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for its own force would not carry it far: That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may

hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence,—"That there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this, that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye; that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not the patient Biographer dwell on his *Abbots, Pirates,* and hasty theatrical scene-paintings; affectionately analysing them, as if they were Raphael pictures, time-defying *Hamlets, Othellos?* The Novel-manufactory, with its £15,000 a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to Heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time; an object spreading out before him like a sea without shore. Of *that* astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to *Lockhart's Life of Scott,* readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision, and insight wrote it; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or purchase the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written *Life;* we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed *great* who were vastly smaller than he: as little doubt moreover that of the specially *good* a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances; but may or may not indicate anything great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man; *shewing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum!* And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your 'series of years,' quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost all on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to

be tar-barrels, and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane Princesses cried out, "One God, one Farinelli!"—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced? In Literature too, there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities: Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out; or plays at best, in the eyes of some few, as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his *Don Quixote* in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again. Or coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating

civilised Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtchatka; his own 'astonishing genius,' meanwhile, producing two tragedies or so per month: he, on the whole, blazed high enough: he too has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether; and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name 'great.' It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has

'written as many volumes with so few sentences that 'can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities: the false, the semi-false, and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, 'Wo to them that are at ease in Zion;' but surely it is a double wo to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men!

Brother Ringletub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, He had *fire enough in his belly* to burn up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him; for surely it is the test of every divine

man this same, and without it he is not divine or great, — that he *have* fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepense, become a 'friend of humanity;' nay, that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatallest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and naught. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in Nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself 'the armed Soldier of Democracy;' and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea; that, namely, of '*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them;' really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realise this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while: before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack,

and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realised, in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men: children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner-man of Scott.

Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion, dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress, knowing no discouragement, Samson-like, carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace, laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had, all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy, and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men. Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and

to others. On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the highborn, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy: coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net-total, as shewn by experiment, of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is a most meritorious product of Nature, so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health, — it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shews him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible;—as Walker the *Original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *could* not, by much abstinence from soap and water, attain to a dirty face! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argu-

mentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, 'all this ran down from me like water from a man in 'wax-cloth dress.' Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Now all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent, — if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay, there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was Nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British Literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other Sentimentalism tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal *wind*), Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, "These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!" It is one of the cheerfullest sights, let the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically

very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birth-land of his? In the saddle, with the foray-spear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout *Beardie* of Harden's time, he could have played Beardie's part; and *been* the stalwart buff-belted *terræ filius* he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout self-help was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed, sound-hearted man, of joyous robust temper, looking to the main chance, and fighting direct thitherward: *valde stalwartus homo!*—How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign. But indeed, who knows how much slumbers in many men. Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocal are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal. It is even a question, whether, had not want, discomfort, and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerundgrinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich: those two eggs thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century; here, and not there, lay his business. Beardie of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element; how he helps himself along in it, makes it too do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to: this is the history of the life and achievements of *our* Sir Walter Scott, Baronet;—whereat we are now to glance for a little! It is a thing remarkable; a thing substantial; of joyful, victorious sort; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently: there is more to wonder at than admire; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards Literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unencumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy: nothing eminent in place, in

faculty, or culture, yet nothing deficient; all around is methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kind-heartedness; an element of warmth and light, of affection, industry, and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature had said withal, "Let it be a health to express itself by mind, not by body," a lameness is added in childhood; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books, and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organization; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. 'Nature gives healthy children much; how much! 'Wise education is a wise unfolding of this; often it 'unfolds itself better of its own accord.'

Add one other circumstance: the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream in at every pore. 'There is a country accent,' says La Rochefoucault, 'not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character, 'and manner of existing, which never forsakes a man.' Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter.

Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott, can doubt but Presbyterianism too had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has 'made a step from which it cannot retrograde.' Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a Universe, creature of an Eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a Heavenly Behest, of Duty god-commanded, overcanopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people: one may say in a more special sense, 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' Honour to all the brave and true; everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, "Let the people be taught:" this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, "Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent-digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these: no, in no wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites; but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made

once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained *majority*; thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms: the form of hard-fisted money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there; it may utter itself, one day, as the colossal Scepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too though painful, wrestling, Titan-like, through doubt and inquiry towards new belief); and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired Melody of a Burns: in a word, it is there, and continues to manifest itself, in the Voice and the Work of a Nation of hardy endeavouring considering men, with whatever that may bear in it, or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and, on some sides, not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school-days, college-days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. "So lived an

Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century," may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an Autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if anywhere, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good-humour had free scope:

'An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and, as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, at least so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

'It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first

consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him, in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys), with a small cocked-hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheepskin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774), for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period.'*

We will glance next into the '*Liddesdale raids.*' Scott has grown up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and Advocate: in vacation-time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory Debatable Land,—over Flodden and other fields and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however

* Vol. i. pp. 15-17.

dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours, under this eternal Sky; and gives and takes, in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whisky not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has, perhaps, been aggravated for effect's sake:

'During seven successive years,' writes Mr. Lockhart (for the Autobiography has long since left us), 'Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district;—the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity,—even such a "rowth of auld knicknackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches, seems very doubtful. "He

was *makin' himsell* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."

'"In those days," says the Memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty—at least about Liddesdale;" and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I 's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round "the advocate," and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

'According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont.' * * * 'They dined at Millburnholm; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were "half-glowrin," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleughhead, where ("for," says my Memorandum, "folk were na very nice in those days") the two travellers slept in one and the same bed,—as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliot (a clergyman) had already a large MS. collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of.' * * *. 'Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on

the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt** of *Dick o' the Cow*. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had, "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae, and some *London* porter." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for "breakfast" on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail, which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonfuls of spirits, — though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. "Ah me," says Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsell to every body! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsell the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I 've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk — (this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare)—but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude-humour.'"

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, wherein the element of whisky plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it *is* questionable, and not exemplary, whisky mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed

* Loud tune: German, *lallen*.

charity hopes and conjectures, here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

'On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception, as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of "Burns's Saturday Night;" and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good man of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was soporific," scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "By ——, here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg — the consternation of the dame — and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book.'*

* Vol. i. pp. 195-199.

From which Liddesdale *raids*, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days young advocates, and Scott, like the rest of them, were *alive* and alert, — whisky sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young Advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted Sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbling a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of *Goethe's Götz with the Iron Hand;* — and we have arrived at the threshold of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by Nature and Circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality and duty, legal or civic: — with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed, who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulse;* he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and *can* do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest, being also by nature our *quietest*,

are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yesty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired 'taxes on knowledge' to allay it a little; — he comforted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent latent manner.* Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost several hundred thousand pounds sterling by Literature; but he might have been a happy and by no means a useless, — nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuller Walter! However that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age, — an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabout, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances, — had said to himself: What man shall be the temporary comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfit-maker, of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little? So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, What man? and found him walking the dusty Outer Parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

* Fichte, *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten.*

The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* proved to be a well, from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado,—or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing, and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new Literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The *Lays*, the *Marmions*, the *Ladys* and *Lords* of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with ever-widening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty and more sometimes) were printed off, then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown, and apotheosis there was: all is recorded in these Seven Volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable; the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it. No blaze in his fancy is likely to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. 'Health, wealth, and wit to guide them' (as his vernacular Proverb says), all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself,—the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide circle of friends, personal loving admirers; warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can true-heartedly nestle down among them; light of radiance and renown given only to a few: who would not call Scott happy? But the happiest circumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things shewed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic; and then in the way of practice, they prove true or else not true: but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn out well? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if, when set to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into *holes?* They are untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these principles of his; openly convicted of untruth;—fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs? We say not that; but we do say that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*

is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil,—may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthiness shewed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this: the way in which he took his fame; the estimate he from the first formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth; but the thing men call fame, what is it? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much,—except, indeed, as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life. Not necessary, now or ever! Seemingly without much effort, but taught by Nature, and the instinct which instructs the sound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this same emblazonry of reputation; that he ought to put no trust in it; but be ready at any time to see it pass away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he escaped in this manner; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without a name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was easier to him. What a strange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men! In thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey, in thy belly it shall be bitter as gall! Some weakly-organised individual, we will say at the age of five-and-twenty, whose main or whole talent rests on some prurient susceptivity, and nothing under it but

shallowness and vacuum, is clutched hold of by the general imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height; and taught to believe the divine-seeming message that he is a great man: such individual seems the luckiest of men: and, alas, is he not the unluckiest? Swallow not the Circe-draught, O weakly-organised individual; it is fell poison; it will dry up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched; thou shalt be wretched under the sun! Is there, for example, a sadder book than that *Life of Byron*, by Moore? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vacuum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Sitting there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created Universe; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitifullest whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture,—as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow! Lamentable, despicable,—one had rather be a kitten and cry mew! O, son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art lovable, those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest *not* with, is it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory, with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them? It is not of moment; in sober truth, not of any moment at all! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely,—from *one* soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee! How is thy world become desert; and thou, for the sake of a little babblement of tongues, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent not in

purse, but in heart and mind. 'The Golden Calf of 'self-love,' says Jean Paul, 'has grown into a burning 'Phalaris' Bull, to consume its owner and worshipper.' Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of Sin in this world. 'The man of letters who founds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named *Satan*, the Enemy), and member of the Satanic school?——

It was in this poetic period that Scott formed his connexion with the Ballantynes; and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *Vates* to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means, cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of, — manifold higglings of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war-commissariat, in his time; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. Saint George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this

world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, *Put money in thy purse.*

Here, indeed, it is to be remarked, that perhaps no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other be handled, looked at, and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism? Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion? Be this as it may, surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott. Equally unconscious these two utterances; equally the sincere complete products of the minds they came from: and now if they were equally *deep?* Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative

worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unencumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven, it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise! The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a Universe as this of ours, have something to speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings, burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's,—except to an age altogether languid, without either scepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary men; yet withal will recognise the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is a something, not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cants, fanaticisms, and 'last infirmity of noble minds,'—full of misery, unrest, and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the Earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those

Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force, in them. This, which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and sympathised with. Considering what wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping-up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome. Consider whether the *Loves of the Plants*, and even the *Loves of the Triangles*, could be worth the loves and hates of men and women! Scott was as preferable to what he displaced, as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance. But, in the second place, we may say that the *kind* of worth which Scott manifested was fitted especially for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life, under strange new circumstances. Now vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein those maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without

a reflex solacement: "O, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic-cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness; and been and felt myself alive among men alive!" Add lastly, that in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had, exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings! The reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down at his ease, and be ministered to. What the Turkish bath-keeper is said to aim at with his frictions, and shampooings, and fomentings, more or less effectually, that the patient in total idleness may have the delights of activity,—was here to a considerable extent realised. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, Be at ease, and let thy tepid element be comfortable to thee. 'The rude man,' says a critic, 'requires only to see something going on. The 'man of more refinement must be made to feel. The 'man of complete refinement must be made to reflect.'

We named the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* the fountain from which flowed this great river of Metrical Romances; but according to some they can be traced to a still higher, obscurer spring; to Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand;* of which, as we have seen, Scott in his earlier days executed a translation. Dated a good many years ago, the following words in a criticism on Goethe are found written; which probably are still new to most readers of this Review:

'The works just mentioned, *Götz* and *Werter*, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens too, this same word, once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen:* and, if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.'

How far *Götz von Berlichingen* actually affected Scott's literary destination, and whether without it the rhymed romances, and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question; obscure, and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt, that these two tendencies, which may be named *Götzism* and *Werterism*, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making the tour of all Europe. In Germany too there was this affectionate half-regretful looking back into the Past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it, before Scott began. Then as to *Werterism*, had not we English our Byron and his genus? No form of Werterism in any other country had half the potency: as our Scott carried Chivalry Literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron Werterism. France, busy with its Revolution and Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for Götzism or Werterism; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole 'Literature of Desperation' in our own days; the beggarliest form of Werterism yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a noble-gifted Chateaubriand, Götz and Werter both in one.—Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same county; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier;—and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication, and boastful speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste, and bloody noses; and which one hopes

the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure!

But leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark, was that British Werterism, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a 'class of feelings deeply important 'to modern minds; feelings which arise from *passion* '*incapable of being converted into action*, which belong 'to an age as indolent, cultivated, and unbelieving as 'our own!' The 'languid age without either faith or scepticism' turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar: here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery; an indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it,—which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication: an unpleasant business; which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life; Poetry had already yielded him much money; *this* at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this mat-

ter;—and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one; shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep! In the spring of 1814 appeared *Waverley*; an event memorable in the annals of British Literature; in the annals of British Bookselling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the *Don Juan* one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry-lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What 'series' followed out of *Waverley*, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His 'Waverley series,' swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading; looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries. A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first, most people suspected, and soon after the first, few intelligent persons much doubted, that the Author of *Waverley* was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up; rather piquant to the public; doubtless very pleasant to the author, who saw it all; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-

drawn 'clear proof at last,' that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So-and-so; — one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged Author, it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine: he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the Waverley Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the 'Author of *Waverley*' was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world.

How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances, is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit, and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of

the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them; — as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince-Regentship itself; an almost official matter:

'On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815), the Prince said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him;" and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levee*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam, also, as to the composition of the party. "Let us have," said he, "just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;" and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York—the Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly)—the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth)—the Earl of Fife—and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. "The Prince and Scott," says Mr. Croker, "were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table." The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anec-

dotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain ermined sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this: Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, "Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie ower for the present:" and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms—"To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!" Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper—"And now, Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance." The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and "I'faith, Walter," said he, "this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast—

"'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post?'"

'Towards midnight, the Prince called for "a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of Waverley;" and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, "Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions; but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him." He then drank off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness, "Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion,—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*." The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as "alike grave and graceful." This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape.' * * *
'Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment if possible still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs.'*

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether *un*officially and much better described. It is James Ballantyne the printer and publisher's dinner, in Saint John Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the birtheve of a Waverley Novel:

'The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epi-

* Vol. iii. pp. 340-343.

thets, *gorgeous;* an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly præses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth,

"Fill full!
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by "the King, God bless him!" and second came—"Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine: I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended: his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "'bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage-conspirator thrills the gallery,—"*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*" —The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence; and then Ballantyne proceeded—

"In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious"—

to lament the obscurity, in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world; to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received; and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—"the proudest hour of his life," &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *nonchalance* was still more ludicrously me-

ritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—*The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, O!*—or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut;*—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming Romance. "One chapter—one chapter only!" was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

'The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting-stave, which was uniformly *The Last Words of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.'*

* Vol. iv. p. 166-168.

Over at Abbotsford, things wear a still more prosperous aspect. Scott is building there, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed; he has bought and is buying land there; fast as the new gold comes in for a new Waverley Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood:

'About the middle of February' (1820), says Mr. Lockhart, 'it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring,—I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket, and so forth, under the clerk's gown.'—'At noon, when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament Close; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under weigh for Tweedside. As we proceeded,' &c.

'Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church-service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his Redgauntlet:—"He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not

whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather under-sized, he had very broad shoulders, was square made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait." Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat, and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort, and the honest consequence of a confidential *grieve** had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a *black-fisher*;—and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

'We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked, that "it was not every author who should lead him such a dance." But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, "This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!"—"You may say that, Sheriff," quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable—"My certy," he added, scratching his head, "and I think it will be a grand season for *our buiks* too.' But indeed Tom always talked of *our buiks*, as if they had been as regular products of the soil as *our aits* and *our birks*. Having threaded first the

* Overseer; German, *graf*.

Hexilcleugh and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation' (named Chiefswood), 'by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.' * * 'As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his "Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe.'*

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous: all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless miscellany of pilgrims. As many as 'sixteen parties' have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferney in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls 'the flesh-flies;' buzzing swarms of bluebottles, who never fail where any

* Vol. iv. p. 349-353.

taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's *healthiness*, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere shewed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his blue-bottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall (in a very compressed state):

'We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. The,' &c.—'Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, "welled out alway."'—'Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;'—'came like a stream of poetry from his lips;'—'path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine.'—'Impossible to touch on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it.'—'Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story.'—'In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel.'—'Interspersed with these various readings, were some hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetical.'—'At breakfast today we had, as usual, some 150 stories—God knows how they came in.'—'In any man so gifted—so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!'—'For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table, but takes,' &c. &c.*

* Vol. v. p. 375-402.

Among such worshippers, arriving in 'sixteen parties a-day,' an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no bluebottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work,—under pain of sugared *squash* (called quassia) and king's yellow! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course; enjoyed what was enjoyable in it; endured what could not well be helped; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of romance-*copy*, in preserving his composure of heart; — in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor, and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentablest way fevered his internal life, though he kept it well down; but it affected him *less* than it would have done almost any other man. For his guests were not all of the bluebottle sort; far from that. Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a B.'sh Ferney ever yielded, or is like to yield: and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:

'It was a clear, bright, September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness, for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he too was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his Hinves,

and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept *Hoddin Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume —a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble serene dignity of countenance, might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether ana-

tomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

'The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background;—Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

"What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had na mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!"

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on.

'This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers;—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey, to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and

the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden-chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."'*

* Vol. v. p. 7-10.

On this subject let us report an anecdote furnished by a correspondent of our own, whose accuracy we can depend on:—'I myself was acquainted with a little Blenheim cocker, one of 'the smallest, beautifullest and wisest of lapdogs or dogs, which, 'though Sir Walter knew it not, was very singular in its behaviour 'towards him. *Shandy*, so hight this remarkable cocker, was 'extremely shy of strangers: promenading on Prince's Street, 'which in fine weather used to be crowded in those days, he 'seemed to live in perpetual fear of being stolen; if any one but 'looked at him admiringly, he would draw back with angry timidity, and crouch towards his own lady-mistress. One day a tall, 'irregular, busy-looking man came halting by; the little dog ran 'towards him, began fawning, frisking, licking at his feet: it was 'Sir Walter Scott! Had Shandy been the most extensive reader 'of Reviews, he could not have done better. Every time he saw 'Sir Walter afterwards, which was some three or four times in the 'course of visiting Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstrations, 'ran leaping, frisking, licking the Author of Waverley's feet. 'The good Sir Walter endured it with good-humour; looked down 'at the little wise face, at the silky shag-coat of snow-white and 'chestnut-brown; smiled, and avoided hitting him as they went 'on,—till a new division of streets or some other obstacle put an 'end to the interview. In fact he was a strange little fellow, this 'Shandy. He has been known to sit for hours looking out at the 'summer moon, with the saddest wistfullest expression of countenance; altogether like a Werterean Poet. He would have been 'a Poet, I dare say, if he could have found a *publisher*. But his

'There' at Chiefswood 'my wife and I spent this summer and autumn of 1821;—the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new comers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horseleech avidity with which

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'moral tact was the most amazing. Without reason shewn, with-
'out word spoken or act done, he took his likings and dislikings;
'unalterable; really almost unerring. His chief aversion, I should
'say, was to the genus *quack*, above all to the genus *acrid-quack*;
'these, though never so clear-starched, bland-smiling, and bene-
'ficent, he absolutely would have no trade with. Their very
'sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with emphasis, as clearly
'as barking could say it: "Acrid-quack, avaunt!" Would to
'Heaven many a prime minister, and high person in authority, had
'such an invaluable talent! On the whole, there is more in this
'universe than our philosophy has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is
'a voice of Nature too; and farther, *it* has never babbled itself
'away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always adhered to the
'practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with
'fact. We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our
'body, Buffon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow,
'main organs in the head, and so forth: but have they not a kind
'of soul, equally the rude draught and imperfect imitation of ours?
'It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic thing to see an
'intelligence imprisoned in that dumb rude form; struggling to
'express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprison-
'ment; and succeed very imperfectly!'

underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guests over night, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's-axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate;* and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston,—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced,—this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, whenever the

weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.'*

Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio: the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless, and despicable. Scott had some £2,000 a-year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was *infected;* sick of the fearfullest malady, that of Ambition! To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour, and 'sixteen parties a-day,' brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers called the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds. It is one of the strangest, most tragical

* Vol. v. pp. 123, 124.

histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make £15,000 a-year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!—

> 'The whole world was not half so wide
> To Alexander when he cried
> Because he had but one to subdue,
> As was a narrow paltry tub to
> Diogenes; who ne'er was said,
> For aught that ever I could read,
> To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob,
> Because he had ne'er another tub.'

Not he! And if, 'looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude,' Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, *what*, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which, once set it a-working, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men, here was the very perfection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and *is* a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy masterlike coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, 'round as the O of Giotto.'* It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Farther-

* 'Venne a Firenze' (il cortigiano del Papa), 'e andato una 'mattina in bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di 'disegno per mandarlo a sua Santità. Giotto, che garbatissimo era, 'prese un foglio, ed in quello con un pennello tinto di rosso, fer-'mato il braccio al fianco per farne compasso, e girato la mano fece 'un tondo sì pari di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una maravi-'glia. Ciò fatto ghignando disse al cortigiano, Eccovi il disegno.' '. . . . Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conob-'bero perciò, quanto Giotto avanzasse d'eccelenza tutti gli altri 'pittori del suo tempo. Divolgatasi poi questa cosa, ne nacque il 'proverbio, che ancora è in uso dirsi a gli uomini di grossa pasta: '*Tu sei più tondo che l' O di Giotto.*'—Vasari, *Vite* (Roma, 1759), i. 46.

more, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Bailie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion) do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakspeare, a Goethe? Yet it is a difference literally immense: they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in

the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had 'done Goethe the honour' to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew. To the same purport, indeed, we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind, there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental,—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting *Waverley*, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its

kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true forever, that Literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men: or if Literature have them not, then Literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the Waverley Novels. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these Novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly with singular vividness before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we too one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed Dandy, only give him *time*, will

become one of the wonderfullest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long-run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating-library heroes he might well pass for a demigod. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What then is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse!—Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no

farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one. Secondly, however, we may say, these Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies, and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of 'philosophy teaching by experience' will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme; and the matter produced was excellent, considering that: the circumstances under which some

of his Novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready writing; nay farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly; and, round or not, be thrown off like Giotto's O. But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much pains-taking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated. And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty! Let ready writers with any faculty in them, lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not with ease, that a man shall *do his best*, in any shape; above all, in this shape, justly named of 'soul's travail,' working

in the deep places of thought, embodying the True out of the Obscure and Possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated False? Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready writers? The whole *Prophecies of Isaiah* are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a Review Article. Shakspeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes,—though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakspeare's plan; no easy writer he, or he had never been a Shakspeare. Neither was Milton one of the mob of gentlemen that write with ease; he did not attain Shakspeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast *after* long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep;' no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, '*könnte nie fertig werden*, never could get done;' the noble genius of him struggled not wisely but too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily? Dante sees himself 'growing lean' over his *Divine Comedy*; in stern solitary

death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may: hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures for evermore among men. No: creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains, and fire-flames, in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too, the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth: why wilt thou brag of it to me? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue! "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is sometimes d—d hard reading." Sometimes; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed everybody; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracle;—for which see his Journal, above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that Journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; 'and as for the in-'vention,' says he, 'it is known that this costs Scott 'nothing, but comes to him of its own accord.' Con-

venient indeed!—But for us too Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it, yet with measure. For observe always, there are two conditions in work: let me fix the quality, and *you* shall fix the quantity! Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with never such rapidity in a passable manner, is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicality of mind, and in fine, that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view, rapidity will betoken health of mind: much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy writing is attainable by man! The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural Rides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Papermoney,—seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive-principle; he flowed on forever, a mighty tide of ditch-water; and even died flowing, with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common Editor

of a Daily Newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane: how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready-writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it? It is a valuable consummation. Not without results;—results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown to be as Talk, then DEMOCRACY (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bugbear and probability, but a certainty, and event as good as come! 'Inevitable seems it me.' But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; everywhere the ready writer is found bragging strangely of his readiness. In a late translated *Don Carlos*, one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, 'The reader will 'possibly think it an excuse, when I assure him that 'the whole piece was completed within the space of ten 'weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January 'and the eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of

'a fortnight's interruption from over-exertion); that I 'often translated twenty pages a-day, and that the fifth 'act was the work of five days.'* O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades of years? The only question is, How hast thou done it?—So, however, it stands: the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah's deluges—of ditch-water! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene? That surely is an awful reflection; worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew; it is not Literature they are swimming away; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature *before* Printing or Faust of Mentz, and yet men wrote extempore? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore? Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls; this, by the blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was that ambition, and even false

* *Don Carlos*, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller. Mannheim and London, 1837.

ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? Where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writing must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and even, with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity overwrought and worn out, behoved to have been spoken;—such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better ordered to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangor, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there

had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhither for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course, or fashion of mind, to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task, of removing rubbish-mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength; —and *it* proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart! Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons, Demonologies, Scotch Histories*, and the rest, criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, Wo is me! The noble warhorse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down;—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe;* that

Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, on hint from Byron's *Ravenna Journal:* copious sections of it render this Sixth Volume more interesting than any of the former ones:

'*Abbotsford, May* 11 (1826).— * * It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed—and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille*. I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me.

'*Edinburgh,—Mrs. Brown's lodgings, North St. David Street—May* 12.—I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

'Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place;" I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—"One cannot carry the comforts of the

Saut-Market about with one." Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy,—a clergyman; and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.'

'*May* 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.—Hogg was here yesterday, in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of £100 from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself.'

'*May* 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

'*Abbotsford, May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "Poor mamma —never return again—gone forever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.—Even her foibles were of service

to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

'I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could.'

'*May* 18.— * * Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gayety and pastime. No, no.'

'*May* 22.— * * Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking.'

'*May* 26.— * * Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!'

'*Edinburgh, May* 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. * * I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.—This has been a melancholy day—most melancholy.

I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence — a sort of throttling sensation — then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead.'*

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, When he departed he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

* Vol. vi. pp. 297-307.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS.*

[1838.]

THE Lady *Rahel*, or Rachel, surnamed *Levin* in her maiden days, who died some five years ago as Madam Varnhagen von Ense, seems to be still memorable and notable, or to have become more than ever so, among our German friends. The widower, long known in Berlin and Germany for an intelligent and estimable man, has here published successively, as author, or as editor and annotator, so many Volumes, Nine in all, about her, about himself, and the things that occupied and environed them. Nine Volumes, properly, of German Memoirs; of letters, of miscellanies, biographical and autobiographical; which we have read not without zeal and diligence, and in part with great pleasure. It seems to us that such of our readers as take interest in things German, ought to be apprised of this Publication;

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* LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 62.—1. *Rahel. Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde.* (Rahel. A Book of Memorial for her Friends.) 3 vols. Berlin, 1834.

2. *Gallerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel.* (Gallery of Portraits from Rahel's Circle of Society and Correspondence.) Edited by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1836.

3. *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften.* (Memoirs and Miscellaneous Writings.) By K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 4 vols. Mannheim, 1837-38.

and withal that there are in it enough of things European and universal to furnish out a few pages for readers not specially of that class.

One may hope, Germany is no longer to any person that vacant land, of gray vapour and chimeras, which it was to most Englishmen, not many years ago. One may hope that, as readers of German have increased a hundredfold, some partial intelligence of Germany, some interest in things German, may have increased in a proportionably higher ratio. At all events, Memoirs of men, German or other, will find listeners among men. Sure enough, Berlin city, on the sandy banks of the Spree, is a living city, even as London is, on the muddy banks of Thames. Daily, with every rising of the blessed heavenly light, Berlin sends up the smoke of a hundred thousand kindled hearths, the fret and stir of five hundred thousand new-awakened human souls; — marking or defacing with *such* smoke-cloud, material or spiritual, the serene of our common all-embracing Heaven. One Heaven, the same for all, embraces that smoke-cloud too, adopts it, absorbs it, like the rest. Are there not dinner-parties, 'æsthetic teas;' scandal-mongeries, changes of ministry, police-cases, literary gazettes? The clack of tongues, the sound of hammers, mounts up in that corner of the Planet too, for certain centuries of Time. Berlin has its royalties and diplomacies, its traffickings, travailings; literatures, sculptures, cultivated heads, male and female; and boasts itself to be 'the intellectual capital of Germany.' Nine Volumes of Memoirs out of Berlin will surely contain something for us.

Samuel Johnson, or perhaps another, used to say,

there was no man on the streets whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with. No rudest mortal walking there who has not seen and known experimentally something, which, could he tell it, the wisest would hear willingly from him! Nay, after all that can be said and celebrated about poetry, eloquence, and the higher forms of composition and utterance; is not the primary use of speech itself this same, to utter *memoirs*, that is, memorable experiences to our fellow-creatures? A fact is a fact; man is forever the brother of man. That thou, O my brother, impart to me truly how it stands with thee in that inner man of thine, what lively images of things past thy memory has painted there, what hopes, what thoughts, affections, knowledges do now dwell there: for this and for no other object that I can see, was the gift of speech and of hearing bestowed on us two. I say not how thou feignest. Thy fictions, and thousand and one Arabian Nights, promulgated as fictions, what are they also at bottom but this, things that *are* in thee, though only images of things? But to bewilder me with *falsehoods*, indeed; to ray out error and darkness,—misintelligence, which means misattainment, otherwise failure and sorrow; to go about confusing worse our poor world's confusion, and, as a son of Nox and Chaos, propagate delirium on earth: not surely with *this* view, but with a far different one, was that miraculous tongue suspended in thy head, and set vibrating there!—In a word, do not two things, *veracity* and *memoir-writing*, seem to be prescribed by Nature herself and the very constitution of man? Let us read, therefore, according to opportunity,—and, with judicious audacity, review!

Our Nine printed Volumes we called German Memoirs. They agree in this general character, but are otherwise to be distinguished into kinds, and differ very much in their worth for us. The first book on our list, entitled *Rahel*, is a book of private letters; three thick volumes of Letters written by that lady; selected from her wide correspondence; with a short introduction, with here and there a short note, and that on Varnhagen's part is all. Then follows, in two volumes, the work named *Gallery of Portraits;* consisting principally of Letters *to* Rahel, by various persons, mostly persons of note; to which Varnhagen, as editor, has joined some slight commentary, some short biographical sketch of each. Of these five volumes of German Letters we will say, for the present, that they seem to be calculated for Germany, and even for some special circle there, rather than for England or us. A glance at them afterwards, we hope, will be possible. But the third work, that of Varnhagen himself, is the one we must chiefly depend on here: the four volumes of *Memoirs and Miscellanies;* lively pieces; which can be safely recommended as altogether pleasant reading to every one. They are 'Miscellaneous Writings,' as their title indicates; in part collected and reprinted out of periodicals, or wherever they lay scattered; in part sent forth now for the first time. There are criticisms, notices literary or didactic; always of a praiseworthy sort, generally of small extent. There are narrations; there is a long personal narrative, as it might be called, of service in the 'Liberation War' of 1814, wherein Varnhagen did duty as a volunteer officer in Tettenborn's corps, among the Cossacks: this is the longest piece, by no means the best. There is

farther a curious narrative of Lafayette's escape (brief escape with recapture) from the Prison of Olmütz. Then also there is a curious biography of Doctor Bollmann, the brave young Hanoverian, who aided Lafayette in that adventure. Then other biographies not so curious; on the whole, there are many biographies: Biography, we might say, is the staple article; an article in which Varnhagen has long been known to excel. Lastly, as basis for the whole, there are presented, fitfully, now here, now there, and with long intervals, considerable sections of Autobiography; — not confessions, indeed, or questionable work of the Rousseau sort, but discreet reminiscences, personal and other, of a man who having looked on much, may be sure of willing audience in reporting it well. These are the Four Volumes written by Varnhagen von Ense; those are the Five edited by him. We shall regard his autobiographic memorials as a general substratum, upholding and uniting into a certain coherence the multifarious contents of these publications: it is Varnhagen von Ense's Passage through Life; this is what it yielded him; these are the things and persons he took note of, and had to do with, in travelling thus far.

Beyond ascertaining for ourselves what manner of eyesight and way of judgment this our Memoir-writer has, it is not necessary to insist much on Varnhagen's qualities or literary character here. He seems to us a man peculiarly fitted, both by natural endowment and by position and opportunity, for writing memoirs. In the space of half a century that he has lived in this world, his course has been what we might call erratic in a high degree: from the student's garret in Halle or

Tübingen to the Tuileries hall of audience and the Wagram battle-field, from Chamisso the poet to Napoleon the emperor, his path has intersected all manner of paths of men. He has a fine intellectual gift; and what is the foundation of that and of all, an honest, sympathising, manfully patient, manfully courageous heart. His way of life, too erratic we should fear for happiness or ease, and singularly checkered by vicissitude, has had this considerable advantage, if no other, that it has trained him, and could not but train him, to a certain catholicism of mind. He has been a student of literature, an author, a student of medicine, a soldier, a secretary, a diplomatist. A man withal of modest, affectionate nature; courteous and yet truthful; of quick apprehension, precise in utterance; of just, extensive, occasionally of deep and fine insight: this is a man qualified beyond most to write memoirs. We should call him one of the best memoir-writers we have met with; decidedly the best we know of in these days. For clearness, grace of method, easy comprehensibility, he is worthy to be ranked among the French, who have a natural turn for memoir-writing; and in respect of honesty, valorous gentleness, and simplicity of heart, his character is German, not French.

Such a man, conducting us in the spirit of cheerful friendliness along his course of life, and delineating what he has found most memorable in it, produces one of the pleasantest books. Brave old Germany, in this and the other living phasis, now here, now there, from Rhineland to the East-sea, from Hamburg and Berlin to Deutsch-Wagram and the Marchfeld, paints itself in the colours of reality; with notable persons, with notable

events. For consider withal in what a time this man's life has lain: in the thick of European things, while the Nineteenth Century was opening itself. Amid convulsions and revolutions, outward and inward,—with Napoleons, Goethes, Fichtes; while prodigies and battle-thunder shook the world, and, 'amid the glare of conflagrations, and the noise of falling towns and kingdoms,' a New Era of Thought was also evolving itself: one of the wonderfullest times! On the whole, if men like Varnhagen were to be met with, why have we not innumerable Memoirs? Alas, it is because the men like Varnhagen are *not* to be met with; men with the clear eye and the open heart. Without such qualities, memoir-writers are but a nuisance; which, so often as they shew themselves, a judicious world is obliged to sweep into the cesspool, with loudest possible prohibition of the like. If a man is not open-minded, if he is ignorant, perverse, egoistic, splenetic; on the whole, if he is false and stupid, how shall he write memoirs?—

From Varnhagen's young years, especially from his college years, we could extract many a lively little sketch, of figures partially known to the reader: of Chamisso, La Motte Fouqué, Raumer, and other the like; of Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wire-drawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways; of Homeric Wolf, with his biting wit, with his grim earnestness and inextinguishable Homeric laugh, the irascible great-hearted man. Or of La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime what fair eye has not wept? Varnhagen found him 'in a pleasant house near the

Saale-gate' of Halle, with an ugly good-tempered wife, with a pretty niece, which latter he would not allow to read a word of his romance-stuff, but 'kept it locked from her like poison;' a man jovial as Boniface, swollen out on booksellers' profit, church preferments, and fat things, 'to the size of a hogshead;' for the rest, writing with such velocity (he did some hundred and fifty weeping volumes in his time) that he was obliged to hold in, and 'write only two days in the week:' this was La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist. But omitting all these, let us pick out a family-picture of one far better worth looking at: Jean Paul in his little home at Baireuth,—'little city of my habitation, which I belong to on this side the grave!' It is Sunday, the 23d of October, 1808, according to Varnhagen's note-book. The ingenious youth of four-and-twenty, as a rambling student, passes the day of rest there, and luckily for us has kept memorandums:

'*Visit to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*—This forenoon I went to Jean Paul's. Friend Harscher was out of humour, and would not go, say what I would. I too, for that matter, am but a poor, nameless student; but what of that?

'A pleasant, kindly, inquisitive woman, who had opened the door to me, I at once recognised for Jean Paul's wife by her likeness to her sister. A child was sent off to call its father. He came directly; he had been forewarned of my visit by letters from Berlin and Leipzig; and received me with great kindness. As he seated himself beside me on the sofa, I had almost laughed in his face, for in bending down somewhat he had the very look our Neumann, in his *Versuchen und Hindernissen*, has jestingly given him, and his speaking and what he spoke confirmed that impression. Jean Paul is of stout figure; has a full, well-ordered face; the eyes small,

gleaming out on you with lambent fire, then again veiled in soft dimness; the mouth friendly, and with some slight motion in it even when silent. His speech is rapid, almost hasty, even stuttering somewhat here and there; not without a certain degree of dialect, difficult to designate, but which probably is some mixture of Frankish and Saxon, and of course is altogether kept down within the rules of cultivated language.

'First of all, I had to tell him what I was charged with in the shape of messages, then whatsoever I could tell in any way, about his Berlin friends. He willingly remembered the time he had lived in Berlin, as Marcus Herz's neighbour, in Leder's house; where I, seven years before, had first seen him in the garden by the Spree, with papers in his hand, which it was privately whispered were leaves of *Hesperus*. This talk about persons, and then still more about Literature growing out of that, set him fairly underway, and soon he had more to impart than to inquire. His conversation was throughout amiable and good-natured, always full of meaning, but in quite simple tone and expression. Though I knew beforehand that his wit and humour belonged only to his pen, that he could hardly write the shortest note without these introducing themselves, while on the contrary his oral utterance seldom shewed the like,—yet it struck me much that, in this continual movement and vivacity of mood to which he yielded himself, I observed no trace of these qualities. His demeanour otherwise was like his speaking; nothing forced, nothing studied, nothing that went beyond the burgher tone. His courtesy was the free expression of a kind heart; his way and bearing were patriarchal, considerate of the stranger, yet for himself too altogether unconstrained. Neither in the animation to which some word or topic would excite him, was this fundamental temper ever altered; nowhere did severity appear, nowhere any exhibiting of himself, any watching or spying of his hearer; everywhere

kind-heartedness, free movement of his somewhat loose-flowing nature, open course for him, with a hundred transitions from one course to the other, howsoever or whithersoever it seemed good to him to go. At first he praised everything that was named of our new appearances in Literature; and then, when we came a little closer to the matter, there was blame enough and to spare. So of Adam Müller's Lectures, of Friedrich Schlegel, of Tieck and others. He said, German writers ought to hold by the people, not by the upper classes, among whom all was already dead and gone; and yet he had just been praising Adam Müller, that he had the gift of speaking a deep word to cultivated people of the world. He is convinced that from the opening of the old Indian world nothing is to be got for us, except the adding of one other mode of poetry to the many modes we have already, but no increase of ideas: and yet he had just been celebrating Friedrich Schlegel's labours with the Sanscrit, as if a new salvation were to issue out of that. He was free to confess that a right Christian in these days, if not a Protestant one, was inconceivable to him; that changing from Protestantism to Catholicism seemed a monstrous perversion; and with this opinion great hope had been expressed, a few minutes before, that the Catholic spirit in Friedrich Schlegel, combined with the Indian, would produce much good! Of Schleiermacher he spoke with respect; signified, however, that he did not relish his *Plato* greatly; that in Jacobi's, in Herder's soaring flight of soul he traced far more of those divine old sages than in the learned acumen of Schleiermacher; a deliverance which I could not let pass without protest. Fichte, of whose *Addresses to the German Nation*, held in Berlin under the sound of French drums, I had much to say, was not a favourite of his; the decisiveness of that energy gave him uneasiness; he said he could only read Fichte as an exercise, "gymnastically," and that with the purport of his Philosophy he had now nothing moreto do.

'Jean Paul was called out, and I staid a while alone with his wife. I had now to answer many new questions about Berlin; her interest in persons and things of her native town was by no means sated with what she had already heard. The lady pleased me exceedingly; soft, refined, acute, she united with the loveliest expression of household goodness an air of higher breeding and freer management than Jean Paul seemed to manifest. Yet, in this respect too, she willingly held herself inferior, and looked up to her gifted husband. It was apparent every way that their life together was a right happy one. Their three children, a boy and two girls, are beautiful, healthy, well-conditioned creatures. I had a hearty pleasure in them; they recalled other dear children to my thoughts, whom I had lately been beside! * * *

'With continual copiousness and in the best humour, Jean Paul (we were now at table) expatiated on all manner of objects. Among the rest, I had been charged with a salutation from Rahel Levin to him, and the modest question, "Whether he remembered her still?" His face beamed with joyful satisfaction: "How could one forget such a person?" cried he impressively. "That is a woman alone of her kind: I liked her heartily well, and more now than ever, as I gain in sense and apprehension to do it; she is the only woman in whom I have found genuine humour, the one woman of this world who had humour!" He called me a lucky fellow to have such a friend; and asked, as if proving me and measuring my value, How I had deserved that?

'*Monday, 24th October.*—Being invited, I went a second time to dine. Jean Paul had just returned from a walk; his wife, with one of the children, was still out. We came upon his writings; that questionable string with most authors, which the one will not have you touch, which another will have you keep jingling continually. He was here what I

expected him to be; free, unconstrained, good-natured, and sincere with his whole heart. His *Dream of a Madman*, just published by Cotta, was what had led us upon this. He said he could write such things at any time; the mood for it, when he was in health, lay in his own power; he did but seat himself at the harpsichord, and fantasying for a while on it, in the wildest way, deliver himself over to the feeling of the moment, and then write his imaginings, — according to a certain predetermined course, indeed, which however he would often alter as he went on. In this kind he had once undertaken to write a *Hell*, such as mortal never heard of; and a great deal of it is actually done, but not fit for print. Speaking of descriptive composition, he also started as in fright when I ventured to say that Goethe was less complete in this province; he reminded me of two passages in *Werter*, which are indeed among the finest descriptions. He said that to describe any scene well, the poet must make the bosom of a man his *camera obscura*, and look at it through *this*, then would he see it poetically. * *

'The conversation turned on public occurrences, on the condition of Germany, and the oppressive rule of the French. To me discussions of that sort are usually disagreeable; but it was delightful to hear Jean Paul express, on such occasion, his noble patriotic sentiments; and, for the sake of this rock-island, I willingly swam through the empty tide of uncertain news and wavering suppositions which environed it. What he said was deep, considerate, hearty, valiant, German to the marrow of the bone. I had to tell him much; of Napoleon, whom he knew only by portraits; of Johannes von Müller; of Fichte, whom he now as a patriot admired cordially; of the Marquez de la Romana and his Spaniards, whom I had seen in Hamburg. Jean Paul said he at no moment doubted, but the Germans, like the Spaniards, would one day rise, and Prussia would avenge its disgrace, and free the country; he hoped his son would live to see it, and did not deny that he was bringing him up for a soldier. * * *

'*October 25th.*—I staid to supper, contrary to my purpose, having to set out next morning early. The lady was so kind, and Jean Paul himself so trustful and blithe, I could not withstand their entreaties. At the neat and well-furnished table (reminding you that South Germany was now near), the best humour reigned. Among other things, we had a good laugh at this, that Jean Paul offered me an introduction to one of what he called his dearest friends in Stuttgart,—and then was obliged to give it up, having irrecoverably forgotten his name! Of a more serious sort, again, was our conversation about Tieck, Friedrich and Wilhelm Schlegel, and others of the romantic school. He seemed in ill humour with Tieck at the moment. Of Goethe he said: "Goethe is a consecrated head; he has a place of his own, high above us all." We spoke of Goethe afterwards, for some time: Jean Paul, with more and more admiration, nay with a sort of fear and awe-struck reverence.

'Some beautiful fruit was brought in for dessert. On a sudden, Jean Paul started up, gave me his hand, and said: "Forgive me, I must go to bed! Stay you here in God's name, for it is still early, and chat with my wife; there is much to say, between you, which my talking has kept back. I am a *Spiessburger*" (of the Club of Odd Fellows), "and my hour is come for sleep." He took a candle, and said good night. We parted with great cordiality, and the wish expressed on both sides, that I might stay at Baireuth another time.'

These biographic phenomena; Jean Paul's loose-flowing talk, his careless variable judgments of men and things; the prosaic basis of the free-and-easy in domestic life with the poetic Shandean, Shakspearean, and even Dantesque, that grew from it as its public outcome; all this Varnhagen had to rhyme and reconcile for himself as he best could. The loose-flowing talk and variable judgments, the fact that Richter went along, 'look-

ing only right before him as with blinders on,' seemed to Varnhagen a pardonable, nay an amiable peculiarity, the mark of a trustful, spontaneous, artless nature; connected with whatever was best in Jean Paul. He found him on the whole (what we at a distance have always done) 'a genuine and noble man: no deception 'or impurity exists in his life: he is altogether as he 'writes, loveable, hearty, robust, and brave. A valiant 'man I do believe: did the cause summon, I fancy he 'would be readier with his sword too than the most.' And so we quit our loved Jean Paul, and his simple little Baireuth home. The lights are blown out there, the fruit-platters swept away, a dozen years ago, and all is dark now, — swallowed in the long Night. Thanks to Varnhagen that he has, though imperfectly, rescued any glimpse of it, one scene of it, still visible to eyes, by the magic of pen and ink.

The next picture that strikes us is not a family-piece, but a battle-piece: Deutsch-Wagram, in the hot weather of 1809; whither Varnhagen, with a great change of place and plan, has wended, purposing now to be a soldier, and rise by fighting the tyrannous French. It is a fine picture; with the author's best talent in it. Deutsch-Wagram village is filled with soldiers of every uniform and grade; in all manner of movements and employments; Archduke Karl is heard 'fantasying for an hour on the piano-forte,' before his serious generalissimo duties begin. The Marchfeld has its camp, the Marchfeld is one great camp of many nations,—Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Madshars; advanced sentinels walk steady, drill-sergeants bustle, drums beat; Austrian generals gallop, 'in blue-gray coat and red breeches'—

combining 'simplicity with conspicuousness.' Faint on our south-western horizon appears the *Stephans-thurm* (Saint-Stephen's Steeple) of Vienna; south, over the Danube, are seen endless French hosts defiling towards us, with dust and glitter, along the hill-roads; one may hope, though with misgivings, there will be work soon.

Meanwhile, in every regiment there is but one tent, a chapel, used also for shelter to the chief officers; you, a subaltern, have to lie on the ground, in your own dug trench, to which, if you can contrive it, some roofing of branches and rushes may be added. It is burning sun and dust, occasionally it is thunder-storm and water-spouts; a volunteer, if it were not for the hope of speedy battle, has a poor time of it: your soldiers speak little, except unintelligible Bohemian Sclavonic; your brother ensigns know nothing of Xenophon, Jean Paul, of patriotism, or the higher philosophies; hope only to be soon back at Prague, where are billiards and things suitable. 'The following days were heavy and void: the 'great summer-heat had withered grass and grove; the 'willows of the Russbach were long since leafless, in part 'barkless; on the endless Plain fell nowhere a shadow; 'only dim dust-clouds, driven up by sudden whirlblasts, 'veiled for a moment the glaring sky, and sprinkled all 'things with a hot rain of sand. We gave up drilling as 'impossible, and crept into our earth-holes.' It is feared, too, there will be no battle: Varnhagen has thoughts of making off to the fighting Duke of Brunswick-Oels, or some other that will fight. 'However,' it would seem, 'the worst trial was already over. After a hot, weary-'ing, wasting day, which promised nothing but a mor-'row like it, there arose on the evening of the 30th of

'June, from beyond the Danube, a sound of cannon-thunder; a solacing refreshment to the languid soul! A party of French, as we soon learned, had got across from the Lobau, by boats, to a little island named Mühleninsel, divided only by a small arm from our side of the river; they had then thrown a bridge over this too, with defences; our batteries at Esslingen were for hindering the enemy's passing there, and his nearest cannons about the Lobau made answer.' On the fourth day after,

'Archduke John got orders to advance again as far as Marcheck; that, in the event of a battle on the morrow, he might act on the enemy's right flank. With us too a resolute engagement was arranged. On the 4th of July, in the evening, we were ordered, if there was cannonading in the night, to remain quiet till daybreak; but at daybreak to be under arms. Accordingly, so soon as it was dark, there began before us, on the Danube, a violent fire of artillery; the sky glowed ever and anon with the cannon-flashes, with the courses of bombs and grenadoes: for nearly two hours this thunder-game lasted on both sides; for the French had begun their attack almost at the same time with ours, and while we were striving to ruin their works on the Lobau, they strove to burn Enzersdorf town, and ruin ours. The Austrian cannon could do little against the strong works on the Lobau. On the other hand, the enemy's attack began to tell; in his object was a wider scope, more decisive energy; his guns were more numerous, more effectual: in a short time Enzersdorf burst out in flames, and our artillery struggled without effect against their superiority of force. The region round had been illuminated for some time with the conflagration of that little town, when the sky grew black with heavy thunder: the rain poured down, the flames dwindled, the artillery fired seldomer, and at length fell silent

altogether. A frightful thunder-storm, such as no one thought he had ever seen, now raged over the broad Marchfeld, which shook with the crashing of the thunder, and, in the pour of rain-floods and howl of winds, was in such a roar, that even the artillery could not have been heard in it.'

On the morrow morning, in spite of Austria and the war of elements, Napoleon, with his endless hosts, and 'six hundred pieces of artillery' in front of them, is across; advancing like a conflagration; and soon the whole Marchfeld, far and wide, is in a blaze.

'Ever stronger batteries advanced, ever larger masses of troops came into action; the whole line blazed with fire, and moved forward and forward. We, from our higher position, had hitherto looked at the evolutions and fightings before us, as at a show; but now the battle had got nigher; the air over us sang with cannon-balls, which were lavishly hurled at us, and soon our batteries began to bellow in answer. The infantry got orders to lie flat on the ground, and the enemy's balls at first did little execution; however, as he kept incessantly advancing, the regiments erelong stood to their arms. The Archduke Generalissimo, with his staff, came galloping along, drew bridle in front of us; he gave his commands; looked down into the plain, where the French still kept advancing. You saw by his face that he heeded not danger or death, that he lived altogether in his work; his whole bearing had got a more impressive aspect, a loftier determination, full of joyous courage, which he seemed to diffuse round him; the soldiers looked at him with pride and trust, many voices saluted him. He had ridden a little on towards Baumersdorf, when an adjutant came galloping back, and cried: "Volunteers forward!" In an instant, almost the whole company of Captain Marais stept out as volunteers: we fancied it was to storm the enemy's nearest battery, which was advancing through the corn-fields in

front; and so, cheering with loud shout, we hastened down the declivity, when a second adjutant came in, with the order that we were but to occupy the Russbach, defend the passage of it, and not to fire till the enemy were quite close. Scattering ourselves into skirmishing order, behind willow-trunks, and high corn, we waited with firelocks ready; covered against cannon-balls, but hit by musket-shots and howitzer-grenades, which the enemy sent in great numbers to our quarter. About an hour we waited here, in the incessant roar of the artillery, which shot both ways over our heads; with regret we soon remarked that the enemy's were superior, at least, in number, and delivered twice as many shots as ours, which however was far better served; the more did we admire the active zeal and valorous endurance by which the unequal match was nevertheless maintained.

'The Emperor Napoleon meanwhile saw, with impatience, the day passing on without a decisive result; he had calculated on striking the blow at once, and his great accumulated force was not to have directed itself all hitherward in vain. Rapidly he arranged his troops for storming. Marshal Bernadotte got orders to press forward, over Atterkla, towards Wagram; and, by taking this place, break the middle of the Austrian line. Two deep storming columns were at the same time to advance, on the right and left, from Baumersdorf over the Russbach; to scale the heights of the Austrian position, and sweep away the troops there. French infantry had, in the mean while, got up close to where we stood; we skirmishers were called back from the Russbach, and again went into the general line; along the whole extent of which a dreadful fire of musketry now began. This monstrous noise of the universal, never-ceasing crack of shots, and still more, that of the infinite jingle of iron, in handling of more than twenty thousand muskets all crowded together here, was the only new and entirely strange impression that I, in these my first experiences in war, could say I had got; all

the rest was in part conformable to my preconceived notion, in part even below it: but everything, the thunder of artillery never so numerous, every noise I had heard or figured, was trifling, in comparison with this continuous storm-tumult of the small arms, as we call them, — that weapon by which indeed our modern battles do chiefly become deadly.'

What boots it? Ensign Varnhagen and Generalissimo Archduke Karl are beaten; have to retreat in the best possible order. The sun of Wagram sets as that of Austerlitz had done; the war has to end in submission and marriage: and, as the great Atlantic tide-stream rushes into every creek and alters the current there, so for our Varnhagen too a new chapter opens,—the diplomatic one, in Paris first of all. Varnhagen's experiences *At the Court of Napoleon*, as one of his sections is headed, are extremely entertaining. They are tragical, comical, of mixed character; always dramatic, and vividly given. We have a grand Schwartzenberg Festival, and the Emperor himself, and all high persons present in grand gala; with music, light, and crowned goblets; in a wooden pavilion, with upholstery and draperies: a rag of drapery flutters the wrong way athwart some wax-light, shrivels itself up in quick fire, kindles the other draperies, kindles the gums and woods, and all blazes into swift-choking ruin; a beautiful Princess Schwartzenberg, lost in the mad tumult, is found on the morrow as ashes amid the ashes! Then also there are *soirées* of Imperial notabilities; 'the gentlemen walking about 'in varied talk, wherein you detect a certain cautious-'ness; the ladies all solemnly ranged in their chairs, 'rather silent for ladies.' Berthier is a 'man of composure,' *not* without higher capabilities. Denon, in spite

of his kind speeches, produces an ill effect on one; and in his *habit habillé*, with court-rapier and lace-cuffs, 'looks like a dizened ape.' Cardinal Maury in red stockings, he that was once Abbé Maury, 'pet son of the scarlet-woman,' whispers diplomatically in your ear, in passing, "*Nous avons beaucoup de joie de vous voir ici.*" But the thing that will best of all suit us here, is the presentation to Napoleon himself:

'On Sunday, the 22d of July (1810), was to be the Emperor's first levee after that fatal occurrence of the fire; and we were told it would be uncommonly fine and grand. In Berlin I had often accidentally seen Napoleon, and afterwards at Vienna and Schönbrunn; but always too far off for a right impression of him. At Prince Schwartzenberg's festival, the look of the man, in that whirl of horrible occurrences, had effaced itself again. I assume, therefore, that I saw him for the first time now, when I saw him *rightly*, near at hand, with convenience, and a sufficient length of time. The frequent opportunities I afterwards had, in the Tuileries and at Saint-Cloud (in the latter place especially, at the brilliant theatre, open only to the Emperor and his guests, where Talma, Fleury, and La Raucourt figured), did but confirm, and, as it were, complete that first impression.

'We had driven to the Tuileries, and arrived through a great press of guards and people at a chamber, of which I had already heard, under the name of *Salle des Ambassadeurs*. The way in which, here in this narrow ill-furnished pen, so many high personages stood jammed together, had something ludicrous and insulting in it, and was indeed the material of many a Paris jest.—The richest uniforms and court-dresses were, with difficulty and anxiety, struggling hitherward and thitherward; intermixed with Imperial liveries of men handing refreshments, who always, by the near peril, suspended every motion of those about them. The

talk was loud and vivacious on all sides; people seeking acquaintances, seeking more room, seeking better light. Seriousness of mood, and dignified concentration of oneself, seemed foreign to all; and what a man could not bring with him, there was nothing here to produce. The whole matter had a distressful, offensive air; you found yourself ill off, and waited out of humour. My look, however, dwelt with especial pleasure on the members of our Austrian Embassy, whose bearing and demeanour did not discredit the dignity of the old Imperial house.—Prince Schwartzenberg, in particular, had a stately aspect; ease without negligence, gravity without assumption, and over all an honest goodness of expression; beautifully contrasted with the smirking saloon-activity, the perked-up courtierism and pretentious nullity of many here. * * *

'At last the time came for going up to audience. On the first announcement of it, all rushed without order towards the door; you squeezed along, you pushed and shoved your neighbour without ceremony. Chamberlains, pages and guards filled the passages and ante-chamber; restless, overdone officiousness struck you here too; the soldiers seemed the only figures that knew how to behave in their business,—and this, truly, they had learned, not at Court, but from their drill-sergeants.

'We had formed ourselves into a half-circle in the Audience Hall, and got placed in several crowded ranks, when the cry of "*L'Empereur!*" announced the appearance of Napoleon, who entered from the lower side of the apartment. In simple blue uniform, his little hat under his arm, he walked heavily towards us. His bearing seemed to me to express the contradiction between a will that would attain something, and a contempt for those by whom it was to be attained. An imposing appearance he would undoubtedly have liked to have; and yet it seemed to him not worth the trouble of acquiring; acquiring, I may say, for by nature he

certainly had it not. Thus there alternated in his manner a negligence and a studiedness, which combined themselves only in unrest and dissatisfaction. He turned first to the Austrian Embassy, which occupied one extremity of the half-circle. The consequences of the unlucky festival gave occasion to various questions and remarks. The Emperor sought to appear sympathetic, he even used words of emotion; but this tone by no means succeeded with him, and accordingly he soon let it drop. To the Russian Ambassador, Kurakin, who stood next, his manner had already changed into a rougher; and in his farther progress some face or some thought must have stung him, for he got into violent anger; broke stormfully out on some one or other, not of the most important there, whose name has now escaped me; could be pacified with no answer, but demanded always new; rated and threatened, and held the poor man, for a good space, in tormenting annihilation. Those who stood nearer, and were looking at this scene, not without anxieties of their own, declared afterwards that there was no cause at all for such fury; that the Emperor had merely been seeking an opportunity to vent his ill humour, and had done so even intentionally, on this poor wight, that all the rest might be thrown into due terror, and every opposition beforehand beaten down.

'As he walked on, he again endeavoured to speak more mildly; but his jarred humour still sounded through. His words were short, hasty, as if shot from him, and on the most indifferent matters had a passionate rapidity; nay, when he wished to be kindly, it still sounded as if he were in anger. Such a raspy, untamed voice as that of his I have hardly heard.

'His eyes were dark, overclouded, fixed on the ground before him; and only glanced backwards in side-looks now and then, swift and sharp, on the persons there. When he smiled, it was but the mouth and a part of the cheeks that

smiled; brow and eyes remained gloomily motionless. If he constrained these also, as I have subsequently seen him do, his countenance took a still more distorted expression. This union of gloom and smile had something frightfully repulsive in it. I know not what to think of the people who have called this countenance gracious, and its kindliness attractive. Were not his features, though undeniably beautiful in the plastic sense, yet hard and rigorous like marble; foreign to all trust, incapable of any heartiness?

'What he said, whenever I heard him speaking, was always trivial both in purport and phraseology; without spirit, without wit, without force, nay, at times, quite poor and ridiculous. Faber, in his *Notices sur l'Intérieur de la France*, has spoken expressly of his questions, those questions which Napoleon was wont to prepare beforehand for certain persons and occasions, to gain credit thereby for acuteness and special knowledge. This is literally true of a visit he had made a short while before to the great Library: all the way on the stairs, he kept calling out about that passage in Josephus where Jesus is made mention of; and seemed to have no other task here but that of shewing off this bit of learning; it had altogether the air of a question got by heart. * * * His gift lay in saying things sharp, or at least unpleasant; nay, when he wanted to speak in another sort, he often made no more of it than insignificance: thus it befell once, as I myself witnessed in Saint-Cloud, he went through a whole row of ladies, and repeated twenty times merely these three words, "*Il fait chaud.*" * * *

'At this time there circulated a song on his second marriage; a piece composed in the lowest popular tone, but which doubtless had originated in the higher classes. Napoleon saw his power and splendour stained by a ballad, and breathed revenge; but the police could no more detect the author than they could the circulators. To me among others a copy, written in a bad hand and without name, had

been sent by the city-post; I had privately with friends amused myself over the burlesque, and knew it by heart. Altogether at the wrong time, exactly as the Emperor, gloomy and sour of humour, was now passing me, the words and tune of that song came into my head; and the more I strove to drive them back, the more decidedly they forced themselves forward; so that my imagination, excited by the very frightfulness of the thing, was getting giddy, and seemed on the point of breaking forth into the deadliest offence,—when happily the audience came to an end; and deep repeated bows accompanied the exit of Napoleon; who to me had addressed none of his words, but did, as he passed, turn on me one searching glance of the eye, with the departure of which it seemed as if a real danger had vanished.

'The Emperor gone, all breathed free, as if disloaded from a heavy burden. By degrees the company again grew loud, and then went over altogether into the noisy disorder and haste which had ruled at the commencement. The French courtiers, especially, took pains to redeem their late downbent and terrified bearing by a free jocularity now; and even in descending the stairs there arose laughter and quizzing at the levee, the solemnity of which had ended here.'

Such was Varnhagen von Ense's presentation to Napoleon Buonaparte in the Palace of the Tuileries. What Varnhagen saw remains a possession for him and for us. The judgment he formed on what he saw, will—depend upon circumstances. For the eye of the intellect 'sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing.' Napoleon is a man of the sort which Varnhagen elsewhere calls *daimonisch*, a 'dæmonic man;' whose meaning or magnitude is not very measurable by men; who, with his *ownness* of impulse and insight,

with his mystery and strength, in a word, with his *originality* (if we will understand that), reaches down into the region of the perennial and primeval, of the inarticulate and unspeakable; concerning whom innumerable things may be said, and the right thing not said for a long while, or at all. We will leave him standing on his own basis, at present; bullying the hapless obscure functionary there; declaring to all the world the meteorological fact, *Il fait chaud.*

Varnhagen, as we see, has many things to write about; but the thing which beyond all others he rejoices to write about, and would gladly sacrifice all the rest to, is the memory of Rahel, his deceased wife. Mysterious indications have of late years flitted round us, concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who seems to have lived in familiar relation to most of the distinguished persons of that country in her time. Travellers to Germany, now a numerous sect with us, ask you as they return from æsthetic capitals and circles, "Do you know Rahel?" Marquis Custine, in the *Revue de Paris* (treating of this Book of *Rahel's Letters*) says, by experience: 'She was a woman 'as extraordinary as Madame de Staël, for her faculties 'of mind, for her abundance of ideas, her light of soul, 'and her goodness of heart: she had, moreover, what 'the author of *Corinne* did not pretend to, a disdain for 'oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like 'hers is a force too. With more vanity, a person so 'superior would have sought to make a public for her-'self: but Rahel desired only friends. She spoke to 'communicate the life that was in her; never did she 'speak to be admired.' Goethe testifies that she is a

'right woman; with the strongest feelings I have ever 'seen, and the completest mastery of them.' Richter addresses her by the title *geflügelte*, 'winged one.' Such a Rahel might be worth knowing.

We find, on practical inquiry, that Rahel was of Berlin; by birth a Jewess, in easy, not affluent circumstances; who lived, mostly there, from 1771 to 1833. That her youth passed in studies, struggles, disappointed passions, sicknesses, and other sufferings and vivacities to which one of her excitable organization was liable. That she was deep in many spiritual provinces, in Poetry, in Art, in Philosophy;—the first, for instance, or one of the first to recognise the significance of Goethe, and teach the Schlegels to do it. That she wrote nothing: but thought, did, and spoke, many things, which attracted notice, admiration spreading wider and wider. That in 1814 she became the wife of Varnhagen; the loved wife, though her age was forty-three, exceeding his by some twelve years or more, and she could never boast of beauty. That without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatsoever, she had grown in her silently progressive way to be the most distinguished woman in Berlin; admired, partly worshipped by all manner of high persons, from Prince Louis of Prussia downwards; making her mother's, and then her husband's house the centre of an altogether brilliant circle there. This is the 'social phenomenon of Rahel.' What farther could be readily done to understand such a social phenomenon we have endeavoured to do; with what success the reader shall see.

First of all, we have looked at the portrait of Rahel given in these Volumes. It is a face full of thought, of

affection, and energy; with no pretensions to beauty, yet loveable and attractive in a singular degree. The strong high brow and still eyes are full of contemplation; the long upper lip (sign of genius, some say) protrudes itself to fashion a curved mouth, condemnable in academies, yet beautifully expressive of laughter and affection, of strong endurance, of noble silent scorn; the whole countenance looking as with cheerful clearness through a world of great pain and disappointment; one of those faces which the lady meant when she said: "But are not all beautiful faces ugly, then, to begin with?" In the next place, we have read diligently whatsoever we could anywhere find written about Rahel; and have to remark here that the things written about her, unlike some things written by her, are generally easy to read. Varnhagen's account of their intercourse; of his first young feelings towards her, his long waiting, and final meeting of her in snowy weather under the Lindens, in company with a lady whom he knew; his tremulous speaking to her there, the rapid progress of their intimacy; and so onwards, to love, to marriage: all this is touching and beautiful; a Petrarcan romance, and yet a reality withal.

Finally, we have read in these Three thick Volumes of Letters,—till, in the Second thick Volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture with considerable intervals! Such is the melancholy fact. It must be urged in defence that these Volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said, for Germany rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay of

genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. The truth is, they do not suit us at all. They are *subjective* letters, what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective;* the grand material of them is endless depicturing of moods, sensations, miseries, joys, and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions, or events which the writer stood amidst: a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end, to what end? we always ask. Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself, and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. 'One thing above all others,' says Goethe once; 'I have 'never *thought about Thinking.*' What a thrift of thinking-faculty there; thrift almost of itself equal to a fortune, in these days: '*habe nie ans Denken gedacht!*' But how much wastefuller still is it to *feel about Feeling!* One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self,—why, this can drive one mad, like the Monks of Athos, if it last too long! Unprofitable writing this *subjective* sort does seem;—at all events, to the present reviewer, no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macro*cosm, or Universe large as Nature; universal Nature would barely hold what he *could* say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shopboard of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions, and internal mysteries of wo and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads nowhither; a course which should be avoided.

Add to all this, that such self-utterance on the part of Rahel, in these Letters, is in the highest degree vaporous, vague. Her very mode of writing is complex, nay is careless, incondite; with dashes and splashes, with notes of admiration, of interrogation (nay, both together sometimes), with involutions, abruptness, whirls and tortuosities; so that even the grammatical meaning is altogether burdensome to seize. And then when seized, alas, it is as we say, of due likeness to the phraseology; a thing crude, not articulated into propositions, but flowing out as in bursts of interjection and exclamation. No wonder the reading faculty breaks down! And yet we do gather gold grains of precious thought here and there; though out of large wastes of sand and quicksand. In fine, it becomes clear, beyond doubting, both that this Rahel was a woman of rare gifts and worth, a woman of true genius; and also that her genius has passed away, and left no impress of itself there for us. These printed Volumes produce the effect not of speech, but of multifarious, confused wind-music. It seems to require the aid of pantomime, to tell us what it means. But after all, we can understand how *talk* of that kind, in an expressive mouth, with bright deep eyes, and the vivacity of social movement, of question and response, may have been delightful; and moreover that, for those to whom they vividly recall such talk, these Letters may still be delightful. Hear Marquis de Custine a little farther:

'You could not speak with her, a quarter of an hour, without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command equally with the highest degree of the sublime. The proof that she was natural is that she understood laughter as she did grief; she

took it as a readier means of shewing truth; all had its resonance in her, and her manner of receiving the impressions which you wished to communicate to her modified them in yourself: you loved her at first because she had admirable gifts; and then, what prevailed over everything, because she was entertaining. She was nothing for you, or she was all; and she could be all to several at a time without exciting jealousy, so much did her noble nature participate in the source of all life, of all clearness. When one has lost in youth such a friend,' &c. &c. . . . 'It seems to me you might define her in one word: she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle, and in spite of that, she was a child and a woman as much as any one can be. Her mind penetrated into the obscurest depths of Nature; she was a thinker of as much and more clearness than our Theosophist Saint-Martin, whom she comprehended and admired; and she felt like an artist. Her perceptions were always double; she attained the sublimest truths by two faculties which are incompatible in ordinary men, by feeling and by reflection. Her friends asked of themselves, Whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation? Was it the effect of long studies? Was it the effect of sudden inspiration? It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true. These martyr souls wrestle for the truth, which they have a forecast of; they suffer for the God whom they love, and their whole life is the school of eternity.'*

This enthusiastic testimony of the clever sentimental Marquis is not at all incredible to us, in its way: yet from these Letters we have nothing whatever to produce that were adequate to make it good. As was said already, it is not to be made good by excerpts and written

* *Revue de Paris*, Novembre, 1837.

documents; its proof rests in the memory of living witnesses. Meanwhile, from these same wastes of sand, and even of quicksand, dangerous to linger in, we will try to gather a few grains the most like gold, that it may be guessed, by the charitable, whether or not a Pactolus once flowed there:

'If there be miracles, they are those that are in our own breast; what we do not know, we call by that name. How astonished, almost how ashamed are we, when the inspired moment comes, and we get to know them!'

'One is late in learning to lie: and late in learning to speak the truth.'—'I cannot, because I cannot, lie. Fancy not that I take credit for it: I cannot, just as one cannot play upon the flute.'

'In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.'

'So long as we do not take even the injustice which is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us; so long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness, without dawn.'

'Manure with despair,—but let it be genuine; and you will have a noble harvest.'

'True misery is ashamed of itself; hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that.'

'What a commonplace man! If he did not live in the same time with us, no mortal would mention him.'

'Have you remarked that Homer, whenever he speaks of the water, is always great; as Goethe is, when he speaks of the stars?'

'If one were to say, "You think it easy to be original: but no, it is difficult, it costs a whole life of labour and exertion,"—you would think him mad, and ask no more questions of him. And yet his opinion would be altogether true, and plain enough withal. Original, I grant, every man might be,

and must be, if men did not almost always admit mere undigested hearsays into their head, and fling them out again undigested. Whoever honestly questions himself, and faithfully answers, is busied continually with all that presents itself in life; and is incessantly inventing, had the thing been invented never so long before. Honesty belongs as a first condition to good thinking; and there are almost as few absolute dunces as geniuses. Genuine dunces would always be original; but there are none of them genuine: they have almost always understanding enough to be dishonest.'

'He (the blockhead) tumbled out on me his definition of genius: the trivial old distinctions of intellect and heart; as if there ever was, or could be, a great intellect with a mean heart!'

'Goethe? When I think of *him*, tears come into my eyes: all other men I love with my own strength; he teaches me to love with his. My Poet!'

'Slave-trade, war, marriage, working-classes:—and they are astonished, and keep clouting, and remending?'

'The whole world is, properly speaking, a tragic *embarras*.'

'. . . I here, Rahel the Jewess, feel that I am as unique as the greatest appearance in this earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, is not above me. We are of the same element: in the same rank, and stand together. Whichever would exclude the other, excludes only himself. But to me it was appointed not to write, or act, but *to live*: I lay in embryo till my century; and then was, in outward respects, so *flung away*.—It is for this reason that I tell you. But pain, as I know it, is a life too: and I think with myself, I am one of those figures which Humanity was fated to evolve, and then never to use more, never to have more: me no one can comfort.'—'Why *not* be beside oneself, dear friend? There are beautiful parentheses in life, which belong neither to us nor to others: beautiful I name them, because they

give us a freedom we could not get by sound sense. Who would volunteer to have a nervous fever? And yet it may save one's life. I love rage; I use it, and patronise it.'—'Be not alarmed; I am commonly calmer. But when I write to a *friend's heart*, it comes to pass that the sultry laden horizon of my soul breaks out in lightning. Heavenly men *love* lightning.'

'*To Varnhagen*. . . One thing I must write to thee; what I thought of last night in bed, and for the first time in my life. That I, as a relative and pupil of Shakspeare, have, from my childhood upwards, occupied myself much with death, thou mayest believe. But never did my own death affect me; nay, I did not even think of this fact, that I was not affected by it. Now, last night there was something I had to write; I said, Varnhagen must know this thing, if he is to think of me after I am dead. And it seemed to me as if I must die; as if my heart were flitting away over this earth, and I must follow it; and my death gave me pity: for never before, as I now saw, had I thought that it would give anybody pity: of thee I knew it would do so, and yet it was the first time in my life I had seen this, or known that I had never seen it. In such solitude have I lived: comprehend it! I thought, When I am dead, then first will Varnhagen know what sufferings I had; and all his lamenting will be in vain; the figure of me meets him again, through all eternity, no more; swept away am I *then*, as our poor Prince Louis is. And no one can be kind to me then; with the strongest will, with the effort of despair, no one: and this thought of thee about me was what at last affected me. I must write of this, though it afflict thee never so.' . . . .

'*To Rose, a younger sister, on her marriage in Amsterdam*. —Paris, 1801. . . . Since thy last letter I am sore downcast. Gone art thou! No Rose comes stepping in to me with true foot and heart, who knows me altogether, knows all my sorrows *altogether*. When I am sick of body or soul,

alone, alone, thou comest not to me any more; thy room empty, quite empty, forever empty. Thou art away, to try thy fortune. O Heaven! and to me not even *trying* is permitted. Am not *I* in luck! The garden in the Lindenstrasse, where we used to be with Hanne and Feu — was it not beautiful?—I will call it *Rose* now; with Hanne and Hanse will I go often thither, and none shall know of it. Dost thou recollect that night when I was to set out with Fink, the time before last? How thou hadst to sleep up stairs, and then to stay with me? O my sister, I might be as ill again — though not for that cause: and thou too, what may not lie before thee! But no, thy name is Rose; thou hast *blue* eyes, and a far other life than I with my stars and black ones. * * * Salute Mamma a million times; tell her I congratulate her from the heart; the more so, as *I* can never give her such a pleasure! God willed it not. But I, in her place, would have great pity for a child so circumstanced. Yet let her not lament for me. I know all her goodness, and thank her with my soul. Tell her I have the fate of nations, and of the greatest men, before my eyes here: they too go tumbling even so on the great sea of Existence, mounting, sinking, swallowed up. From of *old* all men have seemed to me like spring blossoms, which the wind blows off and whirls; none knows where they fall, and the fewest come to fruit.'

Poor Rahel! The Frenchman said above, she was an artist and apostle, yet had not ceased to be a child and woman. But we must stop short. One other little scene, a scene from her death-bed by Varnhagen, must end the tragedy:

'. . . . She said to me one morning, after a dreadful night, with the penetrating tone of that lovely voice of hers: "Oh, I am *still* happy; I am God's creature still; He knows of me; I shall come to see how it was good and needful for me to suffer: of a surety I had something to learn by it. And am I not

already happy in this trust, and in all the love that I feel and meet with?"

'In this manner she spoke, one day, among other things, with joyful heartiness, of a dream which always from childhood she had remembered and taken comfort from. "In my seventh year," said she, "I dreamt that I saw God quite near me; he stood expanded above me, and his mantle was the whole sky; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me, and in the worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of his mantle, and he screened me from all sorrow there: He permitted it." * * * The following words, which I felt called to write down exactly as she spoke them on the 2d of March, are also remarkable: "What a history!" cried she, with deep emotion: "A fugitive from Egypt and Palestine am I here; and find help, love, and kind care among you. To thee, dear August, was I sent by this guiding of God, and thou to me; from afar, from the old times of Jacob and the Patriarchs! With a sacred joy I think of this my origin, of all this wide web of pre-arrangement. How the oldest remembrances of mankind are united with the newest reality of things, and the most distant times and places are brought together. What, for so long a period of my life, I considered as the worst ignominy, the sorest sorrow and misfortune, that I was born a Jewess, this I would not part with now for any price. Will it not be even so with these pains of sickness? Shall I not, one day, mount joyfully aloft on them too; feel that I could not want them for any price? O August, this is just, this is true; we will try to go on thus!" Thereupon she said, with many tears, "Dear August, my heart is refreshed to its inmost: I have thought of Jesus, and wept over his sorrows; I have felt, for the first time felt, that he is my brother. And Mary, what must not she have suffered! She saw her beloved Son

in agony, and did not sink; she *stood* at the Cross. That I could not have done; I am not strong enough for that. Forgive me, God, I confess how weak I am." * * *

'At nightfall, on the 6th of March, Rahel felt herself easier than for long before, and expressed an irresistible desire to be new dressed. As she could not be persuaded from it, this was done, though with the greatest precaution. She herself was busily helpful in it, and signified great contentment that she had got it accomplished. She felt so well she expected to sleep. She wished me good-night, and bade me also go and sleep. Even the maid, Dora, was to go and sleep; however, she did not.

'It might be about midnight, and I was still awake, when Dora called me: "I was to come, she was much worse." Instead of sleep, Rahel had found only suffering, one distress added to another; and now all had combined into decided spasm of the breast. I found her in a state little short of that she had passed six days ago. The medicines left for such an occurrence (regarded as possible, not probable) were tried; but, this time, with little effect. The frightful struggle continued; and the beloved sufferer, writhing in Dora's arms, cried, several times, "This pressure against her breast was not to be borne, was crushing her heart out:" the breathing, too, was painfully difficult. She complained that "it was getting into her head now, that she felt like a cloud there;" she leaned back with that. A deceptive hope of some alleviation gleamed on us for a moment, and then went out forever; the eyes were dimmed, the mouth distorted, the limbs lamed! In this state the Doctors found her; their remedies were all bootless. An unconscious hour and half, during which the breast still occasionally struggled in spasmodic efforts,—and this noble life breathed out its last. The sight I saw then, while kneeling almost lifeless at her bed, stamped itself, glowing forever into my heart.'

So died Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, born Levin, a

singular biographic phenomenon of this century; a woman of genius, of true depth and worth; whose secluded life, as one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the public admiration of the whole world; a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century; in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that 'the highest philosopher, or poet, or artist was not 'above her, but of a like element and rank with her.' That such a woman should have lived unknown and, as it were, silent to the world, is peculiar in this time.

We say not that she was equal to De Staël, nor the contrary; neither that she might have written De Staël's books, nor even that she might not have written far better books. She has ideas unequalled in De Staël; a sincerity, a pure tenderness and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost. But what then? The subjunctive, the optative are vague moods: there is no tense one can found on but the preterite of the indicative. Enough for us, Rahel did not write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be sheltered and fosteringly embowered, in those circumstances of hers; she 'was not appointed to write or to act, but only to live.' Call her not unhappy on that account, call her not useless; nay, perhaps, call her happier and usefuller. Blessed are the humble,—are they that are *not* known. It is written, 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' live where thou art, only live wisely, live diligently. Rahel's life was not an idle one for herself or for others: how many souls may the 'sparkles showering from that light-fountain' have kindled and illuminated; whose new virtue goes on propagating itself, increasing itself,

under incalculable combinations, and will be found in far places, after many days! She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the Morning Papers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing be made something, by never so much babbling of it there? Far better, probably, that no Morning or Evening Paper mentioned it; that the right hand knew not what the left was doing! Rahel might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal; namely, a Life to lead? Silence too is great: there should be great silent ones too.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, *can* die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day, it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his 'seven acres of nursery-ground,' nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to 'thole a factor's snash,' and read attorney-letters, in his poor hut, 'which threw us all into tears:' a man of no money-capital at all, of no account at all: yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a

boy named *Robert*, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and *his* voice, fashioned here by this poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, like a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? 'Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!' What chancellor, king, senator, begirt with never such sumptuosity, dyed velvet, blaring and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burns? Courage!—

We take leave of Varnhagen with true goodwill, and heartily thank him for the pleasure and instruction he has given us.

PETITION ON THE COPYRIGHT BILL.*

[1839.]

To the Honourable the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books,

Humbly sheweth,

That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

That your petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Bookbuyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own and the favour of Heaven.

That all useful labour is worthy of recompense; that all honest labour is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has actually merited, may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government, and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men;—a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccu-

* The EXAMINER, April 7, 1839.

racies that become enormous, insupportable, and the parent of Social Confusions which never altogether end.

That your petitioner does not undertake to say what recompense in money this labour of his may deserve; whether it deserves any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

That this his labour has found hitherto, in money or money's worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense, but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the labourer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labour at what they can get for it, in all market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and less than this to none.

That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or to have become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labour; that if he be found in the long-run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimable in money; that on the other hand, if his book prove false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten, and no harm done.

That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world; his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation), and the

world's stake nothing till once it see the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the game's going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no other mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth, or forever.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to protect him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.*

[1839.]

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR YORKE,—Shall we now overhaul that story of the *sinking of the Vengeur*, a little; and let a discerning public judge of the same? I will endeavour to begin at the beginning, and not to end till I have got to some conclusion. As many readers are probably in the dark, and young persons may not have so much as heard of the *Vengeur*, we had perhaps better take up the matter *ab ovo*, and study to carry uninstructed mankind comfortably along with us *ad mala*.

I find, therefore, worthy Yorke, in searching through old files of newspapers, and other musty articles, as I have been obliged to do, that on the evening of the 10th of June, 1794, a brilliant audience was, as often happens, assembled at the Opera House here in London. Radiance of various kinds, and melody of fiddlestrings and windpipes, cartilaginous or metallic, was filling all the place,—when an unknown individual entered with a wet Newspaper in his pocket, and tidings that Lord Howe and the English fleet had come up with Villaret-Joyeuse and the French, off the coast of Brest, and

* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 115.

gained a signal victory over him.* The agitation spread from bench to bench, from box to box; so that the wet Newspaper had finally to be read from the stage, and all the musical instruments, human and other, had to strike up *Rule Britannia*, the brilliant audience all standing, and such of them as had talent joining in chorus,—before the usual *squallacci* melody, natural to the place, could be allowed to proceed again. This was the first intimation men had of Howe's victory of the 1st of June; on the following evening London was illuminated: the *Gazette* had been published,—some six ships taken, and a seventh, named *Vengeur*, which had been sunk; a very glorious victory: and the joy of people's minds was considerable.

For the remainder of that month of June, 1794, and over into July, the Newspapers enliven themselves with the usual succession of despatches, private narratives, anecdotes, commentaries, and rectifications; unfolding gradually, as their way is, how the matter has actually passed; till each reader may form some tolerably complete image of it, till each at least has had enough of it; and the glorious victory submerges in the general flood, giving place to other glories. Of the *Vengeur* that sank, there want not anecdotes, though they are not of a very prominent kind. The *Vengeur*, it seems, was engaged with the *Brunswick*; the *Brunswick* had stuck close to her, and the fight was very hot; indeed, the two ships were hooked together by the *Brunswick's* anchors, and stuck so till the *Vengeur* had got enough; but the anchors at last gave way, and the *Brunswick*, herself much disabled,

* *Morning Chronicle* of June, 1794.

drifted to leeward of the enemy's flying ships, and had to run before the wind, and so escape them. The *Vengeur*, entirely powerless, was taken possession of by the *Alfred*, by the *Culloden*, or by both of them together; and sank after not many minutes. All this is in the English Newspapers; this, so far as we are concerned, is the English version of Howe's victory,—in which the sinking *Vengeur* is noticeable, but plays no pre-eminently distinguished part.

The same English Newspapers publish, as they receive them, generally without any commentary whatever, the successive French versions of the matter; the same that can now be read more conveniently, in their original language, in the *Choix des Rapports*, vol. xiv., and elsewhere. The French Convention was now sitting, in its Reign of Terror, fighting for life and death, with all weapons, against all men. The French Convention had of course to give its own version of this matter, the best it could. Barrère was the man to do that. On the 15th of June, accordingly, Barrère reports that it is a glorious victory *for France*; that the fight, indeed, was sharp, and not unattended with loss, the *ennemis du genre humain* being *acharnés* against us; but that, nevertheless, these gallant French war-ships did so shatter and astonish the enemy on this 1st of June and the preceding days, that the enemy shore off; and, on the morrow, our invaluable American cargo of naval stores, safely stowed in the fleet of transport-ships, got safe through; — which latter statement is a fact, the transport-ships having actually escaped unmolested; they sailed over the very place of battle, saw the wreck of burnt and shattered things, still tumbling on the waters,

and knew that a battle had been. By degrees, however, it becomes impossible to conceal that the glorious victory for France has yielded six captured ships of war to the English, and one to the briny maw of Ocean; that, in short, the glorious victory has been what in unofficial language is called a sheer defeat. Whereupon, after some recriminating and flourishing from Jean-Bon Saint-André and others, how the captain of the *Jacobin* behaved ill, and various men and things behaved ill, conspiring to tarnish the laurels of the Republic,—Barrère adroitly takes a new tack; will shew that if we French did not beat, we did better, and are a spectacle for the very gods. Fixing on the sunk *Vengeur*, Barrère publishes his famed *Rapport du* 21 *Messidor* (9th July, 1794), setting forth how Republican valour, conquered by unjust fortune, did nevertheless in dying earn a glory that will never die, but flame there forever, as a symbol and prophecy of victories without end: how the *Vengeur*, in short, being entirely disabled, and incapable of commonplace flight, flew desperate, and refused to strike, though sinking; how the enemies fired on her, but she returned their fire, shot aloft all her tricolor streamers, shouted *Vive la République;* nay, fired the guns of her upper deck, when the lower decks were already sunk; and so, in this mad whirlwind of fire and shouting, and invincible despair, went down into the ocean-depths; *Vive la République,* and a universal volley from the upper deck, being the last sounds she made. This Report too is translated accurately, in the *Morning Chronicle* for July 26, 1794; and published without the smallest commentary there. The *Vengeur* with all her crew being down in the depths of ocean, it is not of course

they that can vouch for this heroic feat; neither is it the other French, who had all fled by that time: no, the testimony is still more indubitable, that of our enemies themselves; it is 'from the English Newspapers' that Barrère professes to have gathered these heart-inspiring details, the candour even of these *ennemis acharnés* could not conceal them,—which, therefore, let all Frenchmen believe as a degree truer than truth itself, and rejoice in accordingly. To all this, as was said, the English Newspapers seem to have made no reply whatever.

The French, justly proud of so heroic a feat, a degree truer than truth itself, did make, and have ever since continued to make, what demonstration was fit. Convention decree, Convention decrees were solemnly passed about this suicidal *Vengeur;* the deathless suicidal *Vengeur* is written deep in innumerable French songs and psalmodyings; a wooden *Model of the Vengeur*, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, beckoned figuratively from its peg, '*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*'—and hangs there, or in the *Musée Naval*, beckoning, I believe, at this hour. In an age of miracles, such as the Reign of Terror, one knows not at first view *what* is incredible: such loud universal proclamation, and the silence of the English (little interested, indeed, to deny), seem to have produced an almost universal belief both in France and here. Doubts, I now find, were more than once started by sceptics even among the French,—in a suitable low tone; but the 'solemn Convention decrees,' the wooden '*Modèle du Vengeur*' hanging visible there, the 'glory of France?' Such doubts were instantly blown away again; and the

heroic feat, like a mirror-shadow wiped, not wiped *out*, remained only the clearer for them.

Very many years ago, in some worthless English history of the French Revolution, the first that had come in my way, I read this incident; coldly recorded, without controversy, without favour or feud; and, naturally enough, it *burnt* itself indelibly into the boyish imagination; and indeed is, with the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, all that I now remember of that same worthless English history. Coming afterwards to write of the French Revolution myself; finding this story so solemnly authenticated, and not knowing that, in its intrinsic character, it had ever been so much as questioned, I wrote it down nothing doubting; as other English writers had done;—the fruit of which, happily now got to maturity so far as I am concerned, you are here to see ripen itself, by the following stages. Take first the *corpus delicti*:

1. *Extract from Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'**

'But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* ship, she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds the upper deck; and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.'

* (London, 1837), Vol. iii. p. 335.

2. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths, in the 'Sun' Newspaper of — Nov.* 1838.

'Mr. Editor, — Since the period of Lord Howe's victory, on 1st June, 1794, the story of the *Vengeur* French 74-gun ship going down with colours flying, and her crew crying *Vive la République, Vive la Liberté,* &c. and the further absurdity that they continued firing the maindeck guns after her lower deck was immersed, has been declared, and has recently been reasserted by a French author. It originated, no doubt, on the part of the French, in political and exciting motives, — precisely as Buonaparte caused his victory at Trafalgar to be promulgated through France. While these reports and confident assertions were confined to our neighbours, it seemed little worth the while to contradict it. But now, when two English authors of celebrity, Mr. Alison, in his *History of Europe during the French Revolution,* and Mr. Carlyle, in his similar work, give it the confirmation of English authority, I consider it right thus to declare that the whole story is a ridiculous piece of nonsense. At the time the *Vengeur* sunk, the action had ceased some time. The French fleet were making off before the wind; and Captain Renaudin and his son had been nearly half-an-hour prisoners on board H. M. S. *Culloden,* of which ship I was the fourth lieutenant; and about 127 of the crew were also prisoners, either on board the *Culloden,* or in her boats, besides I believe 100 in the *Alfred's,* and some 40 in the hired cutter, commanded by Lieutenant (the late Rear-Admiral) Winne. The *Vengeur* was taken possession of by the boats of the *Culloden,* Lieutenant Rotheram, and the *Alfred,* Lieutenant Deschamps; and Captain Renaudin and myself, who were by Captain Schomberg's desire at lunch in his cabin, hearing the cries of distress, ran to the starboard quarter gallery, and thence witnessed the melancholy scene. Never were men in distress more ready to save themselves.

'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

This letter, which appeared in the *Sun* Newspaper early in November last, was copied into most of the other Newspapers in the following days; I take it from the *Examiner* of next Sunday (18th Nov. 1838). The result seemed to be general uncertainty. On me, who had not the honour at that time to know Admiral Griffiths even by fame, still less by character, the main impression his letter left was that this affair was singular, doubtful; that it would require to be farther examined by the earliest opportunity. Not long after, a friend of his, who took an interest in it, and was known to friends of mine, transmitted me through them the following new Document, which it appeared had been written earlier, though without a view to publication:

3. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to a private Friend* (penes me).

'Since you request it, I send you the state of the actual fact as respects the sinking of the Vengeur *after* the action of the 1st of June, 1794.

'I was fourth lieutenant in the Culloden in that action. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 335, gives, in his own peculiar style, the same account of it that was published to the world under the influence of the French Government, for political and exciting purposes; and which has recently been reiterated by a French author. Mr. Carlyle, in adopting these authorities, has given *English* testimony to the farce; farce I call it,—for, with the exception of the Vengeur "sinking," there is not *one* word of fact in the narration. I will first review it in detail:—

'"The Vengeur neither strikes nor makes off." She *did both*. She made off as well as her disabled state admitted,

and was actually taken in tow by a French eighteen-gun brig; which cast her off, on the Culloden, Alfred and two or three others, approaching to take possession of her. "Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies." Wicked indeed would it have been to have fired into her, a sinking ship with colours down; and I can positively assert not *a* gun was fired at her for an hour before she was taken possession of. "The Vengeur is sinking." True. "Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope fly rustling aloft." Not one mast standing, not ONE *rope* on which to hoist or display a bit of tricolor, not one flag, or streamer, or ensign displayed; her colours down; and, *for more* than half an hour before she sunk, Captain Renaudin, and his son, &c., *prisoners on board the Culloden,* — on which I will by and by more especially particularise. "The whole crew crowds the upper deck, and with universal soul-maddening yell shouts *Vive la République!*" Beyond the fact of the crew (except the wounded) being on the upper deck, not even the slightest, the most trivial semblance of truth. Not one shout beyond that of horror and despair. At the moment of her sinking we had *on board* the Culloden, and in our boats then at the wreck, 127 of her crew, including the captain. The Alfred had many; I *believe about* 100: Lieutenant Winne, in command of a hired cutter, a number; I *think*, 49. "Down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity." Bah! answered above.

'I have thus reviewed Mr. Carlyle's statement; I now add the particulars of the fact. The Vengeur totally dismasted, going off before the wind, under her sprit-sail, &c.; five sail of the line come up with her, the Culloden and Alfred two of these. Her colours down, Lieutenant Richard Deschamps, first of the Alfred, I believe, took possession of her. The next boat on board was the Culloden's, Lieut. Rotheram, who died one of the Captains of Greenwich Hospital. Deschamps went up the side. Rotheram got in at the lower-deck port,

saw that the ship was sinking, and went thence to the quarter-deck. I am not positive which boat got first on board. Rotheram returned with Captain Renaudin, his son, and one man; and reported her state, whereupon other boats were sent. The Vengeur's main-yard was lying across her decks; Rotheram, &c., descended from its larboard yard-arm by the yard-tackle pendant; and I personally heard him report to Captain Schomberg the Vengeur's state, "That he could not place a two-feet rule in any direction, he thought, that would not touch two shot-holes." Except the Purser, Mr. Oliver, who was engaged in arranging the prisoners in classes &c. as they came on board, I was the only officer who knew any French, and mine very so-so. Captain Schomberg said: "You understand French; take Renaudin and his son into the cabin, and divert his mind from attention to his ship while sinking." Having been in presence of the French fleet for three days prior to the action, the accustomed cooking had not gone on; the galley-fire was little lighted. But the Captain, foreseeing, had a cold mutton-pie standing by; this, with wine, was ordered for us; and I was actually eating it with Renaudin, a prisoner in Captain Schomberg's cabin, when a bustle on deck made us start up; we ran to the starboard quarter-gallery, and saw the Vengeur, then say a stone's-throw from us, sink. These are the facts.

'*Sept.* 17, 1838. A. J. GRIFFITHS.

'I have said, I am not certain which boat took possession; and I gave it to the Alfred, because there arises so much silly squabbling on these trifles. But from Rotheram taking the Captain, it seems probable the Culloden's boat was first. A matter, however, of no moment.'

Such a Document as this was not of a sort to be left dormant: doubt could not sleep on *it*; doubt, unless effectually contradicted, had no refuge but to hasten to denial. I immediately did two things: I applied to

Admiral Griffiths for leave to publish this new letter, or such portions of it as might seem needful; and at the same time I addressed myself to a distinguished French friend, well acquainted with these matters, more zealously concerned in them than almost any other living man, and hitherto an undoubting believer in the history of the *Vengeur*. This was my letter to him; marked here as Document No. 4:

4. *Letter of T. Carlyle to Monsieur* ——.

'My dear ——— ———, — Enclosed herewith are copies of Admiral Griffiths's two Letters concerning the *Vengeur*, on which we communicated lately. You undertook the French side of the business; you are become, so to speak, advocate of France in this matter; as I for my share am put into the post of advocate for England. In the interest of all men, so far as that can be concerned here, the truth ought to be known, and recognised by all.

'Having read the story in some English book in boyhood, naturally with indelible impression of it; reading the same afterwards with all detail in the *Choix des Rapports*, and elsewhere; and finding it everywhere acted upon as authentic, and nowhere called in question, I wrote it down in my Book with due energy and sympathy, as a fact forever memorable. But now, I am bound to say, the Rear-Admiral has altogether altered the footing it stands on; and except other evidence than I yet have, or know where to procure, be adduced, I must give up the business as a cunningly devised fable, and in my next edition contradict it with as much energy as I asserted it. *You* know with how much reluctance that will be; for what man, indeed, would not wish to believe it?

'But what can I do? Barrère's *Rapport* does not even profess to be grounded on any evidence except what "the English Newspapers" afforded him. I have looked into various "Eng-

lish Newspapers;" the *Morning Chronicle*, the Opposition or "Jacobin" journal of that period, I have examined minutely, from the beginning of June to the end of July 1794, through all the stages of the business; and found there no trace or hint of what Barrère asserts: I do not think there is any hint of it discoverable in any English Newspaper of those weeks. What Barrère's *own* authority was worth in such cases, we all know. On the other hand, here is an eye-witness, a man of grave years, of dignified rank, a man of perfect respectability, who in the very style of these Letters of his has an air of artlessness, of blunt sincerity and veracity, the characteristic of a sailor. There is no motive that could induce him to deny such a fact; on the contrary, the more heroic one's enemy, the greater one's own heroism. Indeed, I may say generally of England, at this day, that there could not be anywhere a wish to disbelieve such a thing of an enemy recognised as brave among the bravest, but rather a wish, for manhood's sake, to believe it, if possible.

'What I should like therefore is, that these circumstances were, with the widest publicity of Journals or otherwise, to be set openly before the French Nation, and the question thereupon put: Have you any counter-evidence? If you have any, produce it; let us weigh it. If you have none, then let us cease to believe this too widely credited narration; let us consider it henceforth as a clever fable got up for a great occasion; and that the real *Vengeur* simply fought well, and sank precisely as another ship would have done. The French, I should hope, have accomplished too many true marvels in the way of war, to have need of false marvels. At any rate, error, untruth, as to what matter soever, never profited any nation, man, or thing.

'If any of your reputable Journalists, if any honest man, will publish, in your Newspapers or otherwise, an Article on these *data*, and get us either evidence or no evidence, it will throw light on the matter. I have not yet Admiral Griffiths's

permission to print this second Letter (though I have little doubt to get it very soon); but the first is already published, and contains all the main facts. My commentary on them, and position towards them, is substantially given above.

'Do what is fit; and let the truth be known.

'Yours always,

'T. CARLYLE.'

From Admiral Griffiths I received, without delay, the requisite permission; and this under terms and restrictions, which only did him farther honour, and confirmed, if there had been need of that, one's conviction of his perfect candour as a witness on the matter. His Letter to me is too remarkable not to be inserted here; as illustrative of this controversy; nay, especially if we consider the curious appendix he has added, as conclusive of it. I have not his express permission to print this; but will venture to believe that I have a certain implied discretionary permission, which, without my troubling him with farther applications, may suffice:

5. *Letter of Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle.*

'Sir,—I have received a Letter from ——— ———; of which follows an extract:

* * * * * *

'In reply to the above, I have to say that *you* are at full liberty to use the account I sent you, or that published in the *Sun* Paper, and copied thence into the *Globe, Morning Post, John Bull,* &c.; and to *quote* me as your authority. But as I have no desire for controversy, or to be made unnecessarily conspicuous, I do not assent to its being published in any other language or Papers, as *so* put forth *by me*.

'I never deemed it worth one thought to awaken the French from their dream of glory in this case; and should have still preserved silence, had not Mr. Alison and yourself given it the weight of English authority. What I abstained from doing for forty-four years, I feel no disposition to engage in now. So far as I am an *active* party, I confine my interference to our side of the water; leaving you to do as you see fit on the other.

'The statement I have already made in the case is abundant. But I will put you in possession of other facts. The action over; the British fleet brought-to; the French making all sail, and running before the wind; their dismasted hulks having also got before the wind, and following them;—the Vengeur being the sternmost, having a French jack flying on the stump of the foremast, Captain Duckworth of H.M.S. Orion, ordered the first lieutenant, Mr. Meares, himself to fire a shot *over her*. This Lieutenant Meares did, and the Vengeur *hauled down the flag!*

'For his gallant conduct in that action, on his return to France, Captain Renaudin, who commanded the Vengeur, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and his flag was flying at Toulon on board the Tonnant, when I was first lieutenant of the Culloden blockading that port. I wrote to remind him of the treatment he had met with when prisoner on board the Culloden; and soliciting his kindness towards Lieutenant Hills, who had been taken in H.M.S. Berwick, and being recognised as having, in command of a battery at Toulon, at the period of its evacuation, wounded a Frenchman,—was very ill-used. Renaudin's letter now lies before me; and does him much honour, as, during the fervour of that period, it was a dangerous sin to hold intercourse with us. I send you a copy; it is in English.

'I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,

'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

Here next is the 'curious appendix' we spoke of; which might itself be conclusive of this controversy:

Copy of Rear-Admiral Rénaudin's Letter.

'"*On board of the ship Tonnant, Bay of Toulon, the seventeenth Vendémiaire, fourth year of the French Republic.*

'"I have, Sir, received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the interest you have taken to my promotion. I'll never forget the attention you have paid me, as well on board the Culloden as when going to prison. I wish you should be well persuaded that your generosity and sensibility will be forever present to my mind, and that I can't be satisfied before it will be in my power to prove you my gratitude. If your friend, Lieutenant Hills, had not already gone back home, I should have returned to him all the attention you have been so good to paie me. I'll be always sincerely satisfied when it will be in my power to be of some use to any of the officers of the English navy, that the circumstances of war will carry in my country, and particularly to them that you will denote me as your friends.

'"Be so good as take notice of our French officers that you have prisoners, and particularly to Captain Condé that has been taken on the ship *Ca-ira*. Please to remember me to Captain Schomberg, to Mr. Oliver, and to all the rest of the officers that I have known on board of the Culloden. May the peace between our nations give leave to your grateful Renaudin to entertain along with you a longer and easier correspondence."

'Addressed, "To Lieutenant Griffiths, on board of the Culloden, Florenzo Bay, Corse Island."'

My French friend did not find it expedient to publish, in the Journals or elsewhere, any 'article,' or general challenge to his countrymen for counter-evidence, as I had

suggested; indeed one easily conceives that no French Journal would have wished to be the foremost with an article of that kind. However, he did what a man of intelligence, friendliness, and love of truth, could do: addressed himself to various official persons connected with the Naval Archives of France; to men of note, who had written French Naval Histories, &c.;—from one of whom came a response in writing, now to be subjoined as my last Document. I ought to say that this latter gentleman had not *seen* Admiral Griffiths's written Letters; and knew them only by description. The others responded verbally; that much was to be said, that they would prepare *Mémoires*, that they would do this and that. I subjoin the response of the one who did respond: it amounts, as will be seen, not to a recantation of an impudent amazing falsehood, but to some vague faint murmur or whimper of admission that it is probably false.

6. *Lettre de Monsieur —— à Monsieur ——* (24 Dec. 1838.)

'Mon cher Monsieur, — Je regrette de ne pouvoir vous donner des renseignemens bien précis sur la glorieuse affaire du *Vengeur*. Mais si l'opinion que je me suis formée sur cet événement peut vous être de quelque utilité, je me feliciterai de vous l'avoir donnée, quelque peu d'influence qu'elle doive avoir sur le jugement que votre ami se propose de porter sur le combat du 13 Prairial.

'Je suis de Brest; et c'est dans cette ville qu'arriva l'escadre de Villaret-Joyeuse, après le combat meurtrière qu'il avait livrée à l'Amiral Howe. Plusieurs des marins qui avaient assisté à l'affaire du 13 Prairial m'ont assuré que le *Vengeur* avait coulé *après* avoir *amené son pavillon*. Quelques hommes de l'équipage de cet héroïque vaisseau, furent même, dit-on, recueillis sur des débris par des embarcations Anglaises.

Mais il n'en est pas moins vrai, que le *Vengeur* ne coula qu'après s'être sacrifié pour empêcher l'escadre Anglaise de couper la ligne Française.

' Les rapports du tems, et les beaux vers de Chénier et de Le Brun sur le naufrage du *Vengeur*, n'ont pas manqué de poétiser la noble fin de ce vaisseau. C'est aux cris de *Vive la République*, disent-ils, que le vaisseau s'est englouti, avec le pavillon tricolore aux plus hauts de tous ses mâts. Mais, je le répète, il est très probable que si une partie de l'équipage a disparu dessous les flots aux cris de *Vive la République*, tout l'équipage n'a pas refusé d'un commun accord le secours que les vaisseaux ennemis pouvaient offrir aux naufragés. Au surplus quand bien même le *Vengeur* ait amené son pavillon avant de couler, l'action de ce vaisseau se fesant cannoner pendant plusieurs heures pour disputer à toute un escadre le passage le plus faible de la ligne Française, n'en était pas moins un des plus beaux faits d'armes de notre histoire navale. Dans les bureaux de la marine, au reste, il n'existe aucun rapport de Villaret-Joyeuse ou de Jean-Bon Saint-André que puisse faire supposer que le *Vengeur* ait coulé sans avoir amené son pavillon. On dit seulement dans ces relations du combat du 13, que le *Vengeur* a disparu après avoir resisté au feu de toute l'escadre Anglaise qui voulait rompre la ligne pour tomber sur les derrières de l'armée et porter le désordre dans tout le reste de notre escadre.

' Voilà, mon cher Monsieur, tout ce que je sais sur l'affaire qui vous occupe. C'est peu de chose comme vous le voyez, car ce n'est presque que mon opinion que je vous exprime sur les petits renseignemens que j'ai pu recueillir de la bouche des marins qui se trouvaient sur le vaisseau la *Montagne* ou d'autres navires de l'escadre Villaret. —— Recevez l'assurance,' &c. &c.

The other French gentlemen that ' would prepare *Mémoires*,' have now in the sixth month prepared none; the ' much' that ' was to be said' remains every syl-

lable of it unsaid. My friend urged his official persons; to no purpose. Finally he wrote to Barrère himself, who is still alive and in possession of his faculties. From Barrère no response. Indeed, one would have liked to see the ancient adroit countenance of Barrère perusing, through its spectacles, á request to that effect! For verily, as the French say, *tout est dit*. What can be added on such a matter?

I conclude therefore, dear Yorke, with an expression of amazement over this same '*glorieuse affaire du Vengeur*;' in which truly much courage was manifested; but no unparalleled courage except that of Barrère in his Report of the 21st Messidor, Year 2. That a son of Adam should venture on constructing so majestic a piece of *blague*, and hang it out dexterously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nonentity: there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent,—as if 'the Infinite disclosed itself,' and we had a glimpse of the ancient Reign of Chaos and Nox! Miraculous Mahomet, Apollonius with the Golden Thigh, Mendez Pinto, Munchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar seem but botchers in comparison.

It was a successful lie too? It made the French fight better in that struggle of theirs? Yes, Mr. Yorke; —and yet withal there is no lie, in the long-run, successful. The hour of all windbags does arrive; every windbag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise the larger and older any ripped windbag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom. The French

people had better have been content with their real fighting. Next time the French Government publishes miraculous bulletins, the very *badauds* will be slower to believe them; one sees not what sanction, by solemn legislative decree, by songs, ceremonials, wooden emblems, will suffice to produce belief. Of Nothing you can, in the long-run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.

But ought not the French Nation to hook down that wooden '*Modèle du Vengeur*,' now at this late date; and, in a quiet way, split it into brimstone lucifers? The French Nation will take its own method in that.

As for Rear-Admiral Griffiths, we will say that he has, in his veteran years, done one other manful service: extinguished a Falsehood, sent a Falsehood to the Father of it, made the world free of *it* henceforth. For which let him accept our respectful thanks. I, having once been led to assert the fable, hold myself bound, on all fit occasions, to *un*assert it with equal emphasis. Till it please to disappear altogether from the world, as it ought to do, let it lie, as a copper shilling, nailed to the counter, and seen by all customers to be copper.

T. CARLYLE.

10*th June*, 1839.

P. S. — Curiously enough, while this is passing through the press, there appears in some French Newspaper called *Chronique Universelle*, and is copied conspicuously into the Paris *National* (du 10 Juin, 1839), an article headed '*Six Matelots du Vengeur*.' Six old sailors of the *Vengeur*, it appears, still survive, seemingly in the Bourdeaux region, in straitened circumstances; whom the editor, with sure hope, here points out to the

notice of the charitable; — on which occasion, as is natural, Barrère's *blague* once more comes into play, not a whit worse for the wear, nay if anything, rather fresher than ever. Shall we send these brave old weatherbeaten men a trifle of money, and request the Mayor of Mornac to take *their* affidavit?

> 'Nothing in them but doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something new and strange!'

Surely the *blague*, if natural, is not essential in their case. Old men that have fought for France ought to be assisted by France, even though they did not drown themselves after battle. Here is the extract from the *National*:

'*Six Matelots du Vengeur.*

'Tandis que la France faisait triompher son indépendance à toutes ses frontières, le sol, inépuisable en défenseurs, suffisait à peine à la nourrir, et c'était de l'Amérique, à travers les flots de l'Ocean, que la France était réduite à recevoir son pain. L'Europe en armes ne pouvait dompter la révolution, l'Angleterre essaya de la prendre par famine. Grâce à la croisière de l'Amiral Howe sur les côtes de Bretagne et de Normandie, elle espérait intercepter un convoi de deux cents voiles, chargé d'une quantité considérable de grains, précieux ravitaillement impatiemment attendu dans nos ports; mais pour sauver ce convoi une escadre Française était déjà sortie de Brest sous le commandement de Villaret-Joyeuse et la direction du représentant du peuple Jean-Bon Saint-André.

'Le 9 Prairial de l'an II (28 Mai, 1794), les deux armées navales se sont aperçues, et le cri unanime de nos équipages demande le combat avec un enthousiasme irrésistible. Cependant aux trente-trois vaisseaux de ligne et aux douze frégates de l'ennemi, nous n'avions à opposer que trente bâtimens, quedes matelots enlevés de la veille à la charrue, que

des officiers et un amiral encore novices dans leurs grades, et c'était contre les marins expérimentés de la vieille Angleterre qu'il nous fallait soutenir l'honneur du pavillon tricolore, arboré pour la première fois dans un combat sur mer.

' On sait que le combat s'engagea dès le jour même, continua dès le lendemain, fut deux jours interrompu par une brume épaisse, et recommença le 13 (1er Juin) à la lumière d'un soleil éclatant, avec une opiniâtreté inouïe. Notre escadre racheta l'inhabileté de ses manœuvres par un déploiement extraordinaire de courage, la vivacité terrible de ses feux et l'audace de ses abordages. De quel côté resta la victoire? Les deux flottes, cruellement endommagées, se séparèrent avec une égale lassitude et désespérèrent d'arracher un succès décisif à la supériorité du nombre ou à l'énergie de la résistance. Mais cette journée fut un baptême de gloire pour notre jeune marine, et la France recueillit le prix du sang versé. Durant cette même journée, notre convoi de deux cents voiles traversait paisiblement le champ de bataille du 10, encore semé de débris, et abordait nos côtes.

' Ce fut au milieu de cette action si mémorable qu'il fut donné à un vaisseau Français de se faire une gloire particulière et d'immortaliser son nom. Cerné par les bâtimens ennemis, couvert des lambeaux de ses voiles et de sa mâture, criblé de boulets et déjà faisant eau de toutes parts, le *Vengeur* refuse d'amener son pavillon. L'équipage ne peut plus combattre, il peut encore mourir. Au tumulte de la résistance, aux clameurs du courage désespéré succède un profond silence; tous montent où sont portés sur le pont. Ce ne sont plus des combattans, ce sont des martyrs de la religion et de la patrie. Là, tranquillement exposés au feu des Anglais, sentant de moment en moment le vaisseau s'enfoncer dans les flots, l'équipage salue d'un dernier regard les couleurs nationales flottant en pièces au-dessus de sa tête, il pousse un dernier cri de *Vive la République! Vive la Liberté! Vive la France!* et le *Vengeur* a disparu dans l'abîme. Au récit de

ce fait, dont l'Angleterre elle-même rendit témoignage avec admiration, la France entière fut émue et applaudit, dans ce dévouement sublime, son esprit nouveau flottant sur les eaux comme il marchait sur la terre, indomptable et résolu à vaincre ou mourir. D'après un décret de la Convention, le *Vengeur* légua son nom à un vaisseau en construction dans les bassins de Brest, son image à la voûte du Panthéon, le rôle de l'équipage à la colonne de ce temple, et tous les arts furent appelés à concourir à la célébration de tant d'héroïsme, tandis que la reconnaissance publique s'empressait de secourir les veuves et les orphelins des héros.

' Voilà ce que fit alors la France; mais ce qu'elle ignore peut-être, c'est que du *Vengeur* les flots n'ont pas tout englouti, et que six marins, recueillis par l'ennemi et long-temps retenus dans les prisons de l'Angleterre, ont survécu jusqu'à cette heure même, réduits à une condition misérable sur le sol de la patrie qui les honora morts et les oublie vivans! Six, avons-nous dit, et voici leurs noms, leur âge, leur position, leur résidence :

' Prévaudeau (Jacques), âgé de 60 ans, demeurant à Mornac; vivant, bien que vieux, du peu de travail qu'il peut faire.

' Cerclé (Jean-Pierre), âgé de 69 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; vivant médiocrement de son travail.

' David (Jacques), invalide, âgé de 56 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; misérable.

' Favier (Jacques), âgé de 64 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; n'ayant pour vivre que le travail de ses bras.

' Torchut (André-Pierre), âgé de 70 ans, demeurant à l'Aiguille; comme ses compagnons, il n'a d'autre ressource que son travail.

' Manequin (François), âgé de 70 ans, demeurant au Gua; mendiant son pain et presque aveugle.

' Certes, il nous conviendrait peu d'implorer la reconnaissance publique pour ces six marins; nous croyons suffisant de les nommer. Qu'on nous permette seulement un mot :

Sous la restauration, un navire fut expédié jusque dans l'Océan-Pacifique pour découvrir sur le lointains récifs les traces du naufrage de la Peyrouse, et ce fut à grands frais que l'on en réunit quelques débris en bois, en fer, en cuivre et en plomb, religieusement conservés dans nos musées. Aujourd'hui, c'est sur notre plage même que gisent, ensevelis dans la misère et dans l'obscurité, des débris vivans du naufrage héroïque du *Vengeur;* la France et le gouvernement de Juillet pourraient-ils n'être point jaloux d'acquitter la dette nationale envers ces dernières reliques du patriotisme inspiré par notre grande révolution?—*Chronique Universelle.*'

*** The publication of this Paper in *Fraser's Magazine* gave rise to a certain effervescence of prose and verse, patriotic-objurgatory, in several of the French Journals, *Révue Britannique, National, Journal du Peuple,* &c.; the result of which, threatening to prove mere zero otherwise, was that 'M. A. Jal, Historiographer of the French Navy,' did candidly, in the Number of the *Révue Britannique* for October 1839, print, from the Naval Archives of France, the original *Despatch of Captain Rénaudin to his own Government;* the full official Narrative of that battle and catastrophe, as drawn up by Rénaudin himself, and the surviving officers of the *Vengeur;* dated Tavistock, 1 Messidor, An II,* and bearing his and eight other signatures;—whereby the statement of Admiral Griffiths, if it needed confirmation, is curiously and even minutely confirmed in every essential particular, and the story of the *Vengeur* is at length put to rest forever.

In that objurgatory effervescence,—which was bound

* Twenty days *before* that final sublime Report of Barrère's.

by the nature of it either to cease effervescing, and hold its peace, or else to produce some articulate testimony of a living man who saw, or of a dead man who had said he saw, the *Vengeur* sink otherwise than this living Admiral Griffiths saw it, or than a brave ship usually sinks after brave battle, — the one noticeable vestige of new or old evidence was some dubious traditionary reference to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June; or, as the French traditionary referee turned out to have named it, '*le Journal* LE MORNING *du* 16 *Juin*.' Following this faint vestige, additional microscopic researches in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June and elsewhere did, at last, disclose to me what seemed the probable genesis and origin of Barrère's Fable; how it first suggested itself to his mind, and gathered shape there, and courage to publish itself: the discovery, unimportant to all other things and men, is not of much importance even to our criticism of Barrère; altering somewhat one's estimate of the *ratio* his poetic faculty may have borne to his mendacity in this business, but leaving the joint *product* of the two very much what it was in spiritual value; — a discovery not worth communicating. The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural-history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE TALE.*

BY GOETHE.

[1832.]

THAT Goethe, many years ago, wrote a piece named *Das Mährchen* (The Tale); which the admiring critics of Germany contrived to criticise by a stroke of the pen; declaring that it was indeed *The* Tale, and worthy to be called the Tale of Tales (*das Mährchen aller Mährchen*),—may appear certain to most English readers, for they have repeatedly seen as much in print. To some English readers it may appear certain, furthermore, that they personally know this Tale of Tales; and can even pronounce it to deserve no such epithet, and the admiring critics of Germany to be little other than blockheads.

English readers! the first certainty is altogether indubitable; the second certainty is not worth a rush.

That same *Mährchen aller Mährchen* you may see with your own eyes, at this hour, in the Fifteenth Volume of *Goethe's Werke;* and seeing is believing. On the other hand, that English 'Tale of Tales,' put forth some years ago as the Translation thereof, by an individual connected with the Periodical Press of London (his Periodical vehicle, if we remember, broke down soon after, and was rebuilt,

* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 33.

and still runs, under the name of *Court Journal*), was a Translation, miserable enough, of a quite different thing; a thing, not a *Mährchen* (Fabulous Tale) at all, but, an *Erzählung* or common fictitious Narrative; having no manner of relation to the real piece (beyond standing in the same Volume); not so much as Milton's *Tetrachordon* of Divorce has to his *Allegro* and *Penseroso!* In this way do individuals connected with the Periodical Press of London play their part, and commodiously befool thee, O Public of English readers, and can serve thee with a mass of roasted grass, and name it stewed venison; and will continue to do so, till thou—open thy eyes, and from a blind monster become a seeing one.

This mistake we did not publicly note at the time of its occurrence; for two good reasons: first, that while mistakes are increasing, like Population, at the rate of Twelve Hundred a-day, the benefit of seizing *one*, and throttling it, would be perfectly inconsiderable: second, that we were not then in existence. The highly composite, astonishing Entity, which here as 'O. Y.' addresses mankind for a season, still slumbered (his elements scattered over Infinitude, and working under other shapes) in the womb of Nothing! Meditate on us a little, O reader: if thou wilt consider who and what we are; what Powers, of Cash, Esurience, Intelligence, Stupidity, and Mystery created us, and what work we do and will do, there shall be no end to thy amazement.

This mistake, however, we do now note; induced thereto by occasion. By the fact, namely, that a genuine English Translation of that *Mährchen* has been handed in to us for judgment; and now (such judgment having proved merciful) comes out from us in the way of publication. Of the Translation we cannot say much; by the colour of the paper, it may be some seven years old, and have lain perhaps in smoky repositories: it is not a good

Translation; yet also not wholly bad; faithful to the original (as we can vouch, after strict trial); conveys the real meaning, though with an effort: here and there our pen has striven to help it, but could not do much. The poor Translator, who signs himself 'D. T.,' and affects to carry matters with a high hand, though, as we have ground to surmise, he is probably in straits for the necessaries of life, —has, at a more recent date, appended numerous Notes; wherein he will convince himself that more meaning lies in his *Mährchen* 'than in all the Literature of our century:' some of these we have retained, now and then with an explanatory or exculpatory word of our own; the most we have cut away, as superfluous and even absurd. Superfluous and even absurd, we say: D. T. can take this of us as he likes; we know him, and what is in him, and what is not in him; believe that he will prove reasonable; can do either way. At all events, let one of the notablest Performances produced for the last thousand years, be now, through his organs (since no other, in this elapsed half-century, have offered themselves), set before an undiscerning public.

We too will premise our conviction that this *Mährchen* presents a phantasmagoric Adumbration, pregnant with deepest significance; though nowise that D. T. has so accurately evolved the same. Listen notwithstanding to a remark or two, extracted from his immeasurable Proem:

'Dull men of this country,' says he, 'who pretend to 'admire Goethe, smiled on me when I first asked the mean-'ing of this Tale. "Meaning!" answered they: "it is a 'wild arabesque, without meaning or purpose at all, except 'to dash together, copiously enough, confused hues of Ima-'gination, and see what will come of them." Such is still 'the persuasion of several heads; which nevertheless would 'perhaps grudge to be considered wigblocks.'—Not impossible: the first Sin in our Universe was Lucifer's, that

of Self-conceit. But hear again; what is more to the point:

'The difficulties of interpretation are exceedingly enhanced by one circumstance, not unusual in other such writings of Goethe's; namely, that this is no Allegory; which, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, you have only once for all to find the key of, and so go on unlocking: it is a Phantasmagory, rather; wherein things the most heterogeneous are, with homogeneity of figure, emblemed forth; which would require not one key to unlock it, but, at different stages of the business, a dozen successive keys. Here you have Epochs of Time shadowed forth, there Qualities of the Human Soul; now it is Institutions, Historical Events, now Doctrines, Philosophic Truths: thus are all manner of "entities and quiddities and ghosts of defunct bodies" set flying; you have the whole Four Elements chaotico-creatively jumbled together, and spirits enough embodying themselves, and roguishly peering through, in the confused wild-working mass! * * *

'So much, however, I will stake my whole money-capital and literary character upon: that here is a wonderful EMBLEM OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY set forth; more especially a wonderful Emblem of this our wonderful and woful "Age of Transition;" what men have been and done, what they are to be and do, is, in this Tale of Tales, poetico-prophetically typified, in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life, as the Western Imagination has not elsewhere reached; as only the Oriental Imagination, and in the primeval ages, was wont to attempt.'—Here surely is good wine, with a big bush! Study the Tale of Tales, O reader: even in the bald version of D. T., there will be meaning found. He continues in this triumphant style:

'Can any mortal head (not a wigblock) doubt that the Giant of this Poem means SUPERSTITION? That the

'Ferryman has something to do with the PRIESTHOOD; 'his Hut with the CHURCH?

'Again, might it not be presumed that the River were 'TIME; and that it flowed (as Time does) between two 'worlds? Call the world, or country on this side, where 'the fair Lily dwells, the world of SUPERNATURALISM; 'the country on that side, NATURALISM, the working 'week-day world where we all dwell and toil: whosoever 'or whatsoever introduces itself, and appears, in the firm-'earth of human business, or as we well say, *comes into* 'Existence, must proceed *from* Lily's supernatural coun-'try; whatsoever of a material sort deceases and dis-'appears might be expected to go *thither*. Let the reader 'consider this, and note what comes of it.

'To get a free solid communication established over 'this same wondrous River of Time, so that the Natural 'and Supernatural may stand in friendliest neighbour-'hood and union, forms the grand action of this Phantas-'magoric Poem: is not such also, let me ask thee, the 'grand action and summary of Universal History; the 'one problem of Human Culture; the thing which Man-'kind (once the three daily meals of victual were mode-'rately secured) has ever striven after, and must ever 'strive after?—Alas! we observe very soon, matters stand 'on a most distressful footing, in this of Natural and 'Supernatural: there are three conveyances across, and 'all bad, all incidental, temporary, uncertain: the worst 'of the three, one would think, and the worst conceivable, 'were the Giant's Shadow, at sunrise and sunset; the best 'that Snake-bridge at noon, yet still only a bad-best. 'Consider again our trustless, rotten, revolutionary "age 'of transition," and see whether this too does not fit it!

'If you ask next, Who these other strange characters 'are, the Snake, the Will-o'-wisps, the Man with the 'Lamp? I will answer, in general and afar off, that

'*Light* must signify human Insight, Cultivation, in one 'sort or other. As for the Snake, I know not well what 'name to call it by; nay perhaps, in our scanty vocabu-'laries, there is no *name* for it, though that does not hinder 'its being a thing, genuine enough. Meditation; Intel-'lectual Research; Understanding; in the most general 'acceptation, Thought: all these come near designating 'it; none actually designates it. Were I bound, under 'legal penalties, to give the creature a name, I should say, 'THOUGHT rather than another.

'But what if our Snake, and so much else that works 'here beside it, were neither a *quality*, nor a *reality*, nor a '*state*, nor an *action*, in any kind; none of these things 'purely and alone, but something intermediate and par-'taking of them all! In which case, to *name* it, in vulgar 'speech, were a still more frantic attempt: it is unname-'able in speech; and remains only the allegorical Figure 'known in this Tale by the name of Snake, and more or 'less *resembling* and shadowing forth somewhat that speech 'has named, or might name. It is this heterogeneity of 'nature, pitching your solidest Predicables heels over head, 'throwing you half a dozen Categories into the melting-'pot at once,—that so unspeakably bewilders a Com-'mentator, and for moments is nigh reducing him to '*delirium saltans*.

'The Will-o'-wisps, that laugh and jig, and compli-'ment the ladies, and eat gold and shake it from them, 'I for my own share take the liberty of viewing as some 'shadow of ELEGANT CULTURE, or modern Fine Litera-'ture; which by and by became so sceptical-destructive; 'and did, as French Philosophy, eat Gold (or Wisdom) 'enough, and shake it out again. In which sense, their 'coming (into Existence) by the old Ferryman's (by the 'Priesthood's) assistance, and almost oversetting his boat, 'and then laughing at him, and trying to skip off from

'him, yet being obliged to stop till they had satisfied him: 'all this, to the discerning eye, has its significance.

'As to the Man with the Lamp, in him and his gold-'*giving*, jewel-forming, and otherwise so miraculous Light, 'which "casts no shadow," and "cannot illuminate what 'is wholly otherwise in darkness,"—I see what you might 'name the celestial REASON of Man (Reason as contrasted 'with Understanding, and superordinated to it), the purest 'essence of his seeing Faculty; which manifests itself as 'the Spirit of Poetry, of Prophecy, or whatever else of 'highest in the intellectual sort man's mind can do. We 'behold this respectable, venerable Lamp-bearer every-'where present in time of need; directing, accomplish-'ing, working, wonder-working, finally victorious;—as, 'in strict reality, it is ever (if we will study it) the Poetic 'Vision that lies at the bottom of all other Knowledge or 'Action; and is the source and creative fountain of what-'soever mortals *ken* or *can*, and mystically and miracu-'lously guides them forward whither they are to go. Be 'the Man with the Lamp, then, named REASON; man-'kind's noblest inspired Insight and Light; whereof all 'the other lights are but effluences, and more or less dis-'coloured emanations.

'His Wife, poor old woman, we shall call PRACTICAL 'ENDEAVOUR; which as married to Reason, to spiritual 'Vision and Belief, first makes up man's being here below. 'Unhappily the ancient couple, we find, are but in a 'decayed condition: the better emblems are they of Rea-'son and Endeavour in this our "transitionary age!" 'The Man presents himself in the garb of a peasant, the 'Woman has grown old, garrulous, querulous; both live 'nevertheless in their "ancient cottage," better or worse, 'the roof-tree of which still holds together over them. 'And then those mischievous Will-o'-wisps, who pay the 'old lady such court, and eat all the old gold (all that

'was wise and beautiful and desirable) off her walls; and 'shew the old stones, quite ugly and bare, as they had 'not been for ages! Besides they have killed poor Mops, 'the plaything, and joy and fondling of the house;—as 'has not that same Elegant Culture, or French Philo-'sophy done, wheresoever it has arrived? Mark, not-'withstanding, how the Man with the Lamp puts it all 'right again, reconciles everything, and makes the finest 'business out of what seemed the worst.

'With regard to the Four Kings, and the Temple 'which lies fashioned underground, please to consider all 'this as the Future lying prepared and certain under the 'Present: you observe, not only inspired Reason (or the 'Man with the Lamp) but scientific Thought (or the Snake) 'can discern it lying there: nevertheless much work must 'be done, innumerable difficulties fronted and conquered, 'before it can rise out of the depths (of the Future), and 'realise itself as the actual worshipping-place of man, and '"the most frequented Temple in the whole Earth."

'As for the fair Lily and her ambulatory necessitous 'Prince, these are objects that I shall admit myself inca-'pable of naming: yet nowise admit myself incapable of 'attaching meaning to. Consider them as the two dis-'jointed Halves of this singular Dualistic Being of ours; 'a Being, I must say, the most utterly Dualistic; fashioned, 'from the very heart of it, out of Positive and Negative '(what we happily call Light and Darkness, Necessity and 'Freewill, Good and Evil, and the like); everywhere out 'of *two* mortally opposed things, which yet must be united 'in vital love, if there is to be any *Life;*—a Being, I 'repeat, Dualistic beyond expressing; which will split in 'two, strike it in *any* direction, on *any* of its six sides; 'and does of itself split in two (into Contradiction), every 'hour of the day,—were not *Life* perpetually there, per-'petually knitting it together again! But as to that

'cutting up, and parcelling, and labelling of the indi-
'visible Human Soul into what are called "Faculties,"
'it is a thing I have from of old eschewed, and even
'hated. A thing which you *must* sometimes do (or you
'cannot *speak*); yet which is never done without Error
'hovering near you; for most part, without her pouncing
'on you, and quite blindfolding you.

'Let not us, therefore, in looking at Lily and her
'Prince be tempted to that practice: why should we try
'to *name* them at all? Enough, if we do feel that man's
'whole Being is riven asunder every way (in this "tran-
'sitionary age"), and yawning in hostile, irreconcilable
'contradiction with itself: what good were it to know
'farther in what *direction* the rift (as our Poet here pleased
'to represent it) had taken effect? Fancy, however, that
'these two HALVES of Man's Soul and Being are sepa-
'rated, in pain and enchanted obstruction, from one an-
'other. The better, fairer Half sits in the Supernatural
'country, deadening and killing; alas, not permitted to
'come across into the Natural visible country, and there
'make all blessed and alive! The rugged stronger Half,
'in such separation, is quite lamed and paralytic; wretched,
'forlorn, in a state of death-life, must he wander to and
'fro over the River of Time; all that is dear and essential
'to him, imprisoned there; which if he look at, he grows
'still weaker, which if he touch, he dies. Poor Prince!
'And let the judicious reader, who has read the Era he
'lives in, or even spelt the alphabet thereof, say whether,
'with the paralytic-lamed Activity of man (hampered
'and hamstrung "in a transitionary age" of Scepticism,
'Methodism; atheistic Sarcasm, hysteric Orgasm; brazen-
'faced Delusion, Puffery, Hypocrisy, Stupidity, and the
'whole Bill and nothing but the Bill), it is not even so?
'Must not poor man's Activity (like this poor Prince)
'wander from Natural to Supernatural, and back again,

'disconsolate enough; unable to *do* anything, except 'merely wring its hands, and, whimpering and blubber-'ing, lamentably inquire: *What* shall I do?

'But Courage! Courage! The Temple is built (though 'underground); the Bridge shall arch itself, the divided 'Two shall clasp each other as flames do, rushing into one; 'and all that ends well shall be well! Mark only how, 'in this inimitable Poem, worthy of an Olympic crown, 'or prize of the Literary Society, it is represented as 'proceeding!'

So far D. T.; a commentator who at least does not want confidence in himself; whom we shall only caution not to be too confident; to remember always that, as he once says, 'Phantasmagory is not Allegory;' that much exists, under our very noses, which has no 'name,' and can get none; that the 'River of Time' and so forth may be one thing, or more than one, or none; that, in short, there is risk of the too valiant D. T.'s bamboozling himself in this matter; being led from puddle to pool; and so left standing at last, like a foolish mystified nose-of-wax, wondering where the devil he is.

To the simpler sort of readers we shall also extend an advice; or be it rather, proffer a petition. It is to fancy themselves, for the time being, delivered altogether from D. T.'s company; and to read this *Mährchen*, as if it were there only for its own sake, and those tag-rag Notes of his were so much blank paper. Let the simpler sort of readers say now how they like it! If unhappily, on looking back, some spasm of 'the malady of thought' begin afflicting them, let such Notes be then inquired of, but not till then, and then also with distrust. Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve; hast thou not two eyes of thy own?

The Commentator himself cannot, it is to be hoped,

imagine that he has exhausted the matter. To decipher and represent the *genesis* of this extraordinary Production, and what was the Author's state of mind in producing it; to *see*, with dim common eyes, what the great Goethe, with inspired poetic eyes, then saw; and paint to oneself the thick-coming shapes and many-coloured splendours of his 'Prospero's Grotto,' at that hour: this were what we could call complete criticism and commentary; what D. T. is far from having done, and ought to fall on his face, and confess that he can never do.

We shall conclude with remarking two things. First, that D. T. does not appear to have set eye on any of those German Commentaries on this Tale of Tales; or even to have heard, credently, that such exist: an omission, in a professed Translator, which he himself may answer for. Secondly, that with all his boundless preluding, he has forgotten to insert the Author's own prelude; the passage, namely, by which this *Mährchen* is specially ushered in, and the key-note of it struck by the Composer himself, and the tone of the whole prescribed! This latter altogether glaring omission we now charitably supply; and then let D. T., and his illustrious Original, and the Readers of this Magazine take it among them. Turn to the latter part of the *Deutschen Ausgewanderten* (page 208, Volume XV. of the last Edition of *Goethe's Werke*); it is written there, as we render it:

'"The Imagination," said Karl, "is a fine faculty; 'yet I like not when she works on what has actually hap-'pened: the airy forms she creates are welcome as things 'of their own kind; but uniting with Truth she produces 'oftenest nothing but monsters; and seems to me, in such 'cases, to fly into direct variance with Reason and Com-'mon Sense. She ought, you might say, to hang upon no 'object, to force no object on us; she must, if she is to 'produce Works of Art, play like a sort of music upon us;

'move us within ourselves, and this in such a way that we 'forget there is anything without us producing the move-'ment."

'"Proceed no farther," said the old man, "with your 'conditionings! To enjoy a product of Imagination this 'also is a condition, that we enjoy it unconditionally; for 'Imagination herself cannot condition and bargain; she 'must wait what shall be given her. She forms no plans, 'prescribes for herself no path; but is borne and guided 'by her own pinions; and hovering hither and thither, 'marks out the strangest courses; which in their direction 'are ever altering. Let me but, on my evening walk, call 'up again to life within me, some wondrous figures I was 'wont to play with in earlier years. This night I promise 'you a Tale, which shall remind you of Nothing and of 'All.'"

And now for it.

O. Y.

THE TALE.

In his little Hut, by the great River, which a heavy rain had swoln to overflowing, lay the ancient Ferryman, asleep, wearied by the toil of the day. In the middle of the night,* loud voices awoke him; he heard that it was travellers wishing to be carried over.

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* In the middle of the night truly! In the middle of the Dark Ages, when what with Mahomedan Conquests, what with Christian Crusadings, Destructions of Constantinople, Discoveries of America, the Time-River was indeed swoln to overflowing; and the *Ignes Fatui* (of Elegant Culture, of Literature,) must needs feel in haste to get over into Existence, being much wanted; and apply to the Priesthood (respectable old Ferryman, roused out of sleep thereby!), who willingly introduced them, mischievous ungrateful imps as they were.—D. T.

Stepping out, he saw two large Will-o'-wisps, hovering to and fro on his boat, which lay moored: they said, they were in violent haste, and should have been already on the other side. The old Ferryman made no loitering; pushed off, and steered with his usual skill obliquely through the stream; while the two strangers whiffled and hissed together, in an unknown very rapid tongue, and every now and then broke out in loud laughter, hopping about, at one time on the gunwale and the seats, at another on the bottom of the boat.

"The boat is heeling!" cried the old man; "if you don't be quiet, it will overset; be seated, gentlemen of the wisp!"

At this advice they burst into a fit of laughter, mocked the old man, and were more unquiet than ever. He bore their mischief with patience, and soon reached the farther shore.

"Here is for your labour!" cried the travellers, and as they shook themselves, a heap of glittering gold-pieces jingled down into the wet boat. "For Heaven's sake, what are you about?" cried the old man; "you will ruin me forever! Had a single piece of gold got into the water, the stream, which cannot suffer gold, would have risen in horrid waves, and swallowed both my skiff and me; and who knows how it might have fared with you in that case: here, take back your gold."

"We can take nothing back, which we have once shaken from us," said the Lights.

"Then you give me the trouble," said the old man, stooping down, and gathering the pieces into his cap, "of raking them together, and carrying them ashore, and burying them."

The Lights had leaped from the boat, but the old man cried: "Stay; where is my fare?"

"If you take no gold, you may work for nothing," cried the Will-o'-Wisps.—"You must know that I am only

to be paid with fruits of the earth."—"Fruits of the earth? we despise them, and have never tasted them."—"And yet I cannot let you go, till you have promised that you will deliver me three Cabbages, three Artichokes, and three large Onions."

The Lights were making off with jests; but they felt themselves, in some inexplicable manner, fastened to the ground: it was the unpleasantest feeling they had ever had. They engaged to pay him his demand as soon as possible: he let them go, and pushed away. He was gone a good distance, when they called to him: "Old man! Holla, old man! the main point is forgotten!"* He was off, however, and did not hear them. He had fallen quietly down that side of the River, where, in a rocky spot, which the water never reached, he meant to bury the pernicious gold. Here, between two high crags, he found a monstrous chasm; shook the metal into it, and steered back to his cottage.

Now, in this chasm lay the fair green Snake, who was roused from her sleep by the gold coming chinking down.† No sooner did she fix her eye on the glittering coins, than she ate them all up, with the greatest relish, on the spot; and carefully picked out such pieces as were scattered in the chinks of the rock.

Scarcely had she swallowed them, when, with extreme delight, she began to feel the metal melting in her inwards, and spreading all over her body; and soon, to her lively joy, she observed that she was grown transparent and luminous. Long ago she had been told that this was pos-

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* What could this be? To ask whither their next road lay? It was useless to ask there: the respectable old Priesthood 'did not hear them.'—D. T.

† THOUGHT, Understanding, roused from her long sleep by the first produce of modern Belles Lettres; which she eagerly devours.—D. T.

sible; but now being doubtful whether such a light could last, her curiosity and the desire to be secure against the future, drove her from her cell, that she might see who it was that had shaken in this precious metal. She found no one. The more delightful was it to admire her own appearance, and her graceful brightness, as she crawled along through roots and bushes, and spread out her light among the grass. Every leaf seemed of emerald, every flower was dyed with new glory. It was in vain that she crossed the solitary thickets; but her hopes rose high, when, on reaching the open country, she perceived from afar a brilliancy resembling her own. "Shall I find my like at last, then?" cried she, and hastened to the spot. The toil of crawling through bog and reeds gave her little thought; for though she liked best to live in dry grassy spots of the mountains, among the clefts of rocks, and for most part fed on spicy herbs, and slaked her thirst with mild dew and fresh spring-water, yet for the sake of this dear gold, and in the hope of this glorious light, she would have undertaken anything you could propose to her.

At last, with much fatigue, she reached a wet rushy spot in the swamp, where our two Will-o'-wisps were frisking to and fro. She shoved herself along to them; saluted them, was happy to meet such pleasant gentlemen related to her family. The Lights glided towards her, skipped up over her, and laughed in their fashion. "Lady Cousin," said they, "you are of the horizontal line, yet what of that? It is true we are related only by the look; for observe you," here both the Flames, compressing their whole breadth, made themselves as high and peaked as possible, "how prettily this taper length beseems us gentlemen of the vertical line! Take it not amiss of us, good Lady; what family can boast of such a thing? Since there ever was a Jack-o'-lantern in the world, no one of them has either sat or lain."

The Snake felt exceedingly uncomfortable in the company of these relations; for let her hold her head as high as possible, she found that she must bend it to the earth again, would she stir from the spot;* and if in the dark thicket she had been extremely satisfied with her appearance, her splendour in the presence of these cousins seemed to lessen every moment, nay she was afraid that at last it would go out entirely.

In this embarrassment she hastily asked: If the gentlemen could not inform her, whence the glittering gold came, that had fallen a short while ago into the cleft of the rock; her own opinion was, that it had been a golden shower, and had trickled down direct from the sky. The Will-o'-wisps laughed, and shook themselves, and a multitude of gold-pieces came clinking down about them. The Snake pushed nimbly forwards to eat the coin. "Much good may it do you, Mistress," said the dapper gentlemen: "we can help you to a little more." They shook themselves again several times with great quickness, so that the snake could scarcely gulp the precious victuals fast enough. Her splendour visibly began increasing; she was really shining beautifully, while the Lights had in the meantime grown rather lean and short of stature, without however in the smallest losing their good-humour.

"I am obliged to you forever," said the Snake, having got her wind again after the repast, "ask of me what you will; all that I can I will do."

"Very good!" cried the Lights. "Then tell us where the fair Lily dwells? Lead us to the fair Lily's palace and

* True enough: Thought cannot fly and dance, as your wild-fire of Belles Lettres may; she proceeds in the systole-diastole, up-and-down method; and must ever 'bend her head to the earth again' (in the way of Baconian Experiment), or she will not stir from the spot.—D. T.

garden; and do not lose a moment, we are dying of impatience to fall down at her feet."

"This service," said the Snake with a deep sigh, "I cannot now do for you. The fair Lily dwells, alas, on the other side of the water."—"Other side of the water? And we have come across it, this stormy night! How cruel is the River to divide us! Would it not be possible to call the old man back?"

"It would be useless," said the Snake; "for if you found him ready on the bank, he would not take you in; he can carry any one to this side, none to yonder."

"Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" cried the Lights: "are there no other means of getting through the water?"—"There are other means, but not at this moment. I myself could take you over, gentlemen, but not till noon."—"That is an hour we do not like to travel in."—"Then you may go across in the evening, on the great Giant's shadow."—"How is that?"—"The great Giant lives not far from this; with his body he has no power; his hands cannot lift a straw, his shoulders could not bear a faggot of twigs; but with his shadow he has power over much, nay all.* At sunrise and sunset therefore he is strongest; so at evening you merely put yourself upon the back of his shadow, the Giant walks softly to the bank, and the shadow carries you across the water. But if you please, about the hour of noon, to be in waiting at that corner of the wood, where the bushes overhang the bank, I myself will take you over and present you to the fair Lily: or on the other hand, if you dislike the noontide, you have just to go at nightfall to that bend of the rocks, and pay a visit to the Giant; he will certainly receive you like a gentleman."

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* Is not SUPERSTITION strongest when the sun is low? with body, powerless; with shadow, omnipotent?—D. T.

With a slight bow, the Flames went of; and the Snake at bottom was not discontented to get rid of them; partly that she might enjoy the brightness of her own light, partly satisfy a curiosity with which, for a long time, she had been agitated in a singular way.

In the chasm, where she often crawled hither and thither, she had made a strange discovery. For although in creeping up and down this abyss, she had never had a ray of light, she could well enough discriminate the objects in it, by her sense of touch. Generally she met with nothing but irregular productions of Nature; at one time she would wind between the teeth of large crystals, at another she would feel the barbs and hairs of native silver, and now and then carry out with her to the light some straggling jewels.* But to her no small wonder, in a rock which was closed on every side, she had come on certain objects which betrayed the shaping hand of man. Smooth walls on which she could not climb, sharp regular corners, well-formed pillars; and what seemed strangest of all, human figures which she had entwined more than once, and which appeared to her to be of brass, or of the finest polished marble. All these experiences she now wished to combine by the sense of sight, thereby to confirm what as yet she only guessed. She believed she could illuminate the whole of that subterranean vault by her own light; and hoped to get acquainted with these curious things at once. She hastened back; and soon found, by the usual way, the cleft by which she used to penetrate the Sanctuary.

On reaching the place, she gazed around with eager

* Primitive employments, and attainments, of Thought, in this dark den whither it is sent to dwell. For many long ages, it discerns 'nothing but irregular productions of Nature;' having indeed to pick material bed and board out of Nature and her irregular productions.—D. T.

curiosity; and though her shining could not enlighten every object in the rotunda, yet those nearest her were plain enough. With astonishment and reverence she looked up into a glancing niche, where the image of an august King stood formed of pure Gold. In size the figure was beyond the stature of man, but by its shape it seemed the likeness of a little rather than a tall person. His handsome body was encircled with an unadorned mantle; and a garland of oak bound his hair together.

No sooner had the Snake beheld this reverend figure, than the King began to speak, and asked: "Whence comest thou?"—"From the chasms where the gold dwells," said the Snake.—"What is grander than gold?" inquired the King.—"Light," replied the Snake.—"What is more refreshing than light?" said he.—"Speech," answered she.

During this conversation, she had squinted to a side, and in the nearest niche perceived another glorious image. It was a Silver King in a sitting posture; his shape was long and rather languid; he was covered with a decorated robe; crown, girdle, and sceptre were adorned with precious stones: the cheerfulness of pride was in his countenance; he seemed about to speak, when a vein which ran dimly-coloured over the marble wall, on a sudden became bright, and diffused a cheerful light throughout the whole Temple. By this brilliancy the Snake perceived a third King, made of Brass, and sitting mighty in shape, leaning on his club, adorned with a laurel garland, and more like a rock than a man. She was looking for the fourth, which was standing at the greatest distance from her; but the wall opened, while the glittering vein started and split, as lightning does, and disappeared.

A Man of middle stature, entering through the cleft, attracted the attention of the Snake. He was dressed like a peasant, and carried in his hand a little Lamp, on whose

still flame you liked to look, and which in a strange manner, without casting any shadow, enlightened the whole dome.*

"Why comest thou, since we have light?" said the golden King.—"You know that I may not enlighten what is dark."†—"Will my Kingdom end?" said the silver King.—"Late or never," said the old Man.

With a stronger voice the brazen King began to ask: "When shall I arise?"—"Soon," replied the Man.—"With whom shall I combine?" said the King.—"With thy elder brothers," said the Man.—"What will the youngest do?" inquired the King.—"He will sit down," replied the Man.

"I am not tired," cried the fourth King, with a rough faltering voice.‡

While this speech was going on, the Snake had glided softly round the temple, viewing everything; she was now looking at the fourth King close by him. He stood leaning on a pillar; his considerable form was heavy rather than beautiful. But what metal it was made of could not be determined. Closely inspected, it seemed a mixture of the three metals which its brothers had been formed of. But in the founding, these materials did not seem to have combined together fully; gold and silver veins ran irre-

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* Poetic Light, celestial Reason!—D. T.

Let the reader, in one word, attend well to these four Kings: much annotation from D. T. is here necessarily swept out.—O. Y.

† What is wholly dark. Understanding precedes Reason: modern Science is come; modern Poesy is still but coming,—in Goethe (and whom else?).—D. T.

‡ Consider these Kings as Eras of the World's History; no, not as Eras, but as Principles which jointly or severally rule Eras. Alas, poor we, in this chaotic soft-soldered 'transitionary age,' are so unfortunate as to live under the Fourth King.—D. T.

gularly through a brazen mass, and gave the figure an unpleasant aspect.

Meanwhile the gold King was asking of the Man, "How many secrets knowest thou?"—"Three," replied the Man.—"Which is the most important?" said the silver King.—"The open one," replied the other.*—"Wilt thou open it to us also?" said the brass King.—"When I know the fourth," replied the Man.—"What care I?" grumbled the composite King, in an under tone.

"I know the fourth," said the Snake; approached the old Man, and hissed somewhat in his ear. "The time is at hand!" cried the old Man, with a strong voice. The temple re-echoed, the metal statues sounded; and that instant the old Man sank away to the westward, and the Snake to the eastward; and both of them passed through the clefts of the rock, with the greatest speed.

All the passages, through which the old Man travelled, filled themselves, immediately behind him with gold; for his Lamp had the strange property of changing stone into gold, wood into silver, dead animals into precious stones, and of annihilating all metals. But to display this power, it must shine alone. If another light were beside it, the Lamp only cast from it a pure clear brightness, and all living things were refreshed by it.†

The old Man entered his cottage, which was built on the slope of the hill. He found his Wife in extreme distress. She was sitting at the fire weeping, and refusing to be consoled. "How unhappy am I!" cried she: "Did not I entreat thee not to go away to-night?"—"What

* Reader, hast thou any glimpse of the 'open secret?' I fear not.—D. T. Writer, art thou a goose? I fear, yes.—O. Y.

† In Illuminated Ages, the Age of Miracles is said to cease; but it is only we that cease to see it, for we are still 'refreshed by it.'—D. T.

is the matter, then?" inquired the husband, quite composed.

"Scarcely wert thou gone," said she, sobbing, "when there came two noisy Travellers to the door: unthinkingly I let them in; they seemed to be a couple of genteel, very honourable people; they were dressed in flames, you would have taken them for Will-o'-wisps. But no sooner were they in the house, than they began, like impudent varlets, to compliment me,* and grew so forward that I feel ashamed to think of it."

"No doubt," said the husband with a smile, "the gentlemen were jesting: considering thy age, they might have held by general politeness."

"Age! what age?" cried the Wife: "wilt thou always be talking of my age? How old am I then?—General politeness! But I know what I know. Look round there what a face the walls have; look at the old stones, which I have not seen these hundred years; every film of gold have they licked away, thou couldst not think how fast; and still they kept assuring me that it tasted far beyond common gold. Once they had swept the walls, the fellows seemed to be in high spirits, and truly in that little while they had grown much broader and brighter. They now began to be impertinent again, they patted me, and called me their queen, they shook themselves, and a shower of gold pieces sprang from them; see how they are shining there under the bench! But ah! what misery! Poor Mops ate a coin or two; and look, he is lying in the chimney, dead. Poor Pug! O well-a-day! I did not see it till they were gone; else I had never promised to

* Poor old Practical Endeavour! Listen to many an *encyclopedic* Diderot, humanized *Philosophe*, didactic singer, march-of-intellect man, and other 'impudent varlets' (who would never put their own finger to the work); and hear what 'compliments' they uttered.—D. T.

pay the Ferryman the debt they owe him."—"What do they owe him?" said the Man.—"Three Cabbages," replied the Wife, "three Artichokes, and three Onions: I engaged to go when it was day, and take them to the River."

"Thou mayest do them that civility," said the old Man; "they may chance to be of use to us again."

"Whether they will be of use to us I know not; but they promised and vowed that they would."

Meantime the fire on the hearth had burnt low; the old Man covered up the embers with a heap of ashes, and put the glittering gold pieces aside; so that his little Lamp now gleamed alone, in the fairest brightness. The walls again coated themselves with gold, and Mops changed into the prettiest onyx that could be imagined. The alteration of the brown and black in this precious stone made it the most curious piece of workmanship.

"Take thy basket," said the Man, "and put the onyx into it; then take the three Cabbages, the three Artichokes, and the three Onions; place them round little Mops, and carry them to the River. At noon the Snake will take thee over; visit the fair Lily, give her the onyx, she will make it alive by her touch, as by her touch she kills whatever is alive already. She will have a true companion in the little dog. Tell her not to mourn; her deliverance is near; the greatest misfortune she may look upon as the greatest happiness; for the time is at hand."

The old Woman filled her basket, and set out as soon as it was day. The rising sun shone clear from the other side of the River, which was glittering in the distance: the old Woman walked with slow steps, for the basket pressed upon her head, and it was not the onyx that so burdened her. Whatever lifeless thing she might be carrying, she did not feel the weight of it; on the other hand, in those cases the basket rose aloft, and hovered along

above her head. But to carry any fresh herbage, or any little living animal, she found exceedingly laborious.* She had travelled on for some time, in a sullen humour, when she halted suddenly in fright, for she had almost trod upon the Giant's shadow, which was stretching towards her across the plain. And now, lifting up her eyes, she saw the monster of a Giant himself, who had been bathing in the River, and was just come out,† and she knew not how she should avoid him. The moment he perceived her, he began saluting her in sport, and the hands of his shadow soon caught hold of the basket. With dexterous ease they picked away from it a Cabbage, an Artichoke, and an Onion, and brought them to the Giant's mouth, who then went his way up the River, and let the Woman go in peace.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply from her garden the pieces she had lost; and amid these doubts, she still kept walking on, so that in a little while she was at the bank of the River. She sat long waiting for the Ferryman, whom she perceived at last, steering over with a very singular traveller. A young, noble-looking, handsome man, whom she could not gaze upon enough, stept out of the boat.

"What is it you bring?" cried the old Man.—"The greens which those two Will-o'-wisps owe you," said the Woman, pointing to her ware. As the Ferryman found only two of each sort, he grew angry, and declared he

* Why so? Is it because with 'lifeless things' (with inanimate *machinery*) all goes like clock-work, which it is, and 'the basket hovers aloft;' while with living things (were it but the culture of forest-trees) poor Endeavour has more difficulty?—D. T. Or, is it chiefly because a Tale must be a Tale?—O. Y.

† Very proper in the huge Loggerhead *Superstition*, to bathe himself in the element of TIME, and get refreshment thereby.—D. T.

would have none of them. The Woman earnestly entreated him to take them; told him that she could not now go home, and that her burden for the way which still remained was very heavy. He stood by his refusal, and assured her that it did not rest with him. "What belongs to me," said he, "I must leave lying nine hours in a heap, touching none of it, till I have given the River its third." After much higgling, the old man at last replied: "There is still another way. If you like to pledge yourself to the River, and declare yourself its debtor, I will take the six pieces; but there is some risk in it."—"If I keep my word, I shall run no risk?"—"Not the smallest. Put your hand into the stream," continued he, "and promise that within four-and-twenty hours you will pay the debt."

The old Woman did so; but what was her affright, when on drawing out her hand, she found it black as coal! She loudly scolded the old Ferryman; declared that her hands had always been the fairest part of her; that in spite of her hard work, she had all along contrived to keep these noble members white and dainty. She looked at the hand with indignation, and exclaimed in a despairing tone: "Worse and worse! Look, it is vanishing entirely; it is grown far smaller than the other."*

"For the present it but seems so," said the old Man; "if you do not keep your word, however, it may prove so in earnest. The hand will gradually diminish, and at length disappear altogether, though you have the use of it as formerly. Every thing as usual you will be able to perform with it, only nobody will see it."—"I had rather that I could not use it, and no one could observe the want,"

* A dangerous thing to pledge yourself to the Time-River;—as many a National Debt, and the like, blackening, bewitching the 'beautiful hand' of Endeavour, can witness.—D.T. Heavens!—O.Y.

cried she: "but what of that, I will keep my word, and rid myself of this black skin, and all anxieties about it." Thereupon she hastily took up her basket, which mounted of itself over her head, and hovered free above her in the air, as she hurried after the Youth, who was walking softly and thoughtfully down the bank. His noble form and strange dress had made a deep impression on her.

His breast was covered with a glittering coat of mail; in whose wavings might be traced every motion of his fair body. From his shoulders hung a purple cloak; around his uncovered head flowed abundant brown hair in beautiful locks: his graceful face, and his well-formed feet were exposed to the scorching of the sun. With bare soles, he walked composedly over the hot sand; and a deep inward sorrow seemed to blunt him against all external things.

The garrulous old Woman tried to lead him into conversation; but with his short answers he gave her small encouragement or information; so that in the end, notwithstanding the beauty of his eyes, she grew tired of speaking with him to no purpose, and took leave of him with these words: "You walk too slow for me, worthy sir; I must not lose a moment, for I have to pass the River on the green Snake, and carry this fine present from my husband to the fair Lily." So saying she stept faster forward; but the fair Youth pushed on with equal speed, and hastened to keep up with her. "You are going to the fair Lily!" cried he; "then our roads are the same. But what present is this you are bringing her?"

"Sir," said the Woman, "it is hardly fair, after so briefly dismissing the questions I put you, to inquire with such vivacity about my secrets. But if you like to barter, and tell me your adventures, I will not conceal from you how it stands with me and my presents." They soon made a bargain; the dame disclosed her circumstances to him; told the history of the Pug, and let him see the singular gift.

He lifted this natural curiosity from the basket, and took Mops, who seemed as if sleeping softly, into his arms. "Happy beast!" cried he; "thou wilt be touched by her hands, thou wilt be made alive by her; while the living are obliged to fly from her presence to escape a mournful doom. Yet why say I mournful? Is it not far sadder and more frightful to be injured by her look, than it would be to die by her hand? Behold me," said he to the Woman; "at my years, what a miserable fate have I to undergo. This mail which I have honourably borne in war, this purple which I sought to merit by a wise reign, Destiny has left me; the one as a useless burden, the other as an empty ornament. Crown, and sceptre, and sword are gone; and I am as bare and needy as any other son of earth; for so unblessed are her bright eyes, that they take from every living creature they look on all its force, and those whom the touch of her hand does not kill are changed to the state of shadows wandering alive."

Thus did he continue to bewail, nowise contenting the old Woman's curiosity, who wished for information not so much of his internal as of his external situation. She learned neither the name of his father, nor of his kingdom. He stroked the hard Mops, whom the sunbeams and the bosom of the youth had warmed as if he had been living. He inquired narrowly about the Man with the Lamp, about the influences of the sacred light, appearing to expect much good from it in his melancholy case.

Amid such conversation, they descried from afar the majestic arch of the Bridge, which extended from the one bank to the other, glittering with the strangest colours in the splendours of the sun. Both were astonished; for until now they had never seen this edifice so grand. "How!" cried the Prince, "was it not beautiful enough, as it stood before our eyes, piled out of jasper and agate? Shall we not fear to tread it, now that it appears combined, in grace-

ful complexity of emerald and chrysopras and chrysolite?" Neither of them knew the alteration that had taken place upon the Snake: for it was indeed the Snake, who every day at noon curved herself over the River, and stood forth in the form of a bold-swelling bridge.* The travellers stept upon it with a reverential feeling, and passed over it in silence.

No sooner had they reached the other shore, than the bridge began to heave and stir; in a little while, it touched the surface of the water, and the green Snake in her proper form came gliding after the wanderers. They had scarcely thanked her for the privilege of crossing on her back, when they found that, besides them three, there must be other persons in the company, whom their eyes could not discern. They heard a hissing, which the Snake also answered with a hissing; they listened, and at length caught what follows: "We shall first look about us in the fair Lily's Park," said a pair of alternating voices; "and then request you at nightfall, so soon as we are anywise presentable, to introduce us to this paragon of beauty. At the shore of the great Lake, you will find us."—"Be it so," replied the Snake; and a hissing sound died away in the air.

Our three travellers now consulted in what order they should introduce themselves to the fair Lady; for however many people might be in her company, they were obliged to enter and depart singly, under pain of suffering very hard severities.

The Woman with the metamorphosed Pug in the basket first approached the garden, looking round for her Patroness; who was not difficult to find, being just engaged in singing to her harp. The finest tones proceeded from her, first like circles on the surface of the still lake,

* If aught can overspan the Time-River, then what but Understanding, but Thought, in its moment of plenitude, in its favourable noon-moment?—D. T.

then like a light breath they set the grass and the bushes in motion. In a green enclosure, under the shadow of a stately group of many diverse trees, was she seated; and again did she enchant the eyes, the ears, and the heart of the Woman, who approached with rapture, and swore within herself that since she saw her last, the fair one had grown fairer than ever. With eager gladness, from a distance, she expressed her reverence and admiration for the lovely maiden. "What a happiness to see you, what a Heaven does your presence spread around you! How charmingly the harp is leaning on your bosom, how softly your arms surround it, how it seems as if longing to be near you, and how it sounds so meekly under the touch of your slim fingers! Thrice-happy youth, to whom it were permitted to be there!"

So speaking she approached; the fair Lily raised her eyes; let her hands drop from the harp, and answered: "Trouble me not with untimely praise; I feel my misery but the more deeply. Look here, at my feet lies the poor Canary-bird, which used so beautifully to accompany my singing; it would sit upon my harp, and was trained not to touch me; but to-day, while I, refreshed by sleep, was raising a peaceful morning hymn, and my little singer was pouring forth his harmonious tones more gaily than ever, a Hawk darts over my head; the poor little creature, in affright, takes refuge in my bosom, and I feel the last palpitations of its departing life. The plundering Hawk indeed was caught by my look, and fluttered fainting down into the water; but what can his punishment avail me? my darling is dead, and his grave will but increase the mournful bushes of my garden."

"Take courage, fairest Lily!" cried the Woman, wiping off a tear, which the story of the hapless maiden had called into her eyes; "compose yourself; my old man bids me tell you to moderate your lamenting, to look upon the

greatest misfortune as a forerunner of the greatest happiness, for the time is at hand; and truly," continued she, "the world is going strangely on of late. Do but look at my hand, how black it is! As I live and breathe, it is grown far smaller: I must hasten, before it vanish altogether! Why did I engage to do the Will-o'-wisps a service, why did I meet the Giant's shadow, and dip my hand in the River? Could you not afford me a single cabbage, an artichoke, and an onion? I would give them to the River, and my hand were white as ever, so that I could almost shew it with one of yours."

"Cabbages and onions thou mayest still find; but artichokes thou wilt search for in vain. No plant in my garden bears either flowers or fruit; but every twig that I break, and plant upon the grave of a favourite, grows green straightway, and shoots up in fair boughs. All these groups, these bushes, these groves my hard destiny has so raised around me. These pines stretching out like parasols, these obelisks of cypresses, these colossal oaks and beeches, were all little twigs planted by my hand, as mournful memorials in a soil that otherwise is barren." *

To this speech the old Woman had paid little heed; she was looking at her hand, which, in presence of the fair Lily, seemed every moment growing blacker and smaller. She was about to snatch her basket and hasten off, when she noticed that the best part of her errand had been forgotten. She lifted out the onyx Pug, and set him down, not far from the fair one, in the grass. "My husband," said she, "sends you this memorial; you know that you can make a jewel live by touching it. This pretty faithful dog will certainly afford you much enjoyment; and my

* In SUPERNATURALISM, truly, what is there either of flower or of fruit? Nothing that will (altogether) content the greedy Time-River. Stupendous, funereal sacred groves, 'in a soil that otherwise is barren!'—D. T.

grief at losing him is brightened only by the thought that he will be in your possession."

The fair Lily viewed the dainty creature with a pleased, and, as it seemed, with an astonished look. "Many signs combine," said she, "that breathe some hope into me: but ah! is it not a natural deception which makes us fancy, when misfortunes crowd upon us, that a better day is near?

"What can these many signs avail me?
My Singer's Death, thy coal-black Hand?
This Dog of Onyx, that can never fail me?
And coming at the Lamp's command!

"From human joys removed forever,
With sorrows compassed round I sit:
Is there a Temple at the River?
Is there a Bridge! Alas, not yet!"

The good old dame had listened with impatience to this singing, which the fair Lily accompanied with her harp, in a way that would have charmed any other. She was on the point of taking leave, when the arrival of the green Snake again detained her. The Snake had caught the last lines of the song, and on this matter forthwith began to speak comfort to the fair Lily.

"The prophecy of the Bridge is fulfilled!" cried the Snake: "you may ask this worthy dame how royally the arch looks now. What formerly was untransparent jasper, or agate, allowing but a gleam of light to pass about its edges, is now become transparent precious stone. No beryl is so clear, no emerald so beautiful of hue."

"I wish you joy of it," said Lily; "but you will pardon me if I regard the prophecy as yet unaccomplished. The lofty arch of your bridge can still but admit foot-passengers; and it is promised us that horses and carriages and travellers of every sort shall, at the same moment, cross this bridge

in both directions. Is there not something said, too, about pillars, which are to arise of themselves from the waters of the River?"

The old Woman still kept her eyes fixed on her hand; she here interrupted their dialogue, and was taking leave. "Wait a moment," said the fair Lily, "and carry my little bird with you. Bid the Lamp change it into topaz; I will enliven it by my touch; with your good Mops it shall form my dearest pastime: but hasten, hasten; for, at sunset, intolerable putrefaction will fasten on the hapless bird, and tear asunder the fair combination of its form forever."

The old Woman laid the little corpse, wrapped in soft leaves, into her basket, and hastened away.

"However it may be," said the Snake, recommencing their interrupted dialogue, "the Temple is built."

"But it is not at the River," said the fair one.

"It is yet resting in the depths of the Earth," said the Snake; "I have seen the Kings and conversed with them."

"But when will they arise?" inquired Lily.

The Snake replied: "I heard resounding in the Temple these deep words, *The time is at hand.*"

A pleasing cheerfulness spread over the fair Lily's face: "'Tis the second time," said she, "that I have heard these happy words to-day: when will the day come for me to hear them thrice?"

She rose, and immediately there came a lovely maiden from the grove, and took away her harp. Another followed her, and folded up the fine-carved ivory stool, on which the fair one had been sitting, and put the silvery cushion under her arm. A third then made her appearance, with a large parasol worked with pearls; and looked whether Lily would require her in walking. These three maidens were beyond expression beautiful; and yet their beauty

but exalted that of Lily, for it was plain to every one that they could never be compared to her.*

Meanwhile the fair one had been looking, with a satisfied aspect, at the strange onyx Mops. She bent down and touched him, and that instant he started up. Gaily he looked around, ran hither and thither, and at last, in his kindest manner, hastened to salute his benefactress. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her. "Cold as thou art," cried she, "and though but a half-life works in thee, thou art welcome to me; tenderly will I love thee, prettily will I play with thee, softly caress thee, and firmly press thee to my bosom." She then let him go, chased him from her, called him back, and played so daintily with him, and ran about so gaily and so innocently with him on the grass, that with new rapture you viewed and participated in her joy, as a little while ago her sorrow had attuned every heart to sympathy.

This cheerfulness, these graceful sports were interrupted by the entrance of the woful Youth. He stepped forward, in his former guise and aspect; save that the heat of the day appeared to have fatigued him still more, and in the presence of his mistress he grew paler every moment. He bore upon his hand a Hawk, which was sitting quiet as a dove, with its body shrunk and its wings drooping.

"It is not kind in thee," cried Lily to him, "to bring that hateful thing before my eyes, the monster, which today has killed my little singer."

"Blame not the unhappy bird!" replied the Youth; "rather blame thyself and thy destiny; and leave me to keep beside me the companion of my wo."

Meanwhile Mops ceased not teasing the fair Lily; and she replied to her transparent favourite, with friendly ges-

* Who are these three? Faith, Hope, and Charity, or others of that kin?—D. T. Faith, Hope, and Fiddlestick!—O. Y.

tures. She clapped her hands to scare him off; then ran, to entice him after her. She tried to get him when he fled, and she chased him away when he attempted to press near her. The Youth looked on in silence, with increasing anger; but at last, when she took the odious beast, which seemed to him unutterably ugly, on her arm, pressed it to her white bosom, and kissed its black snout with her heavenly lips, his patience altogether failed him, and full of desperation he exclaimed: "Must I, who by a baleful fate exist beside thee, perhaps to the end, in an absent presence; who by thee have lost my all, my very self; must I see before my eyes, that so unnatural a monster can charm thee into gladness, can awaken thy attachment, and enjoy thy embrace? Shall I any longer keep wandering to and fro, measuring my dreary course to that side of the River and to this? No, there is still a spark of the old heroic spirit sleeping in my bosom; let it start this instant into its expiring flame! If stones may rest in thy bosom, let me be changed to stone; if thy touch kills, I will die by thy hands."

So saying he made a violent movement; the Hawk flew from his finger, but he himself rushed towards the fair one; she held out her hands to keep him off, and touched him only the sooner. Consciousness forsook him; and she felt with horror the beloved burden lying on her bosom. With a shriek she started back, and the gentle youth sank lifeless from her arms upon the ground.

The misery had happened! The sweet Lily stood motionless gazing on the corpse. Her heart seemed to pause in her bosom; and her eyes were without tears. In vain did Mops try to gain from her any kindly gesture; with her friend, the world for her was all dead as the grave. Her silent despair did not look round for help; she knew not of any help.

On the other hand, the Snake bestirred herself the

more actively; she seemed to meditate deliverance; and in fact her strange movements served at least to keep away, for a little, the immediate consequences of the mischief. With her limber body, she formed a wide circle round the corpse, and seizing the end of her tail between her teeth, she lay quite still.

Erelong one of Lily's fair waiting-maids appeared; brought the ivory folding-stool, and with friendly beckoning constrained her mistress to sit down on it. Soon afterwards there came a second; she had in her hand a fire-coloured veil, with which she rather decorated than concealed the fair Lily's head. The third handed her the harp, and scarcely had she drawn the gorgeous instrument towards her, and struck some tones from its strings, when the first maid returned with a clear round mirror; took her station opposite the fair one; caught her looks in the glass, and threw back to her the loveliest image that was to be found in Nature.* Sorrow heightened her beauty, the veil her charms, the harp her grace; and deeply as you wished to see her mournful situation altered, not less deeply did you wish to keep her image, as she now looked, forever present with you.

With a still look at the mirror, she touched the harp; now melting tones proceeded from the strings, now her pain seemed to mount, and the music in strong notes responded to her wo; sometimes she opened her lips to sing, but her voice failed her; and erelong her sorrow melted into tears,

* Does not man's soul *rest* by Faith, and look in the *mirror* of Faith? Does not Hope 'decorate rather than conceal?' Is not Charity (Love) the beginning of *music?*—Behold, too, how the Serpent, in this great hour, has made herself a Serpent-of-Eternity; and (even as genuine THOUGHT, in our age, has to do for so much) preserves the seeming-dead within her folds, that suspended animation issue not in noisome, horrible, irrevocable dissolution!—D. T.

two maidens caught her helpfully in their arms, the harp sank from her bosom, scarcely could the quick servant snatch the instrument and carry it aside.

"Who gets us the Man with the Lamp, before the Sun set?" hissed the Snake, faintly, but audibly: the maids looked at one another, and Lily's tears fell faster. At this moment came the Woman with the Basket, panting and altogether breathless. "I am lost, and maimed for life!" cried she; "see how my hand is almost vanished; neither Ferryman nor Giant would take me over, because I am the River's debtor; in vain did I promise hundreds of Cabbages and hundreds of Onions; they will take no more than three; and no Artichoke is now to be found in all this quarter."

"Forget your own care," said the Snake, "and try to bring help here; perhaps it may come to yourself also. Haste with your utmost speed to seek the Will-o'-wisps; it is too light for you to see them, but perhaps you will hear them laughing and hopping to and fro. If they be speedy, they may cross upon the Giant's shadow, and seek the Man with the Lamp and send him to us."

The Woman hurried off at her quickest pace, and the Snake seemed expecting as impatiently as Lily the return of the Flames. Alas! the beam of the sinking Sun was already gilding only the highest summits of the trees in the thicket, and long shadows were stretching over lake and meadow; the Snake hitched up and down impatiently, and Lily dissolved in tears.

In this extreme need, the Snake kept looking round on all sides; for she was afraid every moment that the Sun would set, and corruption penetrate the magic circle, and the fair youth immediately moulder away. At last she noticed sailing high in the air, with purple-red feathers, the Prince's Hawk, whose breast was catching the last beams of the Sun. She shook herself for joy at this good

omen; nor was she deceived; for shortly afterwards the Man with the Lamp was seen gliding towards them across the Lake, fast and smoothly, as if he had been travelling on skates.

The Snake did not change her posture; but Lily rose and called to him: "What good spirit sends thee, at the moment when we were desiring thee, and needing thee, so much?"

"The spirit of my Lamp," replied the Man, "has impelled me, and the Hawk has conducted me. My Lamp sparkles when I am needed, and I just look about me in the sky for a signal; some bird or meteor points to the quarter towards which I am to turn. Be calm, fairest Maiden! Whether I can help I know not; an individual helps not, but he who combines himself with many at the proper hour. We will postpone the evil, and keep hoping. Hold thy circle fast, continued he," turning to the Snake; then set himself upon a hillock beside her, and illuminated the dead body. "Bring the little Bird* hither too, and lay it in the circle!" The maidens took the little corpse from the basket, which the old Woman had left standing, and did as he directed.

Meanwhile the Sun had set, and as the darkness increased, not only the Snake and the old Man's Lamp began shining in their fashion, but also Lily's veil gave out a soft light, which gracefully tinged, as with a meek dawning red, her pale cheeks and her white robe. The party looked at one another, silently reflecting; care and sorrow were mitigated by a sure hope.

It was no unpleasing entrance, therefore, that the Wo-

* What are the Hawk and this Canary-bird, which here prove so destructive to one another? Ministering servants, implements, of these two divided Halves of the Human Soul; name them I will not; more is not written —D. T.

man made, attended by the two gay Flames, which in truth appeared to have been very lavish in the interim, for they had again become extremely meagre; yet they only bore themselves the more prettily for that, towards Lily and the other ladies. With great tact and expressiveness, they said a multitude of rather common things to these fair persons; and declared themselves particularly ravished by the charm which the gleaming veil* spread over Lily and her attendant. The ladies modestly cast down their eyes, and the praise of their beauty made them really beautiful. All were peaceful and calm, except the old Woman. In spite of the assurance of her husband, that her hand could diminish no farther, while the Lamp shone on it, she asserted more than once, that if things went on thus, before midnight this noble member would have utterly vanished.

The Man with the Lamp had listened attentively to the conversation of the Lights; and was gratified that Lily had been cheered, in some measure, and amused by it. And, in truth, midnight had arrived they knew not how. The old Man looked to the stars, and then began speaking: "We are assembled at the propitious hour; let each perform his task, let each do his duty; and a universal happiness will swallow up our individual sorrows, as a universal grief consumes individual joys."

At these words arose a wondrous hubbub;† for all

* Have not your march-of-intellect Literators always expressed themselves particularly ravished with any glitter from a veil of *Hope;* with 'progress of the species,' and the like?—D. T.

† Too true: dost thou not hear it, reader? In this our Revolutionary 'twelfth hour of the night,' all persons speak aloud (some of them by cannon and drums!) 'declaring what they have to do;' and Faith, Hope, and Charity (after a few passing compliments from the Belles-Lettres Department), thou seest, have *fallen asleep!*—D. T.

the persons in the party spoke aloud, each for himself, declaring what they had to do; only the three maids were silent; one of them had fallen asleep beside the harp, another near the parasol, the third by the stool; and you could not blame them much, for it was late. The Fiery Youths, after some passing compliments which they devoted to the waiting-maids, had turned their sole attention to the Princess, as alone worthy of exclusive homage.

"Take the mirror," said the Man to the Hawk; "and with the first sunbeam illuminate the three sleepers, and awake them, with light reflected from above."

The Snake now began to move; she loosened her circle, and rolled slowly, in large rings, forward to the River. The two Will-o'-wisps followed with a solemn air: you would have taken them for the most serious Flames in Nature. The old Woman and her husband seized the Basket, whose mild light they had scarcely observed till now; they lifted it at both sides, and it grew still larger and more luminous; they lifted the body of the Youth into it, laying the Canary-bird upon his breast; the Basket rose into the air and hovered above the old Woman's head, and she followed the Will-o'-wisps on foot. The fair Lily took Mops on her arm, and followed the Woman; the man with the Lamp concluded the procession, and the scene was curiously illuminated by these many lights.

But it was with no small wonder that the party saw, when they approached the River, a glorious arch mount over it, by which the helpful Snake was affording them a glittering path. If by day they had admired the beautiful transparent precious stones, of which the Bridge seemed formed; by night they were astonished at its gleaming brilliancy. On the upper side the clear circle marked itself sharp against the dark sky, but below, vivid beams were

darting to the centre, and exhibiting the airy firmness of the edifice. The procession slowly moved across it; and the Ferryman, who saw it from his hut afar off, considered with astonishment the gleaming circle, and the strange lights which were passing over it.*

No sooner had they reached the other shore, than the arch began, in its usual way, to swag up and down, and with a wavy motion to approach the water. The Snake then came on land, the Basket placed itself upon the ground, and the Snake again drew her circle round it. The old Man stooped towards her, and said: "What hast thou resolved on?"

"To sacrifice myself rather than be sacrificed," replied the Snake; "promise me that thou wilt leave no stone on shore."

The old Man promised; then addressing Lily: "Touch the Snake," said he, "with thy left hand, and thy lover with thy right." Lily knelt, and touched the Snake, and the Prince's body. The latter in the instant seemed to come to life; he moved in the basket, nay he raised himself into a sitting posture; Lily was about to clasp him; but the old Man held her back, and himself assisted the youth to rise, and led him forth from the Basket and the circle.

The Prince was standing; the Canary-bird was fluttering on his shoulder; there was life again in both of them, but the spirit had not yet returned; the fair youth's eyes were open, yet he did not see, at least he seemed to look on all without participation. Scarcely had their admiration of this incident a little calmed, when they observed how strangely it had fared in the meanwhile with the

* Well he might, worthy old man; as Pope Pius, for example, did, when he lived in Fontainebleau!—D. T. As our Bishops, when voting for the Reform Bill?—O. Y.

Snake. Her fair taper body had crumbled into thousands and thousands of shining jewels: the old Woman reaching at her Basket had chanced to come against the circle; and of the shape or structure of the Snake there was now nothing to be seen, only a bright ring of luminous jewels was lying in the grass.*

The old Man forthwith set himself to gather the stones into the basket; a task in which his wife assisted him. They next carried the Basket to an elevated point on the bank; and here the man threw its whole lading, not without contradiction from the fair one and his wife, who would gladly have retained some part of it, down into the River. Like gleaming twinkling stars the stones floated down with the waves; and you could not say whether they lost themselves in the distance, or sank to the bottom.

"Gentlemen," said he with the Lamp, in a respectful tone to the Lights, "I will now shew you the way, and open you the passage; but you will do us an essential service, if you please to unbolt the door, by which the Sanctuary must be entered at present, and which none but you can unfasten."

The Lights made a stately bow of assent, and kept their place. The old Man of the Lamp went foremost into the rock, which opened at his presence; the Youth followed him, as if mechanically; silent and uncertain, Lily kept at some distance from him; the old Woman would not be left, and stretched out her hand that the light of her hus-

* So! Your Logics, Mechanical Philosophies, Politics, Sciences, your whole modern System of THOUGHT, is to decease; and old ENDEAVOUR, 'grasping at her basket,' shall 'come against' the inanimate remains, and 'only a bright ring of luminous jewels' shall be left there! Mark well, however, what next becomes of it—D. T.

band's Lamp might still fall upon it. The rear was closed by the two Will-o'-wisps, who bent the peaks of their flames towards one another, and appeared to be engaged in conversation.

They had not gone far till the procession halted in front of a large brazen door, the leaves of which were bolted with a golden lock. The Man now called upon the Lights to advance; who required small entreaty, and with their pointed flames soon ate both bar and lock.

The brass gave a loud clang, as the doors sprang suddenly asunder; and the stately figures of the Kings appeared within the Sanctuary, illuminated by the entering Lights. All bowed before these dread sovereigns, especially the Flames made a profusion of the daintiest reverences.

After a pause, the gold King asked: "Whence come ye?"—"From the world," said the old Man.—"Whither go ye?" said the silver King.—"Into the world," replied the Man.—"What would ye with us?" cried the brazen King.—"Accompany you," replied the Man.

The composite King was about to speak, when the gold one addressed the Lights, who had got too near him: "Take yourselves away from me, my metal was not made for you." Thereupon they turned to the silver King, and clasped themselves about him; and his robe glittered beautifully in their yellow brightness. "You are welcome," said he, "but I cannot feed you; satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and bring me your light." They removed; and gliding past the brazen King, who did not seem to notice them, they fixed on the compounded King. "Who will govern the world?" cried he with a broken voice.—"He who stands upon his feet," replied the old Man.—"I am he," said the mixed King.—"We shall see," replied the Man; "for the time is at hand."

The fair Lily fell upon the old Man's neck, and kissed

him cordially. "Holy Sage!" cried she, "a thousand times I thank thee; for I hear that fateful word the third time." She had scarcely spoken, when she clasped the old Man still faster; for the ground began to move beneath them; the Youth and the old Woman also held by one another; the Lights alone did not regard it.

You could feel plainly that the whole Temple was in motion; as a ship that softly glides away from the harbour, when her anchors are lifted; the depths of the Earth seemed to open for the Building as it went along. It struck on nothing; no rock came in its way.

For a few instants, a small rain seemed to drizzle from the opening of the dome; the old Man held the fair Lily fast, and said to her: "We are now beneath the River; we shall soon be at the mark." Ere long they thought the Temple made a halt; but they were in an error; it was mounting upwards.

And now a strange uproar rose above their heads. Planks and beams in disordered combination now came pressing and crashing in, at the opening of the dome. Lily and the Woman started to a side; the Man with the Lamp laid hold of the Youth, and kept standing still. The little cottage of the Ferryman, for it was this which the Temple in ascending had severed from the ground and carried up with it, sank gradually down, and covered the old Man and the Youth.

The women screamed aloud, and the Temple shook, like a ship running unexpectedly aground. In sorrowful perplexity, the Princess and her old attendant wandered round the cottage in the dawn; the door was bolted, and to their knocking, no one answered. They knocked more loudly, and were not a little struck, when at length the wood began to ring. By virtue of the Lamp locked up in it, the hut had been converted from the inside to the outside into solid silver. Erelong too its form changed; for

the noble metal shook aside the accidental shape of planks, posts, and beams, and stretched itself out into a noble case of beaten ornamented workmanship. Thus a fair little temple stood erected in the middle of the large one; or if you will, an Altar worthy of the Temple.*

By a staircase which ascended from within, the noble Youth now mounted aloft, lighted by the old Man with the Lamp; and, as it seemed, supported by another, who advanced in a white short robe, with a silver rudder in his hand; and was soon recognised as the Ferryman, the former possessor of the cottage.

The fair Lily mounted the outer steps, which led from the floor of the Temple to the Altar; but she was still obliged to keep herself apart from her Lover. The old Woman, whose hand in the absence of the Lamp had grown still smaller, cried: "Am I then to be unhappy after all? Among so many miracles, can there be nothing done to save my hand?" Her husband pointed to the open door, and said to her: "See, the day is breaking; haste, bathe thyself in the River."—"What an advice!" cried she; "it will make me all black; it will make me vanish altogether; for my debt is not yet paid."—"Go," said the Man, "and do as I advise thee; all debts are now paid."

The old Woman hastened away; and at that moment appeared the rising Sun, upon the rim of the dome. The old Man stept between the Virgin and the Youth, and cried with a loud voice: "There are three which have rule on Earth; Wisdom, Appearance, and Strength." At the first word, the gold King rose, at the second the silver

* Good! The old Church, shaken down 'in disordered combination,' is admitted, in this way, into the new perennial Temple of the Future; and, clarified into enduring silver, by the Lamp, becomes an Altar worthy to stand there. The Ferryman too is not forgotten.—D. T.

one; and at the third the brass King slowly rose, while the mixed king on a sudden very awkwardly plumped down.*

Whoever noticed him could scarcely keep from laughing, solemn as the moment was; for he was not sitting, he was not lying, he was not leaning, but shapelessly sunk together.†

The Lights,‡ who till now had been employed upon him, drew to a side; they appeared, although pale in the morning radiance, yet once more well-fed, and in good burning condition; with their peaked tongues, they had dexterously licked out the gold veins of the colossal figure to its very heart. The irregular vacuities which this occasioned had continued empty for a time, and the figure had maintained its standing posture. But when at last the very tenderest filaments were eaten out, the image crashed suddenly together; and that, alas, in the very parts which continue unaltered when one sits down; whereas the limbs, which should have bent, sprawled themselves out unbowed and stiff. Whoever *could* not laugh was obliged to turn away his eyes; this miserable shape and no-shape was offensive to behold.

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* Dost thou note this, O reader; and look back with new clearness on former things? A gold King, a silver, and a brazen King: WISDOM, dignified APPEARANCE, STRENGTH; these three harmoniously united bear rule: *dis*harmoniously cobbled together in sham-union (as in the foolish composite King of our foolish 'transition-era'), they, once the Gold (or wisdom) is *all* out of them, 'very awkwardly plump down.'—D. T.

† As, for example, does not Charles X. (one of the poor fractional composite Realities emblemed herein) rest, even now, 'shapelessly enough sunk together,' at Holyrood, in the city of Edinburgh?—D. T.

‡ March-of-intellect Lights were well capable of such a thing. —D. T.

The Man with the Lamp now led the handsome Youth, who still kept gazing vacantly before him, down from the altar, and straight to the brazen King. At the feet of this mighty Potentate lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The young man girt it round him. "The sword on the left, the right free!" cried the brazen voice. They next proceeded to the silver King; he bent his sceptre to the youth; the latter seized it with his left hand, and the King in a pleasing voice said: "Feed the sheep!" On turning to the golden King, he stooped with gestures of paternal blessing, and pressing his oaken garland on the young man's head, said: "Understand what is highest!"

During this progress, the old Man had carefully observed the Prince. After girding on the sword, his breast swelled, his arms waved, and his feet trod firmer; when he took the sceptre in his hand, his strength appeared to soften, and by an unspeakable charm to become still more subduing; but as the oaken garland came to deck his hair, his features kindled, his eyes gleamed with inexpressible spirit, and the first word of his mouth was "Lily!"

"Dearest Lily!" cried he, hastening up the silver stairs to her, for she had viewed his progress from the pinnacle of the Altar; "Dearest Lily! what more precious can a man, equipt with all, desire for himself than innocence and the still affection which thy bosom brings me? O my friend!" continued he, turning to the old Man, and looking at the three statues; glorious and secure is the kingdom of our fathers; but thou hast forgotten the fourth power, which rules the world, earlier, more universally, more certainly, the power of Love." With these words, he fell upon the lovely maiden's neck; she had cast away her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with the fairest, most imperishable red.

Here the old Man said with a smile: "Love does not rule; but it trains,* and that is more."

Amid this solemnity, this happiness and rapture, no one had observed that it was now broad day; and all at once, on looking through the open portal, a crowd of altogether unexpected objects met the eye. A large space surrounded with pillars formed the fore-court, at the end of which was seen a broad and stately Bridge stretching with many arches across the River. It was furnished, on both sides, with commodious and magnificent colonnades for foot-travellers, many thousands of whom were already there, busily passing this way or that. The broad pavement in the centre was thronged with herds and mules, with horsemen and carriages, flowing like two streams, on their several sides, and neither interrupting the other. All admired the splendour and convenience of the structure; and the new King and his Spouse were delighted with the motion and activity of this great people, as they were already happy in their own mutual love.

"Remember the Snake in honour," said the man with the Lamp; "thou owest her thy life; thy people owe her the Bridge, by which these neighbouring banks are now animated and combined into one land. Those swimming and shining jewels, the remains of her sacrificed body are the piers of this royal bridge; upon these she has built and will maintain herself."†

The party were about to ask some explanation of this strange mystery, when there entered four lovely maidens

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* It fashions (*bildet*), or educates.—O. Y.

† Honour to her indeed! The Mechanical Philosophy, though dead, has not died and lived in vain; but her works are there: 'upon these *she*' (THOUGHT, newborn, in glorified shape) 'has 'built herself and will maintain herself;' and the Natural and Supernatural shall henceforth, thereby, be one.—D. T.

at the portal of the Temple. By the Harp, the Parasol, and the folding Stool, it was not difficult to recognise the waiting-maids of Lily; but the fourth, more beautiful than any of the rest, was an unknown fair one, and in sisterly sportfulness she hastened with them through the Temple, and mounted the steps of the Altar.*

"Wilt thou have better trust in me another time, good wife?" said the man with the Lamp to the fair one: "Well for thee, and every living thing that bathes this morning in the River!"

The renewed and beautified old Woman, of whose former shape no trace remained, embraced with young eager arms the Man with the Lamp, who kindly received her caresses. "If I am too old for thee," said he, smiling, "thou mayest choose another husband to-day; from this hour no marriage is of force, which is not contracted anew."

"Dost thou not know, then," answered she, "that thou too art grown younger?"—"It delights me if to thy young eyes I seem a handsome youth: I take thy hand anew, and am well content to live with thee another thousand years."†

The Queen welcomed her new friend, and went down with her into the interior of the Altar, while the King stood between his two men, looking towards the Bridge, and attentively contemplating the busy tumult of the people.

But his satisfaction did not last; for erelong he saw an object which excited his displeasure. The great Giant, who appeared not yet to have awoke completely from his morning sleep, came stumbling along the Bridge, pro-

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* Mark what comes of bathing in the TIME-River, at the entrance of a New Era!—D. T.

† And so REASON and ENDEAVOUR being once more married, and in the honey-moon, need we wish them joy?—D. T.

ducing great confusion all around him. As usual, he had risen stupified with sleep, and had meant to bathe in the well-known bay of the River; instead of which he found firm land, and plunged upon the broad pavement of the Bridge. Yet although he reeled into the midst of men and cattle in the clumsiest way, his presence, wondered at by all, was felt by none; but as the sunshine came into his eyes, and he raised his hands to rub them, the shadows of his monstrous fists moved to and fro behind him with such force and awkwardness, that men and beasts were heaped together in great masses, were hurt by such rude contact, and in danger of being pitched into the River.*

The King, as he saw this mischief, grasped with an involuntary movement at his sword; but he bethought himself, and looked calmly at his sceptre, then at the Lamp and the Rudder of his attendants. "I guess thy thoughts," said the Man with the Lamp; "but we and our gifts are powerless against this powerless monster. Be calm! He is doing hurt for the last time, and happily his shadow is not turned to us."

Meanwhile the Giant was approaching nearer; in astonishment at what he saw with open eyes, he had dropt his hands; he was now doing no injury, and came staring and agape into the fore-court.

He was walking straight to the door of the Temple, when all at once in the middle of the court, he halted, and was fixed to the ground. He stood there like a strong colossal statue, of reddish glittering stone, and his shadow pointed out the hours,† which were marked in a circle on

* Thou rememberest the *Catholic Relief Bill;* witnessest the *Irish Education Bill?* Hast heard, five hundred times, that the 'Church' was 'in Danger,' and now at length believest it? — D. T. Is D. T. of the Fourth Estate, and Popish-Infidel, then? — O. Y.

† Bravo!—D. T.

the floor around him, not in numbers, but in noble and expressive emblems.

Much delighted was the King to see the monster's shadow turned to some useful purpose; much astonished was the Queen; who, on mounting from within the Altar, decked in royal pomp with her virgins, first noticed the huge figure, which almost closed the prospect from the Temple to the Bridge.

Meanwhile the people had crowded after the Giant, as he ceased to move; they were walking round him, wondering at his metamorphosis. From him they turned to the Temple, which they now first appeared to notice,* and pressed towards the door.

At this instant the Hawk with the mirror soared aloft above the dome; caught the light of the sun, and reflected it upon the group, which was standing on the Altar. The King, the Queen, and their attendants, in the dusky concave of the Temple, seemed illuminated by a heavenly splendour, and the people fell upon their faces. When the crowd had recovered and risen, the King with his followers had descended into the Altar, to proceed by secret passages into his palace; and the multitude dispersed about the Temple to content their curiosity. The three Kings that were standing erect they viewed with astonishment and reverence; but the more eager were they to discover what mass it could be that was hid behind the hangings, in the fourth niche; for by some hand or another, charitable decency had spread over the resting-place of the Fallen King a gorgeous curtain, which no eye can penetrate, and no hand may dare to draw aside.

The people would have found no end to their gazing and their admiration, and the crowding multitude would

* Now first; when the beast of a SUPERSTITION-Giant has got his quietus. Right!—D. T.

have even suffocated one another in the Temple, had not their attention been again attracted to the open space.

Unexpectedly some gold-pieces, as if falling from the air, came tinkling down upon the marble flags; the nearest passers-by rushed thither to pick them up; the wonder was repeated several times, now here, now there. It is easy to conceive that the shower proceeded from our two retiring Flames, who wished to have a little sport here once more, and were thus gaily spending, ere they went away, the gold which they had licked from the members of the sunken King. The people still ran eagerly about, pressing and pulling one another, even when the gold had ceased to fall. At length they gradually dispersed, and went their way; and to the present hour the Bridge is swarming with travellers, and the Temple is the most frequented on the whole Earth.*

* It is the Temple of the whole civilised earth. Finally, may I take leave to consider this *Mährchen* as the deepest Poem of its sort in existence; as the only true Prophecy emitted for who knows how many centuries?—D. T. Certainly: England is a free country.—O. Y.

THE END.

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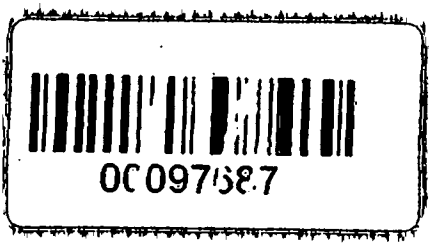
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